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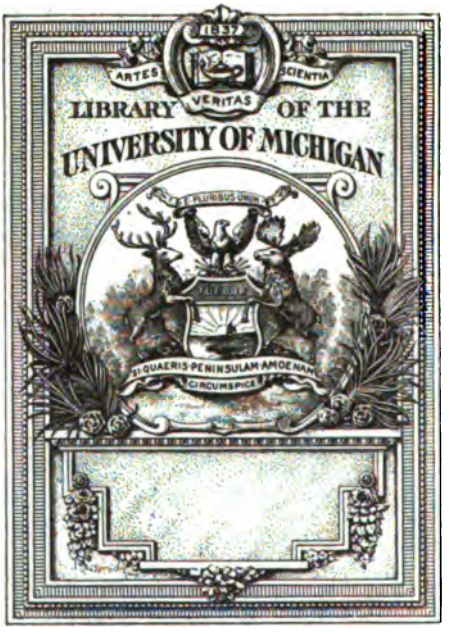
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# OUR DEAD PRESIDENT

GEO. H. ELLIS
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# WILLIAM McKINLEY.

## AN APPRECIATION.

President McKinley of blessed life is now, and, more and more as time goes on, will be of blessed memory. The asperities which afflict a public servant during his official career, but which have been much less attendant upon President McKinley than upon other Presidents of like prominence, notably Lincoln, will quickly be forgotten ; and the calm just verdict of history will pronounce him a man of ideally pure, true character, a patriot of single and disinterested devotion to his country, and a statesman unexcelled for tact, prudence, and practical competency. His domestic life is one of the precious sanctities of American sentiment. His amiability, poise of temper, and genuine sympathy, not assumed, but instinctive, with his fellow-men identified him with them, and put him in kinship with them to an extent never surpassed. His long legislative career, in which he rose to leadership, not only gave him facility in that line of work, but enabled him, when he became President, to put himself in such relation with Congress that no other President ever had with that co-ordinate branch of the government such influence and such responsive co-operation as he had. As an Executive, his Administration has been a series of remarkable achievements. It has been attended by great military successes, by an abounding prosperity, by the revival of business and industrial enterprise, and by the practically unanimous approval of the whole country. It has put out the last embers of sectional bitterness. It has been marked by appointments of high character and especial fitness to places of great trust. The tone of the public official, the efficiency of the civil service, the integrity and fidelity of all departments and branches of its executive government were never so high as to-day.

President McKinley leaves an unblemished record in public and private life. And a record not merely free from blemish, but bright with good deeds done, with great services rendered. The world is better because he lived in it, and his country greater and happier because, giving it in war and in peace his youth and his manhood, he was its citizen, its servant, and its President.—*John D. Long.*

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What constitutes political greatness? If to be patient, calm, sagacious, resolute, and enduring is to be great, then William McKinley was a great statesman. If to have been the ruler of a mighty empire at the moment when, passing from youth to maturity, it broke with its early traditions, and, in a perilous juncture, to have enunciated the principles which must probably be accepted as fundamental in the future, is to be great, then William McKinley promises to leave for posterity a reputation which can only rise. And, like certain other great men, the late President was as fortunate in his death as in his life. Having enjoyed all of honor which the world has to give, in the meridian of his powers, at the summit of his fame, to perish like a general on the field of victory, amid the lamentations of an entire people, having stamped a great epoch of history with his name, is a lot reserved only for those few favored mortals who are not born to die.—*Brooks Adams.*

# OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

It has seemed to both Mr. Collyer and myself that we could not devote this opening service of the year to any other theme than that of our dead President.

The text which has been selected you may find in the Second Book of Samuel, the third chapter, and part of the thirty-eighth verse. Abner, a famous man, had died. David, speaking concerning him to his friends, uses these words: "Know ye not that there hath a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

A revolver shot, and the President, surprised, hardly conscious of what had happened, at last waking up to the fact, says to the excited crowd, "Don't hurt him," and then "Don't tell Mrs. McKinley"; and he sinks back into the arms of those around him, and is carried away to the house of a friend.

The nation, forgetting all past differences of opinion, all criticisms of person or policy, is shocked, grieved, heart-broken, angry. The word comes first that he has gone, and then a great relief as the message is sent out that he may after all recover; and then, day after day, breathless millions waiting for word, alternate hope and despair; but by and by, after we had been led to believe that we could count on his certain recovery, a sudden relapse comes, medical skill has done all possible, and the President breathes his last.

Let us, as calmly and simply as we may, review some of the phases of this man's life, private and public, and see if we can learn some of the lessons of the situation.

Mr. McKinley was born, as thousands on thousands of boys are born in this country, of the common people, nothing remarkable about his ancestry, nothing remarkable

about his childhood, save it is worth while always to remark a sturdy stock of people who are industrious and honest and true. It was fortunate for him, perhaps, that his father was neither rich nor very poor. He would be called poor, probably, by the standards which prevail in this country to-day. At any rate, he was not unfortunate, as are thousands and thousands of our rich men's sons, in the fact that there was no motive for him to do anything. Perhaps more young men are injured to-day in America by not being obliged to develop themselves than there are through actual want. Mr. McKinley was poor enough as a boy, so that he had to work. He had to do something by way of self-support, so all that was finest and best in him was called out.

Let us note another thing. In the technical sense of the word, from the point of view of the university graduate, he was not educated. It is a very striking fact to note the large number of great men, both in Europe and America during the last century, who have not had the advantage of university training, who have "made themselves," so to speak and as the phrase goes. He shared this disability or advantage, whichever way you choose to look at it, with Washington, with Lincoln, and with a great many other of the greatest men that this country has produced; but, in spite of this, shall any one say that he was not educated? He was educated in the broadest, deepest, highest, truest sense of the word; for all his faculties and powers were led out and developed into fitness to take account of his surroundings, and to enable him to master, mould, and shape the conditions of his life.

He had entered a little Western college, and perhaps would have pursued the course to the end, when the war broke out; and then, like thousands of others, he heard the still, small voice of which Emerson has so finely sung,—

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

And so he, like thousands of others, nothing to distinguish him from the rest, enlisted as a private soldier in the army at the age of eighteen. He made his mark as a soldier. How? By seeking any high position? No. By being faithful every day and in the face of every duty that arose so long as he remained in the public service. He was industrious, he was patient, he was careful, he was faithful, he was brave. There are no stories that tell of any particular dash or dare-devil exposure about him in his army experience, but he never shrank from danger. His superior officers tell us that he executed the most dangerous missions with coolness and calmness and quiet, and with no apparent consciousness that he was doing anything out of the usual.

One thing he did that seems to me so characteristic of his later achievements that it is worth while to notice. At the battle of Antietam the soldiers were roused by daybreak, and went into the fight without anything to eat; and they continued in it all day, until sundown. When the battle was over, Mr. McKinley, having charge of the Commissary Department for his regiment, did one thing that was never done on any other battlefield in the history of the world: he furnished these tired, hungry, thirsty soldiers hot coffee and hot meats,— every one of them. Nothing like that was ever done before by any commissary, and I doubt if it has ever been done since.

He did not rise to any distinguished position in the army; but, remember, he was a boy of twenty-three when the war closed.

Casting about for something to do as a life-work, he finally decided to study law. He went into this with the same industry, the same patience, the same faithfulness that we now know have been characteristic of his entire career. He entered Congress. He was governor. And the one thing that distinguished him in his public service everywhere was just these quiet qualities that I have referred to: he was industrious, he was patient, he was a hard worker.

Some one has said that "genius is a capacity for hard work." At any rate, he had this kind of genius; and we all know that genius is of very little avail unless it be combined with this capacity for hard work. He was known in Washington, no matter what the weather was, to stay through the entire term. He was up later and rose earlier and kept more busily at work than almost any other man. This means that, when any problem was up for consideration on the part of Congress, he mastered it, so as to know, according to his best conviction, how he ought to vote, how he ought to speak, which way he ought to cast his influence.

By and by — I will not touch on the incidents preceding it because I shall wish to refer to them a little later — he becomes President of the United States. During his Presidency certain very grave questions are thrust upon him and his administration for consideration and practical settlement. These are questions that no one anticipated when he was elected. All of us supposed that the most important things with which he would have to deal would be matters of tariff and the regulation of our own home affairs. But there came one of the great wars in which this country has been engaged, one which has changed the destiny of this people.

I was opposed to the declaration of war when it came; and let me say here — and then have done with this personal note — I was opposed to a good many of the policies with which Mr. McKinley's name has been associated. He was a high tariff man: I have always been in favor of a low tariff looking toward free trade. This is no matter, except that, if you think I am over-eulogistic, you will know that I was not prejudiced in his favor at the outset. I did not want him for President: my choice was another man; but he became President, and these great problems faced him. Two or three points I need to consider concerning these matters of public policy, as they touch the character, career, and ability of our President.

I suppose that never since the world began has a war so

entirely unselfish been declared as that for the deliverance of Cuba from the tyranny of Spain. This country had nothing to gain by it financially or in any other way. It was not the President's war, not the war of Congress, not the war of Republicans or of Democrats. It was the people's war; and, without any regard to politics, the people demanded that Cuba should be set free. And in this matter, at the initiative, the President hardly did more than follow the demand of the people.

But the result of this led us farther afield than the people expected or than any of the wisest of us had dreamed. For a part of the campaign against Spain as related to Cuba took us to the Far East, and Dewey annihilated the fleet of Spain in Manila Bay. He was seven thousand miles from home, no neutral port on the globe open to his ships. What should he do? There are those since who tell us that he ought to have sailed away and left things wrecked and in anarchy. I have never been able to understand how we could honorably have done any other than we did in the Philippines. Very many of you may differ with me. You will permit me the exercise of my own opinion, just as I give you the liberty of yours.

I have asked a great many people what they would have had the United States do after the battle of Manila Bay; and I have never had any clearer, consistent, or logical course pointed out to me that seemed to me in any way practical. We had destroyed in the Philippines the only government there was, and it seemed to me we were under the highest of all moral obligations to see that the after condition of those islands was not worse than the first. We were under the highest moral obligation to preserve order, and assure, so far as possible, the future prosperity and liberty of those people.

But now there are certain very imaginative persons who have discovered in Aguinaldo another Washington, trying to lead his people out of slavery and into free-

dom; but it seems to me that it has been forgotten that Aguinaldo is only the head, or was only the head, of one particular tribe, that there are large numbers of tribes, large numbers of different languages, different religions, in the Philippines. If Aguinaldo had represented a homogeneous people throughout the islands, and those people had wanted to be free and wanted him for leader, I should have believed in granting that freedom, even though we stood by and guaranteed it against all the world. But this condition of things is only purely imaginary. It has never existed in fact.

So I believe that Mr. McKinley, after the Treaty of Paris, had no choice as an honest man to do other than that which he did. He was not free to do as he pleased in regard to the Philippines any more than in regard to any other great matter of grave and public duty.

One word more. As some of you will perhaps remember, I am one of those who believe that selfishness on the part of a nation is just as inexcusable and just as mean as it is on the part of an individual. Because the United States are rich, hemmed in by the great oceans, situated so that they could afford to be quiet and live their own life, because they are blessed with almost unlimited resources, are not dependent upon the outside world, a large number of people have said that it is our business to live quietly at home and grow fat and prosperous on our own account, letting the world "wag as it will."

Why has a country a right to lead a selfish, prosperous life without regard to the welfare of the outside world any more than a man has? I have been one of those who believed that it was the business of the English-speaking races, the foremost races of the world in civilization, to band together, at least to have a common understanding with each other, and so to direct the destinies of this planet. We can do it, and we can help on the civilization of the world in this way as in no other way is it possible; and, since this

can be done, I believe that the "can" is "ought," and that it ought to be done.

So I believe that the United States did right in stepping beyond its borders and to the Far East, and that it is the business of this country henceforth to take a hand in the great world problems that touch the future destinies of mankind. And I believe, let me say in passing, that Mr. McKinley's name will be linked, and gloriously linked, forever with this new and grander departure on the part of our country, this waking up and expansion of the country, this taking its place as one of the great world powers.

I wish to note just one other thing concerning Mr. McKinley's public service,— two other things, let me say, very briefly. In my judgment, history is going to tell us that Mr. McKinley showed qualities of leadership and statesmanship of the very highest order in dealing with the great problems in which the principal nations of the world took a hand in in the settlement of matters in China.

The other thing is this: Mr. McKinley has had the reputation all his life of being a narrow, rather bigoted protectionist. The last public act of his life was a speech which marks him as a statesman. He was a man capable even at his age, when most men grow very conservative and hold fast to their old ideas, of learning, of progress in his thought, and practical application of that thought. His speech at Buffalo in favor of reciprocity marks a great step ahead, in my judgment, in the public policy of this country. These as hints of the public services on record of Mr. McKinley.

I ask you now to turn with me while I look at some incidents and characteristics of his personal and private life. What sort of a man was he? I have already hinted that, as a boy, a young man, he was patient, he was industrious, he was earnest, he was devoted to whatever he set about the accomplishment of as a task. What sort of son was he, what kind of life did he live in his home? It is commonplace with us to know that he has put himself on record as the

tenderest son, perhaps, of any whose character in this regard we have known in the public history of this country. During the years of his Presidency he was never so busy but that he found time to write or send some message to his mother every day. He loved and cared for her as simply, as faithfully, as untiringly, as though this was the one and only thing that he ever had to do.

What was he as a husband? He lost the two little children that had been born to them, so we can only guess what kind of a father he would have been. We need not go far astray, however, in judging this part of his nature from the other parts which are more clearly revealed. He was the ideal husband through all the years of her invalidism, not only loving companion, but faithful nurse, tending and caring for her as though she was a little petted child. There is not a woman in America who will not henceforth have the tenderest reverence for Mr. McKinley in his relation as a husband.

What was he as a friend? Men are known, and women, too, for that matter, by the kind of friends they gather about them. It takes the highest and truest qualities to call around one a group of noble people and bind them to the heart as Mr. McKinley was able to do. He was friendly in the truest sense of that word; and so he was the centre of a circle of people attached by the strongest bonds of friendship. These friends did not come to him after he became President. They were his from the beginning and all the way through; and perhaps it was largely, along with a good many other things, this power of making and keeping friends that lifted him at last into the Presidential position.

And this quality of friendliness extended even to enemies. He was distinguished in his political career by uniform and untiring courtesy towards his opponents.

And now I wish to raise the question as to whether this man was such as he was represented to be by his public critics. He was a man who in regard to public station was

singularly distinguished for his high and unswerving devotion to honor. There have been cases in the history of this country when men, who have been sent to political conventions to work in the interests of some one else, have been quite willing to connive at least at the turning of the tide in favor of themselves. What was Mr. McKinley's attitude in this matter? Twice, at two political conventions, Mr. McKinley, by the turning over of his hand, could have had the nomination. If he was a petty man, a demagogue, a self-seeker, with no conscience or sense of honor, no integrity, such as he was held up to be, what do you think he would have done? I think he would have taken the nomination years ago, because the occasions when he could have taken it were those when he could have been sure of his election; but, when the tide was turning on a certain occasion, he rose in his seat and addressed the convention, telling them he had been sent there to work for the nomination of Senator Sherman, and that he proposed honorably and honestly to discharge the duty which devolved upon him by this appointment; and he warned any man in the convention who wished to retain his respect or his personal friendship that he was not to vote for him,— that is, for himself. Twice he put the Presidency from him.

Here is a bit of secret history I happen to know from the most authentic sources, which carries the same lesson. Just before Mr. McKinley's first canvass for the Presidency, a meeting of the bosses, the great men of the parties, the managers, was held here in the city of New York. Mr. Hanna was here, representing Mr. McKinley, his personal friend. He was told by the other leaders that Mr. McKinley could have the nomination, provided he would promise this, provided he would pledge himself to that, provided he would see that this man was put into this position and another man into some other position. If he would tie his hands with promises, pledge himself in every direction, he could have the nomination, otherwise not.

Mr. Hanna went home, and called Mr. McKinley and his personal friends to a private conference, and told him the result of the meeting in New York. Mr. McKinley listened, and then said: "Gentlemen, I would like to be President of the United States; but it is possible to pay too high a price for the position, and I am not ready to pay that. If I cannot have it freely, independently, I will not take it at all." Mr. Hanna said: "Then, Mr. McKinley, there is no hope of your nomination. The leaders of the party will all be against you. Have you anything to suggest?" Mr. McKinley thought for a moment, and then said, "Gentlemen, what do you say to our appealing from the bosses to the people?" They said, "If you are willing to risk your chances on it, why, we will do so." The result you know. The people put him, unpledged and unbound, into the White House; and he became a free people's President.

I have touched on these incidents, that you may see how high was the standard of the man's personal honor,— three times declining an almost certainty of being President unless he could have the position and keep untarnished his integrity and his sense of personal honor.

One other thing. If there is anything that has been charged against Mr. McKinley during his term of office, it is that he has been the friend and tool of the trusts, the plutocrats, the rich men. This has been the perennial caricature in all the yellow journals of the land,— Mr. McKinley a piece of putty in the hands of a lot of money-makers, without any conscience, being used by these men and being willing to sell himself to that kind of use.

Now, in my judgment (I hope you will agree with me), a man of that kind usually has his price, and gets it; and so the clearest answer to these conscienceless and silly defamations of the President is in the simple fact that he has hardly left money enough to keep Mrs. McKinley in comfort for the rest of her life. A scoundrel, unless he were at the same time a fool, would have made a better bargain than that.

Come now to the closing scene of his life. I said that his first words after he was shot were with regard to the poor fool who had shot him, "Don't hurt him," and then his thought was for his wife; and all the way through tender, patient, loving, trusting. His last public act, as we have seen, was an act of statesmanship, a speech that will enter into history and shape the future policy of this country. The last thing he did before he was shot was to extend his hand, in a way that only our democratic Presidents do, to the stranger who came and wished for this courtesy,— extended his hand to the man that shot him; and then, in his last hours, expressing unfaltering trust in God,— "It is God's way. His will be done," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Nearer, my God, to thee." And so the great, strong, gentle man falls asleep.

There have been a great many assassinations of famous men in the history of the world, but never one, it seems to me, for which there is discoverable so slight an excuse. Why should any one who is sane have wished to murder Mr. McKinley? I have hoped, from the bottom of my heart, that they might find the assassin was insane, because the act seems so utterly inexcusable in any one who is sane. It was not strange that Mr. Lincoln was shot. He was in the midst of one of the bitterest sectional warfares of modern times. It was not so strange that Mr. Garfield was shot. Here was a bitter, disappointed, unbalanced office-seeker; and Mr. Garfield had succeeded in creating a great deal of bitterness among the different factions of his own party. But here was Mr. McKinley, in a time of profound peace, no factional bitterness, because there has been no man in the Presidency who knew how, in the noblest way, to manage men and keep them all friends, as he has done,— no public bitterness, no private bitterness; and why should any one wish him out of the way?

We can understand in a monarchy, when a man represents a dynasty, and that dynasty's name is associated with

tyranny, how men can strike at it, thinking to produce a change in the government of affairs; but no one expects a change of any radical kind through the death of Mr. McKinley. What could the assassin have hoped for? Is it the poor striving against the rich? As we have found out, Mr. McKinley is, relatively speaking, one of the poor himself. He was certainly not rich. And, then, was there any hope of a change, anything accomplished on behalf of the poor?

And, then, Mr. McKinley, no matter what you say as to his being the cause of it, represented the one nation of the world that was the most prosperous, where the poor were the best off, and represented the one period in the history of this nation where the poor were prosperous as they have never been in any single year of the past. There has never been anything like it since the old earth swung in the blue — the condition and prosperity and hopes of the common people to-day.

So, as I said, we look in vain for some excuse for it, except, as the assassin said during the last week, that he had become excited by the study of the literature of the anarchists. Let us now look this matter of anarchy in the face for a moment.

What shall we do about it? Do you know one thing,— the most difficult problem that man has ever set himself since the world begun is the creation of a government which is at the same time orderly and free. Read the history of the past, and almost always, when you have found order, you have found tyranny, and, where you have found freedom, you have found license. You cannot have order and liberty combined except as you have a high degree of civilization and personal self-control. We have attained that kind of government here more nearly than it is yet obtained anywhere else in the world. Can we afford to change our government suddenly to meet an outbreak of anarchy? I think not.

What is anarchy? Is there an excuse for it? Perhaps there is. Prince Kropotkin, for example, is one of the sweetest, truest, most humane men alive; yet he is an anarchist. There are philosophical and theoretical anarchists. There are men who sincerely believe that the world is too much governed, and that one of the best things you can do is to break down so much of government, and set the people more at liberty. These are very earnest thinkers. At any rate, if not only three Presidents are assassinated, but a dozen, we cannot afford to give up that which is the one great characteristic of our country,— liberty of speech, liberty of writing.

But one or two practical things in this direction I think we can do. I referred a moment ago to the fact that some of the yellow journals — and I have in mind as the very worst possible example of it with which I am familiar one of our own papers, the name of which you know as well as I — have devoted themselves to conscienceless and persistent and bitter vilification of the President. They have roused all the meanest and lowest instincts of the people, and catered to them,— catered to them without taking the trouble to tell the truth, catered to them by the most conscienceless lying.

We must be free to criticise all men in office, even the President,— criticise their policy, give our opinion freely as to the courses of action which they profess to pursue; but that is not persistent lying and misrepresentation and defamation of character. Washington was as much abused, or more, than Mr. McKinley. Lincoln was, perhaps, a good deal worse abused than Mr. McKinley by the public press and by his critics.

What can we do about it? We ought to do something, if we can. Even criticism loses its power when it overreaches itself to such an extent; and, when the people know that Washington and Lincoln and the noblest men of the world are defamed, the very object of criticism is destroyed.

What can we do? What can we do about these papers? There are only two things we can do: we cannot apply law to them, because, in my opinion, that would be worse than to let them have their way; but the decent people in New York can stop buying the paper. It costs a cent: some of the more decent ones cost two or three. If there is any man in my congregation who decides to buy the New York *Journal* on account of its costing less than others or who cannot afford another, if he comes to me, I will pay the difference, and give him a decent paper [applause.]

There is no excuse, it seems to me, for any reputable man encouraging that sort of paper. I happen to know by personal experience something about it. If it cannot get an interview from me, it will publish one that it makes up, and put it in quotation marks, so representing me sometimes as indorsing the paper. What can you do with a paper like that? All you can do is to let it alone.

Every little while it induces a bishop or a reputable doctor of divinity to write for its columns; and an impression goes abroad that decent people indorse it. I believe that we ought to make it a matter of conscience not to contribute to such a paper and not buy it. And one thing more effective still,— if business men would not advertise in it! That paper will live so long as it makes money; and, so long as business men advertise in it, it will make money. You cannot hurt the editor of a paper like that except by hitting his pocket. Let us stop, as we can, anarchy as represented in these directions.

Then we must moderate the violence of our criticism of the men who occupy high places. If we have no respect for Mr. McKinley, let us respect the President of the United States, our President, and no more vilify the President than we would vilify the flag. There have been noble, true, honorable men in this country who, during the last three or four years, have vied with the yellowest of the yellow journals in their abuse of Mr. McKinley. They have called

him traitor, they have called him murderer; and they are true and noble and honorable men. I cannot think that they have shown their truth and honor in this kind of attitude towards the President.

I do not believe, as some have charged, that they are responsible for his assassination; but it does seem to me fair to say this, that, when some of the greatest, most distinguished literary and moral men in the country call him murderer and traitor, is it any wonder that some excitable fool translates these words into a pistol-shot? I do not say they are responsible, but it does not seem to me strange that out of these conditions results like this should come.

Then we must educate the people more thoroughly. We are receiving from all over the country thousands and thousands of immigrants. Would you stop them? I would not. The seventy millions of people in this country to-day could live without being very seriously crowded in the State of Texas. So long as that is true, there is no fear of our resources being overdrawn.

Another thing: Out of this great cosmopolitan population, made up of all the world, is to come, by and by, I believe, the grandest race that history has ever known. We cannot afford, then, to interfere with the coming of these people from all parts of the world; but let us spend more time, money, energy, in educating these people. Let us make it a condition of their becoming citizens that they shall know our language, that they shall understand something of our institutions, know the difference between our liberty and the tyranny that government has represented to them in the past. And so let us outgrow and advance beyond the possibility of such things as have horrified the people in the last week or two.

We cannot afford any violence. I was ashamed of the State of New York the other day to find out that there was even a small mob in the city of Auburn which showed so little regard for the President, so little respect for his last

words, as to try to mob the poor fool who had shot him. The President has said, "Do not hurt him." The President respected law, respected order, respected civilization, and illustrated its highest and noblest type in his own character. If we love the President then, and venerate his memory, let us not — a great nation of seventy millions of people — let the mob spirit get the best of us.

There is too much of the mob in this country as it is; and one thing, if we wish to be civilized in the years that are to come, we have to do, and that is repress the mob, whether in Alabama or New York, wherever it is, remembering that the mob means the brute, the tiger, the hyena, from which we are evolved, and which we ought by this time to have left behind.

Mr. McKinley, we say, is dead. The king is dead; and, though with lips that tremble, we still have to say, "Long live the king." The President is dead. Long live the President. Thank God, we were wise enough to put a man in the second place who was fit for the first place, so that we do not regard with any trembling or fear the future of our country. As it was safe in the hands of Mr. McKinley, we believe it is safe in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. Let us trust him. Let us surround him with our sympathy. Let us give him our confidence. Let us demand of him faithfulness to the highest ideals, and then let us loyally help him in working out and achieving those ideals.

Mr. McKinley is dead; and yet he was never more alive. One of the strange and striking things of life, if you note it, is the fact that the world is so largely governed by the dead. Take it in our individual cases. You have lost a father, a mother, a wife, a husband, a child, a friend,— some one you love; and he is dear to you, and that person is not dead, he is alive, and is making your life to-day.

There are no living people, perhaps, who influence and shape you as do these blessed memories of the dead; and so in our public lives, the great world at large, it is the

same. Washington is mightier to-day than he was when he walked the streets of this country; Lincoln is mightier to-day than when he went into Richmond at the close of the war; and McKinley is not dead. He has entered into that great company of the immortals who were not born to die; and his splendid record of integrity, honesty, faithfulness to high ideals, his noble, private manhood,— all these are alive and working in the hearts of the young men and the young women of to-day, and they will help shape the time that is to be.

We are too near the President to estimate him aright. The future will tell us how great he was; but I venture to prophesy just a little. I believe that he will rank higher, as President, than any President we have ever had with the exception of two. Washington presided over the birth of this country. Mr. Lincoln saved it, and bound the Union together in one, to be greater and mightier than ever before. Mr. McKinley has presided over its rebirth out of its insularity and isolation into the position of a great world-wide power.

We did not elect him to this service: he did not foresee it; but I believe that history will tell us that he rose simply, faithfully, patiently, to the topmost height of every occasion, and that he is not only a noble man, a friend, son, husband, ideal in all these personal relations of life, but that he is to take his place among the great of all time.

Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us these mighty, these inspiring examples. Thou hast never left the world at any time without a witness; and that, as occasions come, men come, dowered with wisdom and strength to master the occasion. And now, as he has died into immortality, let us be true to him and honor him by being faithful as he was, and serving our time as he served his. Amen.

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# SHIBBOLETHS

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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# SHIBBOLETHS.

"They said unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth for he could not pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him."—JUDGES xii. 6.

THEY were brethren of one faith and one family,— the faith of their great forefather, Abraham, a man of the inward light, as George Fox was, and, like Fox, was much given to visions.

In his early life the forefather found a deep concern in his heart touching the one true God in a land wholly given to idolatries. And in a vision, as we read, he was bidden to go forth from his native land in quest of a new home beyond the great river and the mountains, and on the line of the most pregnant emigrations, from that time to this, from the east westward, trending north. And so he went forth, "not knowing whither he went," but guided still by the inward light toward the promised land.

And the forefather Jacob had blessed their sires when he lay a-dying; and Moses, their leader and lawgiver, had come on his mission from the Most High to set them free from the brutal bondage into which they had fallen on the delta of the Nile, to raise them from serfs to be men again, and had led them through the desert to this promised land where they had now been settled, it may be, some three hundred years.

So runs the story. And we may well imagine there was not a valley, a mountain, or a stream that had not taken on some gleam of sacredness from the old story of struggle and victory, and that the last thing they could do would be to profane their holy land by such a deed as this done that day.

There had been a compact, as we read again, between the tribes of Gilead and Ephraim, who were separated in the settlement of the land by the Jordan, that, when either tribe was beset by the heathen, the sister tribe should muster her forces and come to the rescue.

Now Gilead had been so beset by Ammon of the heathen and driven to the wall, yet she had sent no cry for succor to the sister tribe, for what reason we cannot tell; but may imagine, if we please, that she was too high-minded to stand shoulder to shoulder with a tribe which had lost track of the aspirate and accent in all those years, and could not say Shibboleth to save her life. Be this as it may, Ephraim felt insulted. Jephthah, the leader of Gilead, says the message was sent. The sister tribe says no, for she was quite ready to fight for the integrity of the commonwealth when the defeat of one was at the peril of the federation.

So, if she was right, there is a rude splendor in her loyalty, not alone to her sister, but also to the ark of the covenant, the banner of the nation. Gilead had defeated Ammon, and then Ephraim in her wrath had crossed the Jordan to avenge the insult, but had also been defeated root and branch, and it was a bitter, bad business; but now Gilead made the worst of it when the best was at her option.

She might have said: "We have also been to blame. Still, blood is thicker than water: let us kiss and be friends." So she might have said; but, do you know, it always did take a sight of grace in the man who can say Shibboleth to kiss and be friends with the man who can only say Sibboleth, the aspirate, the accent, the emphasis being to him of such moment; and Gilead, under the leadership of Jephthah, had no grace to spare on that woful day.

Therefore, the homes over the river would be made desolate; and the mothers and children watch for the father who could never return.

The fields must wait for the husbandman, the forge for the smith, and the bench for the carpenter.

There would be a rumor of sore disaster first, and then some poor handful, who had escaped and stolen across the stream, would bring home the whole sad story; and then in all the valleys and on all the hills would be heard the wailing of widows and children, while the land would drift back toward the wilderness. And the heathen would say to his fellow: "See how these brethren hate one another: what a God he must be they would have us worship! Let us keep the fires burning on the hills to our own god, Baal; and no doubt we shall have the lands again they tore from our fathers in the name of their Jehovah long ago."

1. So the grim story stands in the old chronicle to tell us of a day when salvation or damnation was made to turn on one mere aspirate in a word which is said to mean a river or stream, or it may be an ear of corn,— on one letter, which was very literally the letter that killeth there and then, so that the holy land was defiled with the blood of brother slain by brother. And I have thought the story may point toward the truth we may well lay to our hearts,— the truth of the worth for us all of the essence as it may stand in contrast to the accent and the need there is; instant and imperious, that we shall stand free, so far as we may, toward the bondage of the letter which killeth, and cleave to the spirit which giveth life, and so make good in both the words of the Master, that we shall worship the Father in the spirit and in truth, for he seeketh such to worship him.

For we may well be glad for the greater heart and wider vision in so many who differ from us in doctrine or dogma, so wonderful to me and so welcome, as I look backward through the fifty-two years, all told, since I began to say some word from a pulpit, and forty-two since I was taken into this brotherhood, a man then without a church or fellowship.

And I do not remember when this thought — no, I will say this conviction — has come home to me quite so sweetly as when our dear Father Furness touched some memories of

what he had lived to witness, as we sat together in the week before he was translated so that he should not see death. It was just a song of thanksgiving that he should have lived to see so great a change in the spirit of the brotherhood toward himself in the seventy-two years of his ministry.

He told me, among many things, of a Sunday morning not long after he was installed, when, on his way to his small chapel, he met the most eminent doctor in the town of the old divinity, who was also on his way to his own church. They were both in their official gowns and bands, as was the custom then; and the young heretic, as they met, made his best bow, and said, "Good-morning, sir." But there was no answer. The old gentleman glared at him in silence, and marched right on in a vast disdain; while I may say, what my dear father in the faith did not say, that there was no minister in the great sister city who would not have been glad to clasp his hand and greet him as we went home from the church on the Sunday morning, and no man more surely than the bishop of the old Catholic Church.

May I mention also my own welcome three years ago in the summer in my mother land, and in the church, which could find no room for me over forty years ago because I could not say her Shibboleth?

I have always loved the old mother, and have never seen the day when I wanted to follow the example of the woman in Brighton, over the sea, who, after hearing a sermon against the Quakers, broke the windows of their meeting-house with her Bible as she went home. I love the old mother, and suspect I should not be here this morning but for her nursing. Yet in all the years when I have visited my old home, seven times all told, until that summer, her doors were closed against me, or, rather, the entrance to her pulpits, because I could not say her Shibboleth.

Well, there were three Methodist churches in which I would have loved best of all to be heard,— the church where I tried to preach the first time, that in which I preached for

the last time before I came away, and the small chapel in the hamlet where I was raised, where my folk are still held in remembrance. I told no soul over there of my longing, and I could not beg such a boon; but you may imagine my delight when they invited me most warmly to preach in each of those churches, and would not hear me when, like a maiden when her lover proposes, I fought a little shy, while I meant of course to accept, and raised the objection that I was a Unitarian. They whistled my objections down the wind. In so far as I was concerned, they had buried Shibboleth and Sibboleth together in a level grave. So I said, All right, and preached for them. Nor could I have found a warmer welcome in Boston or Chicago, and that exhausts my comparisons.

I was also the guest of the minister who had the charge of the district, — a very noble preacher. I heard him twice, and told him I could only object to one word he said. It was God *behind* humanity, but I would have said God *within* humanity; and he answered, "Yours is the better statement, and I will adopt it for mine." We communed together on those three days like own brothers; and I remembered what Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, said when the priest from Canada was his guest through one winter, that it was delightful to find how much truth of God they held in common.

2. And these are instances of the truth I would touch,— that Shibboleth and Sibboleth are by no means what they were, within my memory, as within the memory also of my dear old father in this faith. The cleavage is closing slowly, but surely, as this great century opens. Yet I know, as you know, that Shibboleth and Sibboleth still have the power to work a great deal of mischief, while I love to believe that the spirit is slowly winning its way against the letter, and the essence against the accent.

A wise man says, "The division between the sects in religion would never be so wide, were it not for the mistake that God is better pleased with our opinions than our prac-

tices"; and, when some one told Wesley that his nephew and namesake had changed his religion and become a Romanist, he answered, "No, he has only changed his opinions, because religion lies in the heart and life devoted to the service of God, and the mind that was in Christ Jesus, enabling us to walk as he walked."

May I say once more that to my own mind the spirit that still insists on the woe-stricken words lies in the idea — or shall we say the conviction? each church in what should be the common Christian brotherhood holds, that no other church can be so nearly right, or can give such reasons for maintaining its dogmas and usages, and that these are the truest factors in the life we can live on the earth, and the surest way to heaven? So these churches have felt some such concern as a man in dead earnest would feel, who with a mission to guide those who will follow him through some great desert to a new home beyond should find others putting in their claim to do the same thing, while he cannot doubt that the chart he owns and holds is beyond all question the truest and best.

So I need say no word about meaner reasons, because we can find those which are more noble and generous, and can imagine no concern more worthy than this which touches for such men the solemn outlooks of our human life, here and hereafter, or anything more reasonable than that a man sure he is right and every other man wrong, in so far as he deflects from the chart *he* holds, should be all on fire to convert that man and take him along.

But this has been and is still the trouble. The spirit which gives birth to the dividing words and whets the sword for the slaying of our Christian fellowship turns on sprinkling or immersion, prayer from a book or prayer from the heart, predestination or free will, and a host of things besides I need not name, including of course the verbal or the essential inspiration of the Bible; while, if this or that claim touching the dogmas or doctrines each church has

held as its peculiar trust from heaven could be proven true beyond all peradventure, true as the courses of the suns and stars, there could be no answer to such an argument. For the grim splendors of Calvinism might well take us captive then, or the sunny reaches of our own faith or of our sister Universalism, the splendid surface shows of one church or the inward light of another. Somewhere among them all we should find the final truth, and accept it as we accept all clear certainties; and so there would be one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism.

Nor with the branding words still sounding in our ears, though only now in an echo from the larger and more generous heart of what should be our common brotherhood, would I fail to say once more that in all these articles of belief we may find the letter which killeth or the spirit which giveth life. For the essence of prayer is to pray from a book or from the deepness of the heart. And predestination and free will are the centripetal and centrifugal forces in our human life and in the soul. So that, when I brood over this mystery, growing always greater to me with the years, I dare not say that Luther was not one of God's elect, sent on his great errand to do his work as surely as our Christ was, nor could he die when they found him all but dead in his cell. Nor could the small child Wesley be burnt in the Epworth parsonage, or our Channing die of the disease which searched all the springs of his life in the South, and left him an invalid through all the remaining years. And so, turn where we will, there is an essence and spirit of the truth with a worship to answer; and, turn where we will, there is a Shibboleth and Sibboleth, a bondage to the letter. Nor is it in petulance I would say that in these forty-two years of my own ministry in the church, which is my hope and joy and my crown of rejoicing, I have not been able to find here and there those who owned and held as fine a brand of Shibboleth as I could find anywhere, serving him well as a non-conductor of sympathy and fellowship toward those who differ.

Just as I have known those who said there was no hell make one of their own, and tend the fires with all diligence, and professors of God's free grace who were a disgrace to their profession and predestination who compelled you to draw the inference that in their case it must be this or nothing, if they should ever win to the gates of the eternal life, of which they felt so sure.

May I say again that, when I bring Shibboleth and Sibboleth home to my own heart and life, I find no way open to me if I would be a man, let alone a Christian man, but just to say with the great apostle, "By one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free"? For I have to remember that my dear old mother was a Baptist. She could not belong anywhere else, to save her soul alive; and the church she loved was not a prison to her fine sunny heart, but a home. I was baptized into the Episcopal Church, and so she has a lien on me I cannot and will not deny. I was standing by the old fane on my last visit, and saw my father and mother come with me to the font, through the mists of the seventy-four years; and I am not going back on my baptism. I tell our good Bishop Potter I am a birthright member there, and he cannot help himself; and he says he would not if he could.

I was taught in an old-fashioned orthodox Sunday-school through some ten years: it was the only divinity school I ever had the opportunity to attend; and I cannot measure the worth of that teaching in the ministry you know of. I was a Methodist through eleven years; and she was my nursing mother, as I have said, and nursed me well. She took to spanking me when I would not say her Shibboleth, and small blame to her, as the question stood then; but she was my nursing mother all the same, and in those things I must steer by the heart, not by the head.

Some of my kith and kin are in the Episcopal Church, my brother's family in France go to the old Huguenot church,

while dear friends in our Greater New York and in this land far and wide are in all the communions you can easily name; and so I cannot say I am all right, while they are all wrong, or walk into any kingdom of heaven here or hereafter, and claim a front seat, while they must take a back seat somewhere near the door. I love to remember what my dear old mother said when she heard me preach the first time in our great Unitarian church in Leeds, thirty-seven years ago. She sat there, very proud of her son; but, as we walked home arm in arm, she said, "My lad, I am not sure that I understood thy sermon, and, if I had understood thee, maybe I could not believe the doctrine." But then she gave my arm a sweet pressure, and said, "Be sure, all the same, I believe in thee, my lad." And I said, "Mother, that is enough for me to know that you believe in me."

So this is the way my heart rests and turns. In the other churches I have those who are of my own flesh and blood or my own loving friends; and I cannot deny them my fellowship, or let Shibboleth and Sibboleth be the dark line of division between us. I believed once as they do now in all sincerity, and can understand their hearts by my own, and say, Men and women as good and true as you are can belong to any church; and, indeed, I am not sure I would have *you* other than you are in any case.

You believe a sight of truth you do not understand as yet; and so do I, so do we. We give a greater place and emphasis than you do to reason, the twin sister of faith, and, it may be, underscore reason sometimes with too heavy a line, and you sometimes underscore faith, or the letter of faith, with too heavy a line. And we think ours is the best way, while you think yours is the best way; but shall we not agree with the old divine who, when the youth just out of the shell said to him, "Sir, I will believe nothing I do not understand," answered, "Then, sir, your creed will be the briefest I ever heard of in all my life"?

3. And may I not say, in all sincerity, that this should be

the spirit of the church we love and maintain? We must believe as we do, and, as we believe, we must speak; but we should have no harsh and bitter word to say of those who believe otherwise, no word that shall be as the dagger was over there by the Jordan, not alone because this is a free country, but because those who differ have a mind and heart and a will of their own, and cannot believe otherwise. And may I note my own experience, for what it is worth, as the instance of the truth I would tell, because, in being mine, it is the best I can lay my hands on?

All those years ago I believed very much as they do now in the old fellowship. I believed then in the Trinity. I believe now in the unity of God. I believed then in the equality of Jesus with the Father. I believe now in his identity with the Father, so far as our human nature can be one with the divine. I think I always believed that more would find their way into the blessed life than they were quite ready to admit by the standards, and I never had the heart to preach to any purpose about the everlasting burning in hell; while I believe now, that every soul God has sent or will send into this world will find its way home at last, and be at rest.

Now I did not try to believe these heresies, as some call them, any more than I tried to grow to my stature and my manhood. The trying, indeed, for some years was all the other way. I would fain have stayed in the old nest, for that seemed the safest; and I could not imagine what would befall me if I should push out and leave it. It was all of no use. These ideas would haunt me and master me, so that I found I must accept them or have no peace; and, being already a preacher in some sort, I must make a clean breast of it to those who would hear me, or I could have no honor and no self-respect.

So, I think, our beliefs are far less a matter of what we call free will than we usually imagine; while, if we are sincere in regard to the truth we hold, there is no room for Shibbo-

leth and Sibboleth. And as oaks grow best alone, while vines need a standard, and some flowers like a day three-quarters shadow, while others want all the sunshine heaven can pour on them; and as all the fruits are better than any one of them, and all the herbs in the garden are each good in their way; and some love the Rembrandts best, with their strong lights and deep shadows, and some the Raphaels, with their floods of glory and their hosts of angels, while no great gallery can be complete if you leave out these diverse schools,— so I have thought that any church which can include these diversities of belief must be the more God-like and Christ-like than those who would leave them out by the standard of the Shibboleth or Sibboleth, and then breed in and in, like those fowls in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" that were so careful of their Shibboleth and the pureness of their breed that at length there were only two of them left, and these could do nothing but croak.

Does my brother believe, then, that only the elect shall be saved, and say with Davie Deans in the story that there are only two who hold the pure doctrine, Johnny Dods of Gooseacre and anither he will not name, and does he want me to fellowship with him on these terms, I will give him the right hand, and try to enlarge and readjust all the terms of his faith both in God and man. Does he say, "I am an atheist: now will you fellowship with me?" I will answer: "That must be at your own option. I will give you my hand and my heart, and will try to make you believe as I do, that by one spirit we are all baptized into one body, who are sincere seekers after the truth, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free. And then if, after all, you live and die an atheist, if you have been helpful and sincere and true to your own self, your own soul, then I will touch your cold dust tenderly, if you are taken while I am left, and say: 'This man was true to himself, to me and mine, and to the truth, so far as he could find it. Let us thank God for such a man.'"

I know of no limits to the fellowship of such a church as I hold in my heart for the ideal church of the living God; and I well remember, when I said some such word as this, and some one said, "Would you have taken Jim Fisk, then, into your church?" who had been shot not long before, "Yes," I answered, "I would, only he must steal no more railroads; and, If you stay in here, I would say, you must make good what you have stolen. You are a frank and strong sinner: we will help you to be a frank and strong saint, please God. It is a straight gate: I cannot help that, and so you must unload; and, then, we will not be over-troubled because you are a saint in the rough, for the Most High needs rough saints to do his work in this world as well as fine ones." Such are the terms of fellowship in the church of the living God; and we have to say again with the apostle, "We are debtors both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise," while I venture to emphasize these terms, as they stand clear of our Shibboleths between faith and the doctrine, or the dogma. Because I say the one is of the letter, while the other is of the spirit, the one is the coal, while the other is the fire, the one is the fountain, and the other is but the cistern, one is the garden into which I gather all I love best, and the other what is best in all the gardens of God's world. Doctrines, dogmas, usages, ordinances,— these are of the seen and temporal, while faith is forever of the unseen and eternal. While we hold this by faith to be true, and teach to all who will hear us that the revelations of his truth from God to man are perpetual and perennial, and are not confined to one book, one nation, or one time, any more than the sunlight of heaven is so confined; that God is one and perfect, never doing and then undoing, resolving and then regretting, giving and then taking back, or investing and then losing. We say, with the greatest German since Luther, that the best word faith can teach us is this. There is one God and Father of us all, who is not to be

worshipped primarily through any symbol or sacrament or saint, but in the spirit and in truth; and this is the truth we are set to maintain against all the Shibboleths, including our own. Evelyn says, "Being in Amsterdam in 1643, I went into the great steeple to hear the bells, but, being so close to the hammers, I could hear nothing save a Babel of sound; but on a day thereafter I went into the country on a still morning, when the bells in the great steeple began to ring again, falling into fine sequences and harmonies."

So we have been in the heart of the clash and clamor; but, when I remember the old time and the new, the signs and tokens of peace and good will growing ever sweeter and more generous, I cannot but believe that the time draws near when there may be a conference, a convention of the churches, where they will compel *us* to come in, that the house may be filled, and we shall say or sing some noble psalm, of which this will be the burden: —

The accent is nothing,
The essence is all;
By the spirit we rise,
By the letter we fall;
And no room can be found
In life or death
For Shibboleth and Sibboleth.

# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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*"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"*

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# GOOD GOVERNMENT FOR THE CITY

GEORGE H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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# GOOD GOVERNMENT FOR THE CITY.

As a text, I have chosen from the First Book of the Kings the eighteenth chapter, the twenty-first verse, — "And Elijah came near unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but, if Baal, then follow him."

If there ever was a clear-cut issue between God and Baal, it is now and here in the city of New York. Let us put it in all simplicity and frankness, and say that the lines of battle are being drawn between honesty and dishonesty, honor and dishonor, decency and indecency, righteousness and unrighteousness.

According to the old-time traditions, it has been regarded as the business of the Church to save souls in another life or to prepare them here, so that they will appear to be saved in another life; but even those churches that still hold most closely to the old-time creed are coming to emphasize more and more the necessity of creating fine, sweet, helpful social conditions for the people here and now.

I remember once, some years ago, Mr. Moody said: "There is no use in trying to save this world. It is a wreck bound to sink. All we can do is to get as many of the crew and passengers off as possible and let her go." This is very nearly a verbal quotation from Mr. Moody. That idea finds echo in very few hearts to-day. All the churches believe that much can be done for the present social condition of men and women, even the poorest and the lowest; and they recognize the importance of doing that much, of creating such circumstances as shall be helpful towards the development of manhood and womanhood instead of leaving them to be crushed down by conditions that stand in the way of all that is best and highest in them.

The old-time churches are vying with each other, and with those that account themselves most liberal, in working for the present condition and welfare of men and women. And, while this is true of the old churches, it ought to be specially true of us; for we do not believe that we possess any magical or supernatural power by which we can get into the midst of any conditions and save the soul of a man or woman or child. We believe that the man who is sound in body, clear in mind, and who cares for and seeks after the truth, who is noble in character, unselfish, caring for his fellow-men, the man who is trying to develop his spiritual nature into the likeness of the Divine,— that this man is saved already, and does not need any more salvation in this world or in any other. He is in right relation with God and his fellow-men; and what more can we be, except to develop continually along these lines?

This is our belief. It is of the utmost importance, then, to us that the social conditions of the people should be looked after. It is of the utmost importance to us that the government of the city should be clean, honest, true, helpful to the highest possibilities of manhood and womanhood.

If the contest in which we are already engaged here in New York were merely a political one, I should feel that I had no right to discuss it at this time and in this place. You who are interested in the church work may also personally be as interested as you please in political problems, even in partisan contests, if you believe that these are such as help on the welfare of the country. I claim the right as an individual man to be a Democrat or Republican as I please, to be interested in partisan politics, in all the problems that touch me as a citizen and a man. But it would be to degrade the church, to degrade this place of worship, to make it the occasion of entering into a contest which was partisan or even political in the highest and noblest sense of that word.

The thing we are after here is trying to find truth and

create noble manhood and womanhood, believing that then men and women can be trusted to affiliate themselves as they will, with this organization or that, partisan or political. But it is not a political contest that is now upon us in the city.

And let me say here at the outset what I believe I have a right to say and urge upon your most careful and conscientious attention: Except in very rare instances, it is, it seems to me, an impertinence to mingle questions touching merely the welfare of the city with the wider issues of national and party political strifes. Almost always you will find it true, when people are raising the political cry in a city's affairs, it is that they may make use of partisan prejudice for the sake of carrying their personal ends.

There is no reason in the nature of things why partisan politics should have anything to do with the management of a city's affairs. There may be now and then exceptions. Suppose we were in the midst of a great war, as we were in the years from 1861 to 1865. If the welfare of the country is in danger, then it may be needful to let these greater problems overshadow, to let the great political issues of the country make us forget the particular things that the city for the time may appear to need. But it is an insult to the intelligence, it seems to me, of the average voter to say that you must always keep him in party harness in order that he may vote right on great party issues. If a man is half-way intelligent and honest, he can devote himself now to the welfare of the city, and then, when some great question comes up, touching the larger issues of the national life, devote himself to that.

Is it not an insult to the intelligence of the average voter to say that he cannot be trusted to pass from one of these to the other; that you must always keep him a Democrat, always keep him a Republican, even in matters where politics have no rightful place, in order that he may be a Democrat or Republican when the Presidential election arrives?

It seems to me an insult to the intelligence and honesty of the voter to say that this is necessary.

Why should partisan politics have anything to do with the management of a city's affairs? What is it to manage a great city? It is nothing more than a larger kind of housekeeping. We want the city well paved, economically paved. We do not want the money of the tax-payers wasted in paving the city; but we do not want any Democratic pavement, do we, or Republican pavement or Henry George pavement or Prohibition pavement? It is an absurdity to state the matter in this way.

What do I care what the political ideas and beliefs may be of the man who is laying the pavement, has a contract for it? I want simply to know that he is an honest man, that he is being properly paid, and not overpaid, and that he is not robbing the city, that he is doing the work as it ought to be done. Beyond that, what interest have you or I either as citizens in the question?

We want rapid transit. Do we want Democratic rapid transit or Republican rapid transit? We want proper inspection of milk and food supplies of the city. We want the health of the town cared for. But is there any Democratic or Republican inspection that is important or essential to it? We want intelligent, honest work; and, as I said, and say over and over again, it is an impertinence to raise the question as to what the political beliefs or affiliations may be of the man who in these capacities is serving the city. It does not make any difference what department of the city you regard: you want the affairs of the city intelligently and honestly and economically looked after and taken care of. That is all the interest you and I have as residents of New York,

When it comes to some question of national importance, tariff, gold standard, or whatever it may be, then we will vote in the light of those considerations; but now it is other considerations that any intelligent man is called upon to consider and deal with.

I say, then, that the mingling of partisan politics with the care and management of a great city's affairs is unintelligent, and almost always leads to dishonesty. For, as I said a moment ago, when people are striving to play upon the partisan or political prejudices of people in regard to building a public library, or sewerage, or the care of a bridge or streets, it means simply that they are using these prejudices for some sinister, personal, selfish end every time; because there is no other reason why they should be brought into play.

Now let us look and carefully consider what it is that we really need here in the city of New York. What do we want to make this great city a glory instead of a shame? What do we want?

We want, first, to put men in office who will, so far as possible, equitably tax the citizens. We want to draw from the wealth of the city the amount of money needed to take care of the city, and do it so as to be fair, so far as possible, to everybody concerned. There never has been yet, I suppose, an equable and fair system of taxation devised. People who wish to escape their just share of the burden have always been able to discover a way. But we want men who will try to do it, do it as honorably and faithfully as possible. That is the first thing.

Then, after they have got the money, we want them to expend it economically, not stingily, but economically for the benefit of the city, for the benefit of us, the tax-payers. It is our money; and we want these people to be our faithful ministers in dispensing this money for our good, always.

As I said a moment ago, we want the city well paved. We want the sewerage system of the city as perfect as the science and genius of man can devise. This for the sake of the public health. We want inspection, intelligent and honest, of the city's supplies. We want rapid transit facilities for the benefit of the people of the city, not for the benefit of any organization or of any contractors. For, do

you not see, friends, when a single dollar is used that is not for the public benefit, it means that a dollar has been stolen by somebody?

What else do we want? We want the city policed and guarded, so that honest men can carry on their business honestly, unmolested, not interfered with, not blackmailed. We want it made easy for honest people to be honest and do honest work. We want this city, not only along Fifth Avenue, but in the Bowery, on the East Side, on the West Side, to be made safe for any man, woman, or child at any hour in the twenty-four, so that they can walk their way upon their errands, whatever they may be, unhindered, unmolested.

Is this asking too much? What is a police force for but to secure us this? We want — and this, perhaps, is more important than anything else — adequate provision for the schooling, the education, of our children. It is the children of New York who are being educated or who are not being educated to-day who are to make New York in twenty years. We cannot afford, whatever else goes by default, to have inadequate means for the education of the children of the city. The great majority of these children are through with their schooling by the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; and, if you have school-houses and teachers enough for only a part of them, or for all of them only half a day instead of a whole day for just these few years, what kind of an educated New York will we have in the next generation?

We want public playgrounds and parks for the children, so that they can be out in the open air and learn to breathe, and get a touch of the earth, glimpses of the sky. We want our tenement houses clean, sanitary, wholesome. We want light and air for the poor.

Am I asking too much? There has been money enough raised and spent in the city of New York in the last ten years to do not only all these things, but much more than all

these. If they have not been done, then you can judge what has become of the money.

We want the city made a place where honorable, honest, self-respecting people can live and carry on their business and raise their children and go about their affairs, and be happy and at peace with all the world. We want this second city on earth to be intellectually, morally, spiritually, religiously, what it is financially,— at the head of this continent, and soon, perhaps, to be at the head of the civilized world. This is what we want.

Do you know what we have? What is the present condition of things? I trust you will pardon me if I shall use some plainness of speech. I think plainness of speech just now is called for, and that a lack of it is inexcusable. We must not be so delicate and refined that we cannot face facts, — facts which need to be considered, evils which need to be removed.

What is the condition of things? It is not a political contest that we have entered upon, as I have already intimated. Note that a little carefully. I have said we have no right to preach politics from a pulpit, and we have no right to mix national politics with our city's affairs. We are plainly face to face to-day with a condition that is not essentially, primarily political. Is there a single political issue that is up in this present election? Not one, not the shadow of a shade of one: it is not a political battle on which we have entered at all.

What is the condition of things? Tammany happens to be Democratic. I am told that there are organizations in some other cities of the country that are as bad as Tammany, where the prevailing type of politics is Republican. I am not prepared to deny this. I presume it is true; for the kind of men who are willing to use public affairs for private good are perfectly willing always to be Republican in one place or Democratic in another, according as they may find it profitable to themselves. Party names are of no signifi-

cance in this matter. What we are face to face with is this: —

There is an organization in this city, inside a political party if you choose, but which is no essential part of a political party, and which a large part of this party outside of the city of New York would be glad in all honor to be rid of. Here is an organization which exists purely and simply for itself,— not for itself as intellectual beings, as made up of moral beings, or for itself as a matter of culture or of society; not for itself in any high or noble way, but for the sake of gain, of what it can get out of the public for its own use.

Everybody knows that, however it may have originated in the first place, this is what it means and what it has come to to-day. There is not another question at issue then than whether New York wishes to continue to be governed by a set of men who are using the public revenues and power put into their hands by the votes of the people for the lowest, meanest, and most selfish ends. That is all the issue there is in it.

Now I want to specify a little. This power has the city, so to speak, by the throat. What does it do? I will give a few typical examples. Suppose a man wishes a contract to do some part of the city's business, whether to lay a pavement or help on rapid transit, build a school-house or city hall or a bridge or a railway through the streets — no matter what — a man or an organization of men wishes a contract to do some part of the public business. What does this Tammany power do? Does it give the contract in an honest way to the lowest competent bidder, the one who will serve the city best at the least expense to the people? Not at all. That is a consideration that never enters into it. It gives the contract to the man who will divide with them, and out of whom they can get the most in the way of financial return. Or, if it goes through the form of obeying the terms of the law, it finds some way by which these terms can be evaded and its own personal ends secured.

In other words, it steals just so much from the pockets of the tax-payers and puts the money into the pockets of those who constitute the members and leaders of this organization.

A man wishes to use a part of the sidewalk contrary to the law, because he wants to display his goods in public, or because his store is not large enough. Is the law enforced in his case? Yes, unless he is ready to come to an understanding with the authorities that control the streets. He can buy the privilege, however, of breaking the law *ad libitum* and be undisturbed.

A hotel-keeper who wishes to have a bar connected with his hotel must pay a large tax for the privilege. I happen to know, however, that these hotel-keepers are not infrequently approached by the representatives of Tammany and told that the tax can be halved, or waived perhaps almost entirely, on certain conditions, of course always favorable to Tammany. Here, again, is outright theft of public money. And this sort of thing permeates the entire business of the city. Hardly a man can carry on his business unmolested if there is any opportunity for this organization to make anything out of him: he must be taxed or blackmailed or his business must be so interfered with as to make his life a burden to him. So the financial life of the city is corrupted and tainted at every turn by this organization.

What else? Everybody in New York who cares to know is aware of the fact that justice is systematically tampered with in every direction. Men can commit crimes if they are willing to pay for them, or can be unmolested after they have committed them if they are willing to pay for the privilege.

Let me approach a still darker phase of our subject. Every one knows that the officials of this city have been in league with the gamblers, the systematic gamblers, of the city. It has been discovered that there is an understanding, an arrangement with the police authorities by which, if a gambling room is to be raided by any self-constituted

organization of reformers, they are notified and warned by the police, so that they may take care of themselves before the officers arrive on the spot.

The authorities of the city, then, instead of discouraging, hedging in, and so far as possible, suppressing crimes like gambling, encourage them and make money out of them,— money up into hundreds of thousands of dollars, money which, if paid at all, ought to have gone into the public treasury, but which goes into the pockets of these thieves and adventurers who are living, like leeches, by sucking the blood out of the public life.

Worse yet is true. Everybody knows, who has cared to study the matter during the last few months, that the women of the town are systematically encouraged and protected in their business, and made to pay the authorities in power richly and handsomely for the privilege. So long as they pay, they are guarded. If they do not pay, they are raided and disturbed and persecuted, and driven from one part of the city to another. The public welfare is never thought of: it is how much can be made out of the vice and crime of the town. And I happen to know a case like this, which shows whether these guardians of our virtue are to be trusted to serve the public welfare. A woman who had been engaged in keeping a disreputable house had closed it up and retired, wishing to get out of it. She was followed by the police and told that, if she attempted to get out of the business, her past would be kept vividly in mind and before the public, so that she would be hindered in anything she did in attempting to live honestly; while, if she would engage another house and continue in her old business, she would be cared for and protected,— of course the usual dividends being understood.

This is the way the guardians of public morality are serving public morals, encouraging in every direction this evil, doing all they can to make it flourish and prosper and turning it into a source of revenue for themselves,— a system

established for the seduction and betrayal of girls, little girls sometimes hardly old enough to be aware of what they are doing; and the inhabitants of the tenement houses, contrary to the laws of the city, have been infested and overrun with these things, so that the little boys and girls have them thrust in their faces every day of the year, and find it practically impossible to grow up untainted and with clear consciences and free minds towards a healthful and self-respecting manhood and womanhood.

And this is not accident. This is not because there is any weakness in the arm of the law. It is not because of ignorance. It is not because these problems are difficult of solution. These things are systematically done for money by those who are appointed our guardians and keepers and the protectors of our homes.

I bring no railing accusation against the police force of New York City. There are thousands of men in that force; and I believe that the great majority of them are honest, honorable, self-respecting, clean-living men. I believe that a still larger majority of them, if they had half a chance, would like to be; but I believe that Tammany Hall selects the men that it can use, and puts them where the work is to be done, and pressure is brought to bear upon them to serve Tammany Hall or seek some other means of getting a living.

This is the condition of things — a part of it — actually existing to-day in the city of New York. I have given you hints of it. I dare not tell you with any more plainness the story of what is going on. These are surface croppings and indications of what is true beneath the level of society, and which cannot be uttered in polite ears.

It is not politics, then, at all. It is a question of doing the city's business properly: it is a question of honor, righteousness, honesty, decency, pure and simple, nothing more and nothing less. And the thing that amazes me beyond all power of words is that New York should sit quietly under

this condition of things. That which amazes me beyond all power of speech is to hear earnest, honest men raising the question as to whether it is going to be possible in the next election to overthrow Tammany Hall. Why cannot Tammany Hall be overthrown? It has got to be a sort of superstition in the minds of a great many people in New York that Tammany Hall is omnipotent, that it cannot be beaten. Let us look at just a few figures, and see whether there is any basis for this.

I want to say just a word, before I come to my figures, about the good people in New York. I am not half as much troubled about the bad people in the city as I am about the good ones. We can get along with the bad people, we can manage and control them, if only the good people would be half sensible and earnest.

How was it at the last mayoralty election? Two hundred and thirty-four thousand votes, speaking in round numbers, cast for Tammany; one hundred and fifty-seven thousand cast for Low, one hundred thousand cast for Tracey, twenty-two thousand cast for George. Enough votes cast for Low and Tracey by those who claimed to be the good people of the city to have wiped Tammany out of sight. So it was a quarrel concerning utterly unimportant matters among the good people that threw the city into the hands of Tammany Hall,—a set of reformers that makes me tired of the very name of reform.

I used to know Prohibitionists in Boston who every time would throw the city into the hands of those who wanted free rum unless they could have their own particular type of prohibition carried. So there are a lot of reformers who, if they cannot carry their pet idea, will throw the affairs of the city into the hands of the worst and lowest elements of all. There are people who, over a little matter of how Sunday shall be kept, or whether this German or that shall have a glass of lager beer, will throw thousands of honest, well-meaning people into the ranks of the opposition because

they resent — as I do for them — having their personal liberty in non-essential matters interfered with.

If you can get the Germans to stop drinking lager beer by persuasion, all right. If you can get everybody to keep Sunday just after your particular manner by persuasion, all right; but nobody yet was ever made good by the use of a club, nobody ever yet was made moral by coercion.

Practical statesmanship is getting the best condition of things you can out of existing circumstances, and then taking another step ahead of that next year, if you can, and another the year after. It is not statesmanship, it is childish pettishness or worse, to prevent the best possible things from being carried because you cannot have something which you think is better still.

As I said then, it is not the bad people in New York I am afraid of: it is the good people. It is the good people who will quarrel over non-essentials, and let Tammany, that is never divided when it comes to the polls, have its own way. This is the thing that I am afraid of; and another thing that I am afraid of in this election is practical indifference on the part of the good people. For now let us come face to face with what it is that we can do about it. This being the condition of things, the necessities of the case being so and so, what can we do about it?

In the first place we can put aside for this year our partisan, political feelings and prejudices, and vote for the good of the city of New York *now*, not vote to keep the voters in harness for an election next year or the year after, that is to turn on entirely other matters. We can put our personal and partisan prejudices one side, and consecrate ourselves to-day to the welfare of New York City. That is the first thing we can do.

Then the next thing is to register. Do you know I am astonished and amazed when I consider what the ballot means and then note how lightly it is regarded. We have here in America beyond question the finest government

that the world so far has been able to devise. I told you two weeks ago, in touching upon an entirely different matter, that the most difficult thing mankind has ever tried to achieve is a government combining freedom and order. We have come nearer to it here than anybody else has ever come in the history of the world. Now under a despotism you can have good government if you have a good despot, no matter whether the people are good or not. Under an oligarchy you can have good government, whether the averate citizen is intelligent or not. Under aristocracy you can have good government, whether the average citizen is intelligent or cares or not. But in this country you, you are the ruler, and, if you do not try to rule at all, the ruling goes by default into the hands of somebody who may be dishonest or incompetent; and, if he is, then you are to blame for letting it go there.

In this country you are the ruler: if you rule badly or cast your influence on the wrong side, then you are responsible for the bad result. You have no right, as a child of God, an honest man, a citizen of this Republic, to be indifferent to this great question as to whether you have any influence and on which side it is cast. It is your business to see that it is cast in favor of humanity, civilization, righteousness and God.

It is your business, then, to register; and it is your business to vote. Do you know that in 1898 in this city — it seems incredible — there were about forty thousand men who took the trouble to register, but who did not take the trouble after that to vote? So there are the figures: look at them. Two hundred and fifty-seven thousand votes cast for Low and Tracey, forty thousand not cast at all,— and I do not know how many did not take the trouble even to register,— and then whining over the omnipotence of Tammany and the inability of the good people to control the city of New York!

Here were nearly three hundred thousand votes that

might have been cast easily against the two hundred and thirty-four thousand of Tammany; and yet we talk about being in the hands of Tammany! We are in the hands of Tammany if we wish to be,—not else. And I say to you, gentlemen, you that live in your fine houses and care for your respectable homes, if you do not register and do not vote, if you do not put aside prejudice, if you do not work for the establishment of righteousness in this city, you are responsible for every tainted, corrupted tenement house on the East Side, for every blighted life of a ruined little girl, for every corrupted boy, for every dollar stolen; for the rottenness which to-day permeates the entire controlling power of this city. You are responsible for it; for you can help it if you will.

What will you do then? Put aside your prejudices, register, vote, talk,—talk with your neighbors. Persuade those who are balancing the considerations, this way and that, that for this time, at any rate, it is their duty to give themselves to the service of the civilizing influences of the time.

By as much, then, as you are children of God, by as much as you care for that for which the church stands, by as much as you estimate the value of manhood and womanhood, by as much as you care for honesty and integrity and honor and purity and the simple, homely virtues of our common American life, by as much as you would help on the progress of the world, and hinder the supremacy of darkness and dishonesty and evil, by so much I appeal to you to consecrate yourselves this day, and every day until the election is over, to securing good government for our city of New York.

Father, let us not dare to call Thee our Father, to think of ourselves as Thy children, or to hope for Thy smile, unless we are ready to do something more than profess, unless we are ready not simply to say, Lord, Lord! but *do* the will of our Father in heaven. Amen.

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# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# ANOTHER YEAR

GEORGE H. ELLIS
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# ANOTHER YEAR.

My Scripture starting-point you may find in the Epistle to the Ephesians, the fifth chapter, the fifteenth verse and a part of the sixteenth,— "Look, therefore, carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time,"— or, as the Revised Version has it in the margin, "buying up the opportunity."

Astronomically considered, the year begins, for the northern nations at any rate, very naturally about the first of January. Near this time is the solstice, the standing still of the sun, on his apparent journey southward. Then he is reborn, as mythologists say: he turns and travels north again, bringing the promise of spring, a softer feeling in the air,— more of light, more of warmth; so it is the beginning, as we say, of the year.

If we lived in the southern hemisphere, of course this process would be reversed; but for the northern nations the first of January is the time for the beginning of the astronomical year. But that is not the practical year for the most of us, either socially, or so far as our business interests or intenser life is concerned, or so far as our church work affects us. We really begin the year in the fall. So that it may be appropriate for us this morning to consider for a little this topic,— Another Year.

What is a year? We may look at it in a good many different ways. It is so many hours, so many days, so many weeks, so many months. These are divisions of the time it takes the earth, as we say, to make one circuit around the sun. But we do not stop to consider the year much from that point of view. The year, so far as we are practically concerned,— that which makes it mean something

for us,— is an opportunity. It is time in which we can do things, in which we can visit places, in which we can meet and become acquainted with people, in which we can acquire things that we desire, in which we can become something, in which we can learn. This is what the year means practically to us.

Is the year free? is all this time ours, unpurchased? I just called your attention to the fact that the marginal rendering of a part of our text is "buying up the opportunity." If we look, then, a little carefully at it, we shall find that time is not ours freely. We have so much opportunity before us: what shall we do with it? That is the practical question which all of us must decide: we decide it whether we ask it or not. What shall we do with it?

If I decide that I will spend the year in making money, I must buy this opportunity for making money by giving the opportunity for doing other things. If I propose to spend this opportunity in studying, in learning, in making myself familiar with the great facts and wonders of the universe, then I must buy that opportunity and pay for it the opportunity to make money or the opportunity to indulge myself, to be at leisure, to travel, to play. So that, whatever I decide to do, I must buy the opportunity to do that at the price of the chance of doing something else. I must estimate that which seems to me to be of the most value or importance to me; and then I must willingly pay the price of all other possibilities, in order that that may be mine. So we must buy up the time for the particular use on which we decide.

Another year is before us,— a year for dreaming, for hoping, for fearing, for bearing, for getting, for accomplishing, for all sorts of things. There are, as you see, a hundred ways in which another year may be considered. I propose to confine myself for the brief time at my disposal this morning to a very simple way of looking at it,— a way that at first sight may seem to you commonplace and superficial. But, friends, this is a commonplace universe only to common-

place people. Things are superficial only to those who have not the capacity of seeing or feeling or estimating. The poet finds his poem in that which is commonplace to the ordinary man. Out of the possibilities of the sounds that echo and re-echo in all the air, the great masters have wrought their magical results of harmony. So the commonplace and ordinary things may be full of meaning for us if we can teach ourselves how to appreciate and estimate them.

I meet people who are discouraged. They look forward not with anticipation and gladness to another year, but say: I have so much time that I must some way get through with. I must bear my burden through the months of this year, or longer. I must look this disillusioned world in the face day after day, month after month, year after year. I must bear it as best I may. I meet people who have lost a friend. Some one very near to them has gone out of life, and they have taken the taste, the meaning, the beauty of life with them; and they say, I am just enduring with what dull patient resignation I can. They are not anticipating another year.

There are persons whose hopes have somehow eluded them. They have expected sweet and blessed things of life; but they have waked up, and they say that the luscious fruits are ashes on their lips, the flowers are withering, they are all worm-eaten. Life is to them, or it seems to them, like a mirage in the desert,— gleams, glimpses, promises of beautiful things, but, practically, plodding, heavily and wearily, through the sand and under skies of brass, while disappointed in their expectation of fountains and waving trees and luscious fruits.

So there are a great many people who for one cause or another, it seems to me, do not appreciate the possibilities, the wonders of another year. They may think, as I speak, that I do not appreciate the experiences through which they have passed, and which have taken the heart out of them and the meaning out of things. I venture to suggest that I do appreciate. There is very little in anybody's cup of bit-

terness that I have not at least, some time or other, had a taste of, so that I can understand.

Let me, then, if I may, help you to comprehend and appreciate a little what another year may mean.

Another year for what? I can only suggest. I can only try to open doorways, lift windows, and let in a glimpse of air and sunlight, giving you a change of seeing and a hint of what might be seen if there were time.

In the first place, another year for *seeing*, for *hearing*, for just coming into contact with this wonderful universe by means of these common senses of ours. Go to a blind man, and ask him what he would give for one day of vision. Go to a deaf man, and ask him the price he would pay to walk through this wonderful world and hear the bird-song, the falling of water, the rustling of leaves, the lap of sea waves on the beach,— how much he would pay for one day of being able to hear. And we, whose sight and hearing both are good, walk in the midst of these marvels, and talk about the universe being commonplace,— the meaning, the mystery, the wonder of it all eliminated.

Stop and think for an instant what it means that we see at all. Some star, so distant that it takes the wave motions of the ether a thousand years to cross the space from where it hangs in the heavens to us. These wave motions come, come, come. They have been travelling thousands of years; they arrive, they touch the retina of the eye, and the nerve carries this motion up into the brain; and there in some utterly mysterious way, that the wisest man in all the world cannot comprehend, this magical result is performed, and we see that star. It has reported itself to us in that marvellous fashion. And the same of a flower by our side, a gem that we hold in our hand, the face of a friend, or any most wonderful and at the same time most commonplace thing in all the world.

For what price would you have blotted out the pictures of the things that you have seen? I remember once some

years ago, as I stood on a mesa outside of Colorado Springs, I looked across the Garden of the Gods and saw a sunset over Pike's Peak; and, as the sun went down in the west, a full moon arose in the east. I looked across forty, fifty, sixty miles of plain at my feet. Friends, I would go through all the suffering that I have ever met in all this life's pilgrimage of mine rather than to blot out the possibility of that one memory, that transcendent glory and unspeakable beauty.

And so what have we not seen? Mountain tops, wonders of the ocean and sky! To walk under the stars at night when the moon with delight looks round her, when the stars are keen in the blue of the marvellous abyss above us, — merely to see, isn't it worth living for?

Another year, then, for looking, for beholding all the marvels of the universe and of human life. I walk in the midst of the streets of this city every day in a maze of wonder. It does not grow commonplace to me. I always stop and stare at a train of cars, overwhelmed anew at the mystery, the wonder, the power. And so, if we stop and think, ever so superficially, we walk in a wonder world compared with which the "Arabian Nights" are commonplace; and yet we do not half think, we do not half feel.

I sometimes think of myself as a little child held up in the arms of some one to get a glimpse of a great show. I care not how this life of ours may end, — and for the purpose of expressing my present thought I waive all hope of anything to come beyond, — whatever of pain I may face, whatever of burden I may bear, I am grateful beyond expression that I am lifted up for this brief time to look,—to look at all this wonder scene.

Another year, in the next place, for *reading*. That is very commonplace, is it not? I called three or four days ago on one of our parishioners who has been bed-ridden for a couple of years, and during the last one year she has not been able to read at all; and she said to me, not grumblingly, but with a pensive sort of pathos, mingled with a smile, "The people

who can read have very little idea of what they are enjoying: it seems to me the most perfect of all pleasures, just to read." And it touched a tender chord in my heart; for, though most of you do not know it, — and I hope you will never know what it means by experience,—for more than two years out of the last three I have not been able to read, either. I mean by that I have not been able to sit down quietly with a book, and enjoy it as in the olden days. I am beginning to once more; and oh, the luxury, the deliciousness, the joy and peace of simply sitting down quietly with a book!

It took the human race thousands of years to learn to talk, to invent what we mean by language; and then it took this world thousands of other years to learn to write. What does it mean? Here is a book. I open it. On the page are stamped certain figures. To a person who has not traced their history they are purely conventional and arbitrary: they are not at all conventional and arbitrary to one who knows where they came from; but it took the world thousands of years to learn to write. And now what does it mean? I do not stop to think anything about it. I open a book,—let it be Shakespeare,—and I glance at certain figures, black marks on the paper; and straightway the present is gone; I am in the fifteenth century, I am in Rome, I am in ancient Greece, I am listening to the wonderful conversations of these wonderful characters that the master dramatist has created; I am walking in another world.

I take up another book; and one of the great singers recites to me his marvellous story. Perhaps it is Homer; or with Dante I traverse the hells and purgatories, the heavens. Or some great novelist, Walter Scott, lets me live in mediæval times in Scotland or England. What a wonderful world it is of books, that you can enter or leave at will? You can weary, close the book, and rest, though the dream goes on. You are eager for entertainment; and here it is spread out freely on every side,— all that the world has

thought and dreamed and hoped and sung, all it has achieved, ready to your hand.

Another year, then, for reading. Some one asks me sometimes, Have you read such a book? and I say, No, and I am so glad I have not. Why? Because I have that joy left to look forward to. I would give to-day as much money as I could afford, and perhaps a little more, to find a book of Dickens that is not familiar to me. But the world of books is full of wonder and peace and inspiration and joy. We have another year, then, in which we can read.

In the third place, another year for *working*. I came across, the other day, a little item in a newspaper which interested me, though I do not agree with it. But I would like to quote it to you. The oldest member of the French Academy, M. Legouvé, was talking with a friend; and he said: "Some people say that God has condemned man to work. I say God has condemned men to live, and given them work as a mitigating circumstance." And the man who says this is still at his work at the age of ninety-four.

I do not believe that God has condemned man to live, neither has he condemned him to work. He has given him the magnificent privilege of living; and he has given him the divine opportunity of work. Think what work means. Work does become a weariness, a distaste, when it is a grinding necessity, a drudgery. Men like William Morris, the poet, artist, socialist, who has been a socialist because he appreciated the glory and beauty of volunteer work — Mr. Morris tells us that the one thing he desires for all the workmen of the world is that they may be free to work, so that they may find the joy of it, the delight of doing something, of making something, of seeing it grow under their hands, and feeling that they co-operate with God in working over the rough materials of the universe into articles of beauty and of use.

This is the meaning and the sweetness of work,— to feel that you are making something. Have you never had the

experience? I know you have had. You business men, you have labored, you have planned, you have schemed: by and by you have accomplished, you have done a thing; and, oh, how the heart exulted with the sense of triumph, something accomplished,— "I have done it."

I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the old philosopher who forgot himself so as to rush out of his bath, and run through the street, shouting: "Eureka! I have found it!" He had been dreaming of something, and it had dawned upon him. "I have accomplished it," he said; and the world was forgotten in that one final fact.

A year, then, for working, for doing things,— writing a poem, a book, accomplishing a certain piece of business, making a picture, making a bit of statuary, making a boot, making a garment, making anything to add to the use, the beauty, the welfare, the comfort, the happiness of the world. And, if you cannot do anything great, cannot be among the great makers,— the marvellous artists of all time,— there is one thing you can do: you can appreciate them; and you can accomplish something in your sphere which may be quite as important to the welfare of the world as that which they have done.

If you cannot do anything more, you can make the pathway of life a little smoother for some feet that would otherwise stumble. You can make the day a little brighter by some word uttered. You can make life easier for some one by a hand-clasp. I wonder if I have ever mentioned it here: I can remember, and shall never forget it,— I hope I may see the man again some time, so that I can tell him,— I can remember, when I was a growing, uncouth boy, the first time a grown man ever seemed to think it worth his while to stop and shake hands with me on the street. I felt an added sense of dignity. I felt that I was beginning, at least, to find it possible to be somebody. It meant a great deal to me. He did not know. He does not know. As I said, I hope I may have the chance of telling him some time. I do not know if he be living still.

But you can do such things as these,— a word, a touch, a smile, some little help that shall make all after time brighter and easier for somebody.

Another year then for work; and, if you do not feel that you are accomplishing much for yourself or likely to attain a great deal of happiness yourself, try if you can — I am not advising you because it is easy — to learn the meaning of those words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Try to get a taste of the happiness of forgetting all about whether you are happy or not, while you try to make the world better and easier for somebody else.

In the fourth place, we have stretching out before us another year for *loving*. What is loving? I do not know. Is anybody wise enough to know? What does it mean that I meet a man, and out of all the world choose him for a bosom friend, feel that I would like to have him call me by my first name and would like to address him in the same fashion, feel when I meet him as though I would like to put my arms around him. What does it mean? I do not know. I do not know of anybody who does. I only know that it is worth suffering for, it is worth living for, it is worth dying for, to have such friends as that,— to have people that you know will understand you, or, better yet, that you know will not judge you, whether they understand you or not.

It is not easy sometimes to understand; but friendship means that I will not believe anything against my friend on the word of anybody else on the face of the earth except himself. That friendship is poor stuff that picks up a scandal about a person and lets the friendship grow weak on account of it. A friend is one I believe in and love and hold to myself as by hoops of steel. This is worth, as I said, living for: it is worth dying for.

And, then, that subtler, deeper, more wonderful thing that we call love; for friendship and love are akin, though one is more mysterious even, if possible, than the other. What

is it? I do not know. The bond that binds without any regard to space, without any regard to death, that overleaps the gulfs of years, and treasures a face, a hand-clasp, a look of the eyes more than all the treasures of the world. I do not know what it means. But to look into the eyes of some one that you love, and know that soul answers to soul perfectly, this is something better than any heaven, if heaven were to miss that. I believe that the only thing that makes heaven anywhere is this; and so with this you can have heaven anywhere.

Is not this worth living for? There are souls apparently doomed to walk through the world without it,— for years, perhaps; but I do believe that the universe holds somewhere, and will bestow sometime, this great gift and guerdon of love, which is the deepest, sweetest, highest, noblest, holiest thing of all.

Another year, then, for loving. If you have children or grandchildren, another year for feeling those twining arms around your neck, of having them sit on your knee; the delight of hearing them prattle, talk, ask questions, make their first thoughtful remarks. Wiser than all the wisdom of the ages is this prattle of the children, putting a meaning and a beauty into life that nothing else can give, and that you have as a memory in your hearts which can never be taken away. Another year of this, then. Do not think the universe poor while there is a possibility of friendship or love.

And, in the last place, you have another year for one other thing,— for *remembering* and *hoping*. We stand here on this little island of time; and we look back and we look forward. In one sense there is no past, in one sense there is no future: it is an eternal now. Yesterday when it was here is now; to-morrow when it is here will be now; and yet in some wonderful way we carry the past along with us and we anticipate what we call the future. Does anybody understand memory? No. What is it? What I said yesterday; the dreams I had when I was a little boy; my im-

pressions as to what I would become and accomplish; how I looked at the river and the mountains away to the north, the hills towards the west over which the sun set,— all these remembered things, and my boyhood is here. How is it here? I do not know. Are the pictures wrought in the fibre of the brain? Are they outlined on the brain particles like a photograph on a camera plate? But the brain particles are changing all the time. So I do not know. I only know that those memories are here. I only know I carry with me to-day the pictures of the beautiful things I have seen, the inspiration of the marvellous sounds I have heard.

I stop in the quiet of my study when I am tired; and I hear the catbird among the alders by the side of a brook that runs into a river away down in Maine. I hear it as plainly as I did years and years ago. I hear the tinkle, the drip of the water that is running down from the foot of a glacier in the Alps. I see the Ortler Mountains one lovely moonlight night; the glaciers, shining, glittering blue steel, in the moon; and the stars sprinkling the sky on either hand,— all these.

And then the friends, more beautiful and more wonderful still,— father and mother and brothers and sisters, and the boy, those that have gone into the Unseen. By this mystic, magic power of memory, they are by our sides, they are with us all the time. They are more real sometimes than the people we can touch; until we get to wondering as to whether we are not dreaming when our eyes are open, and as to whether the real life is not this one of spiritual memories and relations and experiences.

So we remember, and carry the past with us. So the dead are not dead. So the forces and motives and inspirations of the past have not faded out: they have only grown stronger. So all the beauty and glory are here; and I am glad — oh, a thousand times glad! — that I have had these loved ones, though they are beyond my touch and sight, beyond the sound of my voice now.

And then, counterpart of this memory, is that wonderful future. What will you have there? All that we need we will have there; all that we have missed we will find there. The flowers that withered are blooming there; the illusions of youth that faded out as we grew to manhood and womanhood are real there. The loves that we have missed here we will find there. Hopes, all of them, shall come true there.

These are our visions, these are our dreams. And, friends, do you know, in my most serious and earnest hours, I am inclined to believe that, in a universe so marvellous as this, we cannot dream anything too fine or beautiful or sweet, we cannot anticipate any too much. I believe that it is real truth that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared" to be revealed by and by in that after time.

So at any rate I love to hope; and so at any rate the joy of hoping gets into my heart, and makes it easier for me to bear my burdens, easier for me to brush away the tears that start unbidden sometimes, easier for me to face the problems of life, easier for me to overleap its obstacles, easier to bear the pain,— because I good great, good, sweet, beautiful things to come to me by and by.

And, if God be God, the infinite and eternal Life, and if I be his child, then, if I do not find just the particular thing for which I hoped, I will find something that shall make me satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

Father, as we stand facing another year of work, of pain and care, of burden, of achievement, of conquest, of blessing, may we do it with gratitude for all the past. May we have courage for the difficulties that are before us; and may we, with a great and simple thankfulness of heart, open our eyes and open our ears and open our souls, open our arms, open our whole being, that Thou, with all the wealth of the universe, mayest come in. Amen.

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# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# SOME THINGS WHICH THE CHURCH CAN DO FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

As my Scripture starting-point, I have chosen two passages,— first from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the tenth chapter, the twenty-fourth verse and a part of the twenty-fifth,— "And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another"; and then from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, the twentieth verse,— "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

There is no question as to the fact that a great change has taken place, a change already in process, in men's thinking and feeling concerning the church. Not a great while ago it was generally believed by all religious people that the church was a specially, divinely appointed and organized institution, and that to it was committed as a sacred deposit the revealed truth of God, so that it must be found through the church if found anywhere.

And it was also believed that the church held in her hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that she had power to open and shut: in other words, that the salvation of the individual soul depended upon the relation which that soul held with the church.

I suppose very few people, thoughtful, educated, believe either of these things to-day. The church has no truth in her keeping which is not open to any earnest student anywhere: there is no church that has the power to open the gates of heaven or to close them. In other words, men do

not need to go to church in order to be "saved," in the ordinary sense of that word.

And now what is the common, logical inference from these statements? I think I must have quoted to you, at least once, possibly oftener, a saying which I propose to quote again. A friend of mine in Boston some years ago asked me the simple, perfectly natural question, In the changing of our old beliefs, is not the reason for going to church taken away? I wish this morning as plainly and simply as I may to speak to you in regard to some things which the church can do for the individual, some things which the church can do that nothing else can, or at any rate a good deal better than anything else can. I wish to appeal to you as earnest, thinking men and women.

If there is no reason for going to church, for being connected with a church, for working with a church, if there is no good reason, no reason that an earnest, sincere business man can appreciate as real, then I at least would never ask you to go any more. If there is any good reason, then I would ask you to do two things. I would ask you, not necessarily to join this church, not necessarily to come to this church every Sunday, but to join some church, to attend that church, to make the members of it and the minister understand that it means something to you; and not only that, but to do what you can to make the church a power for the uplifting of human life; do what you can, in other words, to get other people to think and feel as you do. For if you have any great conviction, and if you care for others, you cannot keep still about it. If you do keep still, it means that you have no convictions or that you do not care.

I said the church is not in any supernatural way, or in the old sense of the word, a specifically organized divine institution; and yet do not misunderstand me. It is divine, the divinest institution on the face of the earth: only it has arisen under the guidance, the providence, the care of God

in what we call a purely natural way, as one of the phases and forces of the evolution of the higher life of man.

What is the principle? Organization. For what? For the highest things. If you put two sticks of wood together and set them on fire, you do not get merely twice as much flame and heat as you could get from kindling the two sticks separately and apart. You get a good deal more than twice as much; and, if you add a third stick, you get twelve or twenty times as much as you could get from the three alone. You know perfectly well how this is in all worldly affairs and business matters: you organize for the sake of power.

Now the church is a divine institution in the sense that it has arisen under the providence of God, the one great organization of the world that has for its one object the highest life of man. And if it is your duty to live the highest life, and if it is your duty to help other people to live the highest life, and if you can do this a good deal better by asking people to help you, by organizing for that end, then it is just as much your divine, unescapable duty to do it with our present thought about the church as it ever was or ever could have been at any time in all the past.

And, then, there are more ways than one of saving a man's soul. I have said that the church has no power to keep people out of heaven, in another world, or to shut them into any other place in the other world. A man can find God, a man can develop his highest and noblest life — in one way — alone. He can if he be compelled to be alone; but he cannot unless he is compelled to be alone. Men say, I read fine books at home, which are a good deal better than most sermons. Undoubtedly they are. I read the newspaper, I think, I rest, and I need the rest. Undoubtedly you do. I go into the country, and see the beautiful works of God. I worship under the open sky. The trees are the pillars of my temple.

Now nine times in ten everybody knows that this is a

pretence. There are very few people who ever go into the country in this way for the purposes of worship or who really engage in worship. It is simply a pleasurable emotion which they experience; and they flatter themselves that they are g-tting religious cultivation out of it. They may; but how many times did you ever do it? In how many cases did you ever know of anybody else doing it?

The soul needs cultivation, development, as much as the intellect or the body. Is it likely to get it, if there is no particular time or thought or care devoted to it? Does it really get it on the part of these people who read the newspapers, who read books, or who sleep or go to drive or do anything else except relate themselves in any vital way with some church? Do you think they do get it? Do they really care anything about it? Do they really think anything about it,— that is, the average man or woman who talks in this way? In my judgment, no.

Now the soul needs to be saved from what? It is not a question of going to hell in another world, of getting into one particular place or out of another. It is a question of cultivation and development of your soul, your spiritual life, making the noblest and best of yourself, becoming all that you are capable of becoming; saved from selfishness, from meanness, from indolence, from self-indulgence, from a poor and mean and commonplace life; developed in your spiritual nature, so that by and by, if, when this body is cast off, you find yourself in a spiritual world, you will feel at home there. I think it is worth while to think and work just a little for the sake of cultivating ourselves as children of God, so that, when we come into a world of spiritual relations, we may not be utterly lost and out of place.

So you do need to save your souls in this modern world; and you cannot possibly do it alone, unless, like Robinson Crusoe, you are shut off somewhere by yourself alone, and have no opportunity for doing any better. If you are where you can cultivate the unselfish side of you by helping any-

body else, and you do not do it, you are not saving your soul in the true sense of the word.

The church, then, is a divine institution, and you need your souls cultivated and taken care of as much in this century in New York as they thought they did in Judea or in Rome or in Egypt one hundred or two thousand years ago.

Let us now consider, not many of the things, but some things; for I must select a few out of a possible hundred which the church can do for the individual in such a sense as they cannot be done so well or so easily in any other way.

It has always seemed to me, in the first place, that, if I were a business man or a woman absorbed in the exacting cares of the home or social life, it would be an infinite rest to me once a week to get out of that kind of atmosphere, to get up into clearer air, where I could breathe, forget the accidents and incidents and occupations and burdens of the daily life, and go into the inner temple and find out what is there.

I do not believe, for example, that a man can get nearly as much rest — rest for his real self — by going off to play all day Sunday as he can by devoting a part of it, at any rate, to this higher life, though he may devote the rest of it to play.

What does this mean? We are engaged nearly all the time, most of us, in getting things together for the outer life,— houses, lands, clothing, horses, means of amusement, — in getting together the things that minister to us as animals, if you please. I think that it is wise for men and women to spend a little time each week in considering the fact that they are something more than people who live in houses, who wear clothes, even who read books, who go to the theatre and the opera, who are engaged in the ten thousand common occupations of life.

Go inside your being, and find out — what? What you are,— the real, essential man, the real, essential woman. Find

out whether you are related to any infinite and eternal power, and, if you are, what that relation is. Find out if you stand in any more vital relations to your fellow-men than that of buyer or seller, of guest or host. Find out what you are. And, as I have had occasion to tell you, perhaps more than once, you do not come to the essential manhood or womanhood until you come up into the realm of religion. You share with the animal world around you your physical life, your intellectual life,—at least, the rudiments of it. You share almost everything with them. In other words, you are an animal, and only an animal, unless you are a child of God. And, if you are a child of God, then you are something more than an animal; and it is this being a child of God that makes you something more than an animal.

And the church is the only organization on the face of the earth that engages itself to deal with men and women as children of God; that is, to deal with them on the levels of their lives where they are essentially, and in the true sense of those words, men and women.

The church, then, if you associate yourselves together, think, study, worship together, help each other, will cultivate this essential manliness, this essential womanliness, and will help you to remember that you are more than buyers and sellers, more than pleasure-seekers, more than the people you find yourselves during the six days of the week, —that you are men, that you are women, that you are sons and daughters of God, and that you have a destiny superior to all these things.

There is another thing that men and women need which I must only suggest. We need every little while to renew our faith in God and man in order to live human lives. We must have it, or we cannot live human lives. I have talked with business men; and they say, I get a very low ideal of average humanity as I deal with the average man. And I have talked with women; and they tell me that, as they go

into what calls itself good society, they feel suffocated, they get discouraged, they rarely find people engaged in any high conceit, caring about anything that is of any great importance. They lose faith in men and women.

A famous man in London wrote me some time ago — and this indicates the state of mind that people get into — that he did not believe in continued existence, because, as he looked over the world and saw the kind of people that men and women on the average were, he did not think they were worth keeping. He lost faith in anything deep or high in human nature.

And people lose faith in God. They are in the midst of whirl and confusion. They see no plan, no meaning, no purpose, no outlook; and they wonder as to whether there is any helm, or any hand on the helm. To take an illustration. If a person who knew anything about the Mississippi River were dropped down at some points along its course, it would be utterly impossible for him to tell whether it was flowing, on the whole, north and south or east and west. There are curves and turns; and he might get lost in the maze of it all. It is only when one traces it from its source to its mouth that he does not become disturbed by the fact that many a time he finds it running east or west or north. He knows then that these are only curves or eddies.

So you get into the midst of a battle, and ask a man which way the battle is going. He is buried in the smoke, he is lost in the confusion: he does not know. Some calm, quiet man at headquarters, who is receiving reports from all along the line, might be able to give you a hint; but the man who is in the midst of it, no.

So we get in the midst of this confusion of human life, and do not know which way things are going; and we lose confidence in any guide or controller of it all. But now come into the church, come into this atmosphere of trust, here where the dealing of God with the race is studied, and traced from the far-off beginnings until to-day. Come and meet

in earnest contact other men and women as earnest as yourself, work together, and see that men and women can care and do care, can devote themselves and do devote themselves, and your faith in human nature becomes re-enforced; and you say, After all: these people that I thought did not care, perhaps they did. Perhaps there is something underneath: they have thoughts deeper than I appreciated.

And every little while there comes flashing out from this confusion of ordinary human life some consecrated word, some heroic deed, that makes us know that the stuff that ordinary human nature is made of is really divine stuff; and we believe that these grand words and actions originate in the thought and heart of the infinite life.

We do not need to solve all the problems of the world, in order to live comfortably. We do need standing ground, and we do need hope, trust, enough so that we can take the next step; and I believe that the church can help us here in our faith in God and our faith in men as nothing else can.

I do not mean simply going to church of a Sunday, if you happen to be entertained by the speaker, and going home again, having nothing to do with it, not being a part of it or trying to help any one else: this is not getting the life of the church into yourself.

There is one other point I must just refer to a moment. We all of us are capable of having visions; and sometimes we do have them. They may last an hour. They may last a whole day. They may last only a fleeting moment. What do I mean by visions? Take a hint from the life of Jesus and his disciples. You remember how they went up into a mountain to pray; and there Moses and Elijah appeared to Jesus, so the story tells us. I care not for the purpose which I have in mind this morning whether these were objectively real or subjective impressions: they meet the requirement of our case in either of those views. They had this vision of something higher and finer,— a

vision that linked the old dispensation with the new and promised triumph for the Master in the years to come.

The disciples wanted to stay there and build tabernacles; but no, they must go down the mountain; and there was the demoniac, there were people struggling with the burdens and cares of every-day life. And they must forget the vision, for the time: they must go to work, not dream. Forget the vision, did I say? That is the pity of it all. The thing we need is not to forget the vision, and, above all, not to become persuaded that the vision had no meaning. These glimpses of our higher selves, when we say, "I know I can be noble, I can be better than I have been," visions of God, of eternal justice, of love, of righteousness, of promise for all mankind.

We need what? We need to believe that these visions are real. The late Professor C. C. Everett, of the Cambridge Divinity School, said not long before he died a most beautiful thing, and a true thing: it is one among countless definitions of religion. He said, Religion is the poetry of life believed in. The most of us find it hard to keep the poetry of life: we hear a snatch of it, a song, then it is swallowed up in discord. We gain glimpses of the beautiful face, and then it disappears.

Some years ago I made a tour of the Pacific States. I remember my first glimpse of Mt. Tacoma, or Rainier, as it is sometimes called. I was sailing of a Sunday afternoon down Puget Sound, going from Seattle to Tacoma, where I was to lecture that evening. No one had told me of "the mountain," as they call it always. By and by I was walking about the deck. I got a glimpse of something superbly beautiful. I thought it was a cloud, something white against the blue, away off in the distance. I looked at it; and I said, "That cannot be a cloud, because it does not move: it is still." Then I began to look down, traced it; and the mountain from the water up, seventeen thousand feet, stood before me. I felt like getting on my knees in worship.

The next morning there was no mountain. I was there for several days. No mountain any more: the mists, the smoke, the thickened lower atmosphere, had blotted it out; and I almost could believe that it had been a dream, something too fair to be real.

This indicates the kind of spiritual experiences we go through. We get a glimpse for a little while, and it fades; and we say, Life really does not mean anything quite so fair and fine as that. It is the business of the church to recall us to our higher selves, to keep before us the vision of the divine, to help us believe in the reality of life's poetry, to understand that the very best things, the highest things, are the real things.

In the church we study the lives of the great heroes of the past, those in all nations, in all ages, who have believed in the vision, and who have conquered the world because they believed it. How many there are of these visionary men who have pursued what those who talked about the common realities of life did not believe in the existence of! How many of them there are! and there they stand, the mountain summits of glory and beauty for the uplift and guidance of all the world.

There is another thing I want to speak of which I hinted at the opening. The church is the grandest illustration of the possibility, the meaning, the power of the unselfish life. The most of us are apt to be selfish. It is perfectly natural. There is no harm in it, if you make it a starting-point and do not stay there. The little babe, as soon as it is born, is just one hunger. It must have that hunger satisfied if it is to grow. There is no harm in our wanting all kinds of things that minister to our development; but, if we simply spend our lives in getting things or keeping them, then we become the meanest specimens of humanity on the face of the earth; and that is the danger always.

I know men who have money who love to read, who spend their lives in reading. They hardly do anything else.

They never hear the wail of the world's sorrow, except as it is deliciously attuned in some novel or tragedy or poem. They do no harm. Are they as good men as the church could help them be? No, they are not. I know men who, after they get money enough to retire, devote themselves to elegant leisure. They are not of a literary turn, Perhaps they love sport, perhaps they love golf. I love golf myself, and have nothing to say against it. But, if a man devotes his whole life to golf,— leaving aside those who are devoted to its teaching as a profession; if he never has anything to do with the church or humanitarian organizations; if he does nothing to help on or lift up the world,— simply plays golf, in the mountains in the summer, in the South or in California during the winter,— simply spends his life playing golf, does he do any harm? Yes.

Is he as good as he might be? No. Not because there is any positive harm in what he is doing. But here is a man with brains, with culture, leisure, power, money, and he spends his life simply playing in a world where men and women are being wrecked on every hand, and poverty cries, where disease, sin, appears, and white faces float for a moment above the tide and then go under forever, because there are no rescuers; and he simply plays.

I care not what men are or what they do: they may be innocent,— that is, doing no positive harm; but men are, as children of God and brothers to their fellow-men, under the highest of all obligations to do something to help the world on. And the church is the one organization on the face of the earth that exists for the one purpose of cultivating this consecration and devotion of men and women to each other and to their fellows who need.

And you cannot do it as well alone. You go into some organization like this, you help other people, and other people help you; you band together, and consult, and conspire; you plan for the highest and noblest ends. And what do you do? You forget your poor, mean, petty selves, your

own sorrows and difficulties, your little, narrow-minded pessimisms.

Most of the people I know of who are pessimistic, and who think the world is all going to the bad, are the people who never lift a finger to help any one else who is worse off than themselves. I never knew of a man or woman working in the slums who became utterly hopeless. Forgetting yourself in other people's needs, you multiply your own happiness. And you cannot develop the highest and best in you except as you develop the divine qualities; and they are thought and love, and service for other people.

God is the great giver, the giver of himself, the infinite giver. The sun gives out its light, and because it gives it there are a thousand satellites that are shining with the reflection of his rays. You give yourself in unselfish devotion to other people, and you become more loving, tender, true, helpful, divine; and you cannot become so in any other way. You cannot think yourself into these things any more than you can sit down and think your muscles into fully developed and athletic power.

You must be, you must live, you must develop the soul, if you are to cultivate yourselves as children of God.

One other thing. I said in the midst of our daily lives we get low ideals of ordinary humanity. We do something else. The mariner's compass, you know, sometimes leads a ship astray. By examining it, they find that there is something in the neighborhood that has deflected it from its true north. It needs to be isolated, to be kept away from things that would turn it from the pole.

Men's consciences are like this compass. Men's ideals of right are very easily warped and turned awry. I remember some years ago, during the war, I heard an incident which will make you smile, but which illustrates this truth capitally. A driver of a supply train in the army was distinguished for his profanity. A chaplain one day rebuked him; and he thought a minute, and then said, "Now look

here, chaplain, it is all very easy to talk, but it is just impossible to drive a mule team like this and be a Christian."

Now there are thousands of people who, if they do not, as they say, let it out, think that it is all very well to talk about high ideals, but it is just impossible, situated as they are, to carry on their business and be a high-ideal Christian. I know one or two cases — I am not referring to any one in this congregation — of persons who have deliberately gone into politics in this city for the gain there is in it, and have persuaded themselves that, under the circumstances, they were justified in doing it.

A man who was carrying on business in a questionable way once said to old Dr. Johnson, when his attention was called to it, "I must live"; and the old doctor somewhat roughly replied he did not see any necessity for it.

No, there is no necessity for anybody's living unless he can live as an honorable man. If a business in itself is disreputable, if it is injurious to men, then no honest man can carry it on; but there are a great many men who excuse themselves, because, they say, business is business and religion is religion, and they must do business as it is done on the street. No, you must not. Perhaps you must, in order to make a certain amount of money in a given time; but you can do without the money, and keep your manhood.

There is no need, then, for this sort of thing; but it is one of the commonest things in the world. Men lower their ideals. Men live lives that are poor and mean because their consciences have become adjusted to a false ideal of things. They do not point to the true north: some power, some magnetism, has deflected them.

Now here is one thing that the church can do. It is the church's business to adjust the conscience, to study these great problems of life, of God and man, and try to find out what is clean and clear and straight, and to argue with men, to appeal to them, to reason with them, to help them to be true to their highest and best selves.

We became envious of the wicked, as the Psalmist did, when we see their prosperity; and we wonder if it is not best for us to follow their footsteps. This same Psalmist said — and he had no idea of any future life in his mind when he said it — that he felt this way until he went into the sanctuary of God. There he appreciated the end that this sort of thing comes to; and he roused himself to the conception that these men who lived this kind of life were walking in slippery places, and that the only safe man was the man who was true to the highest and best things in him.

And at the end just one more thought. I have had new illustrations of it this very morning. First and last, as we go through life, we have to meet trouble. Some one dies that we love so that we would have been glad to die in their stead. We lose property, and feel crushed and poor. We lose our ideals, our hopes. We find friends faithless to us; and the heart is wounded, and we have no trust left in us. Burdens and sorrows of every kind come to us, and must come.

Can the church do anything for us then? I do not mean necessarily that you cannot find the comfort of the help somewhere else; but it is the church's business as a church to keep our minds set on those high faiths which help us in these hours of need. Help us how? Help us to understand that there is no power in this universe that can really hurt us except ourselves,— no power.

God cannot, because it is not in his nature to hurt us. No angel in any world can hurt us unless we let him. No man, no woman in this world, can hurt us,— hurt the essential self,— unless we permit them. Whatever we lose, the best thing is left.

You remember that saying attributed to Francis I., "All is lost save honor." Whether he said it or not, it is just as magnificent. If all is lost save honor, then nothing of real and permanent importance is lost. If the man is not lost, if the woman is not lost, if the real high self is not lost, if

love is not lost, if truth is not lost, if goodness is not lost, if patience is not lost, why then what is lost? "If my ship sink," some one has sung, "'tis to another sea."

We believe in God, we believe in the immortal life; and this life is what? Only a series of experiences through which we pass on the way to the gate; and, when we reach that gate, what? I said, as I stood beside the casket of a man who died suddenly the other day, appealing to the men, his friends and associates: The real thing now is not how much money he had, not what he did, not what he enjoyed, but what he is, what he has become, what he will be found to be when he steps over that threshold out into the other life.

The church teaches us, then, what? It does not take away the death of a friend. It does not take away pain. It does not take away these losses and evils. But it gives us a grand faith to face them, power to bear them, ability to triumph over them, to keep our trust in God in spite of them, not feel that the universe is wrecked and ruined because we have met with disaster; and it teaches us that, so long as the integrity of the man or woman remains, we have not met with disaster.

Friends have been lost: we have not. "All is lost save honor," — all save God, all save goodness, all save immortality, all save love, all save trust, all save everything worth keeping.

This is the lesson which we may learn as we come into the sanctuary of God, and consider the deeper and higher meanings of human life.

The church, then, teaches us this eternal trust. As Campbell has so beautifully expressed in the closing lines of the "Pleasures of Hope": —

> "Eternal hope, when yonder spheres sublime
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
> Thy joyous youth began,— but not to fade,—
> When all the sister planets had decayed;

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismayed shalt by the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Dear God, our Father, our Friend, let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together. Let us meet to consider these high themes. Let us know that where we are met together Thou art in the midst, and that that means life and power. Amen.

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# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# WHAT THE CHURCH CAN DO FOR THE WORLD.

My text you may find in the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, a part of the eighth verse,— "Freely ye received, freely give."

These words express the great essential function of the church. The church, ideally conceived, is made up of a body of people who are conscious, who have waked up to some appreciation, of the love of God, his truth, and the meaning of the divine life, and who therefore feel that, having received these, it is their business to give, to give what they have received, to the men who have not as yet become conscious of these things.

Even on the part of those who are members of some church and who are supposed to understand what membership in a church means, the ideas entertained are so hazy, so confused, so contradictory, that it may be worth our while for a little to consider what the church is. In order to this I shall need to enter on a process of elimination and definition. I wish to separate between the accidents, so to speak, of the church and the essential thing, that which constitutes it what it is or ought to be.

A part of what I shall say will probably impress you at first as very commonplace; and yet I have seen so many practical illustrations in my life of the need of these distinctions that I shall not be warned off by the fact that they are commonplace.

The church, then, is not the meeting-house, or the building, that it uses, in which it is accustomed to congregate. But I have known a great many people who have felt that a

church could hardly exist unless it had what they call a church home. They have hardly been able to comprehend that there could be an earnest, active, vital, helpful church unless there was a beautiful structure; and, generally, they have wanted it at least as good as any other in the place, and, if possible, just a little better.

I remember a congregation of very orthodox people building a church a few years ago, and one thing that they unanimously insisted on was that the spire should be at least a foot higher than any other in the town. They wished to outvie every other congregation in some way.

And especially in new parts of the country it is found that there are large numbers of people who suppose themselves good and religious who will not come nigh a church so long as it worships in a hall, so long as it has no beautiful building. They say, "If you will only build a church,— as good a one as there is in the place,— then we will join you,"— as though, if they appreciated what a church meant, and believed that this particular church was doing the kind of work that ought to be done, it was not their business all the more because it had no home, and a home was needful, to help provide one.

I myself believe that the people who hold aloof because there is no church building, or because it is not conveniently located, or because it is not as fine or a little finer than any other one in the place, bring no strength when they come. They are not worth having. They may add a little toward helping pay the current expenses, if they take a seat; but that is all. They are no vital part of the church. They do not comprehend what the church means, what it stands for, or what its mission is in the world.

Away down towards the beginning of Christianity, when the church was first born, out of its new vision of God and the higher life, in those days which we are accustomed to think of as ideal, there were no church buildings, there was no regular church music, there were no regular rituals, there

was no regular ministry. It was a church of live and earnest men and women, banded together to help bring in the kingdom of God.

It is not essential to a church that there should be a choir or a chorus or satisfactory music; and yet I know a great many people who will not attend a church because the music does not suit them, or who will leave a church because they are a little dissatisfied in regard to the management of the choir. Do you not see — and it is for this purpose I point it out — how shallow all this is? If a church has not fine enough music, because it has not the money to pay for it, if a person believes that music is important, would it not be a little more consistent to come in and advocate something better, and help towards the attainment of it?

But remember that that is not what a church is for. A church is not a place of entertainment, a music hall. It is not an organization to furnish a concert for the people. Music, if it be true to its mission, only seeks inarticulately to voice the adoration, the worship, the penitence, the resolve of the religious soul.

The attitude of many people towards this matter is like their attitude towards the Sunday-school. I have known no end of people who have taken their children out of the Sunday-school because they were not satisfied with the teaching they got there; and yet you could not drag them by any power conceivable into the Sunday-school themselves to help it out. They expect somebody to volunteer to teach their children for nothing; but they will not volunteer, even for the sake of their own children, to help make the Sunday-school what it ought to be.

The church is not the service, the ritual. I have no objection to a person's love for this kind of service or that. I believe that, other things being equal, a person has a perfect right to go to a church where the service is satisfactory rather than to one where it is not; but I know hundreds of cases — I have known them in the past, and so

probably have you — where people have gone to a church where the service seemed to please, to gratify their æsthetic taste, utterly against their convictions, if they had any, utterly against the training of their lives.

This means that they care more for having their sensibilities played on than they do for belief, for worship, for helping humanity. It means, in other words, that they have no sort of conception as to what a church is for.

A church is fortunate that has an educated and brilliant preacher; but the preacher is not essential to the church. As I said a moment ago, the first great churches in Christendom had no ministers in the modern sense of the word, had no regular services or sermons in the modern sense of the word; but they set the world on fire because they were on fire themselves with a great conviction and a great purpose.

There are people who lay such stress upon the minister as essential to the service that, if a minister leaves the church, they simply sit back, lie still, do absolutely nothing for the church, until another minister is procured. All during the interregnum, when the church is weakened, and needs their help more than at any other possible time, they will go to some other church, go where they can be personally entertained.

The minister is not essential to the church; and, if you come to church as you would go to a lecture, merely to be entertained by the minister, you do not go *to church* at all, you do not see the church, you do not understand that the church exists.

What is the church, then? The church is an organized body of men, women, and children, bound together for the sake of finding God's truth and living the divine life, and helping others find and live the truth and the life. That is what a church is for.

Now, to complete this part of my theme, let me make one point more,— suggest one other very common misconception. There are thousands of people who, if they attend a

church, feel in some sort of dim and dumb fashion — not always dumb, either — that they are conferring a favor on the church simply by going. I do not know how many times since I have been in New York I have had people come and say to me, "I used to hear you preach in Boston." That was always a pleasant thing to hear; but they went on not infrequently to show that they considered that they had conferred a great favor by coming to hear me in Boston, and now they expected that favor to be returned. They made it the basis of a claim,— that they had sometimes heard me preach. I have no doubt that I have sometimes preached so badly that it was a merit for anybody to listen to me; but, ordinarily, I do not feel under any great obligation to a person simply because he wants to come and hear me preach.

And if a man or woman takes a pew, and pays the rent, there is commonly another misconception. Very many of these people feel that that is an end to their religious obligation. They have done their duty as members of the church, if they take a seat and go when it is convenient, when the day is not so pleasant that they must get into the country, or there is not something else that stands in the way.

Now note, if you please, that, if a person takes a pew and pays the rent of it, he does it, presumably, because he wants to. He does it, in other words, for his own sake; and he has not yet even begun to understand what his religious duty to the world may be, if that is all. Note, you have got a church organization, you have a building, you have music, you have a service, you have a minister, you have taken seats enough to give it a fairly good financial support. Now what have you done up to the present time? Have you done anything that a church is organized for? Yes. You may have helped yourselves religiously in the process, you may have helped the other members of the church incidentally; but all this is, so far as the church itself is

concerned, purely selfish. You as yet have begun to do almost nothing for the world.

Now let me note by way of an illustration what this means. I was reading only within a week that McClellan was the greatest organizer of an army perhaps that has been known in America; but the great trouble with him, his critics have said, was that, after he had organized the army, he did nothing with it. He won no victories. Perhaps some of you remember what Lincoln said about Grant. Grant had a great many enemies during the early part of his career (he was charged with drunkenness, among other things); and some of these came to Washington, and pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to discharge him. And the President said: "I can't spare this man. He fights." He may not have organized his army as well as McClellan did; but he won battles.

What is an army for? When you have it perfectly organized and elaborately equipped, you have done nothing except get ready to do something. Here is a man. Suppose he is in perfect health. You give him an adequate supply of food; you train him intellectually, morally, spiritually,— make the most of him as a man. What for? That he may live the life and do the work of a man, is it not?

Suppose some great organization builds a magnificent steam-engine, and it is in the round-house, has never run a mile: what is it for? Does it fulfil its mission by staying in the round-house, no matter how perfectly equipped it may be? It is to run on the rails and drag trains.

Here is a great steamship. When it is completed, it slides off from the ways and is borne up by the waves. It is then towed around to the wharf. What is it for? To stay there by the wharf? It is to sail out on the ocean and carry passengers and freight from port to port.

Now what is a church for? When a church is organized and elaborately equipped, it exists for the sake of what it can do for the world; and, if it merely meets together on pleas-

ant Sunday mornings and listens to music and hears a sermon and pays the pew rent as promptly as is convenient, is it doing its work as a church? As I said a moment ago, it has simply got ready to go to work: the thing for which a church exists is all before it untouched.

What can a church do for the world? Here let me give a brief preliminary answer, touching a little more upon the internal condition of the church's affairs. A church needs to be well organized. It needs a church home. It needs satisfactory music, a service in which all can enter, heart and mind and soul. It needs as capable a minister as it can obtain. It needs all these as equipment, as conditions of its doing its best work.

And, in order that it may attain these, there must be cooperation, there must be self-sacrifice, there must be consecration on the part of those that constitute its membership. They must care about these things. They must attend to them. They must give time and thought and effort to these ends. We must help our own poor, our own weak. We must carry those that cannot walk alone. We must comfort, so far as possible, those that are depressed or in trouble. We must help each other in all moral and spiritual ways and in all physical needs, so far as these exist and it is possible. But all this, as I said, is preliminary. We are simply getting ready. We are getting ready to do the work of a church.

Now I appeal to you all that you will think carefully in regard to this matter, think a little more deeply than men and women are accustomed to think, and see whether you have done your share to make this church a capable instrument for the service of God and the help of men in the city of New York. Have you given a little thought to it? Have you given a little time to it? Have you cared about it enough to plan a little? I think not, sometimes, when we come to the annual meeting, when we are going to hear a report of the church's condition and its work for the past

year, and perhaps, after there having been a thousand people in church the preceding Sunday, twelve come to the annual meeting to get the results of the year's work.

There are a good many things you can do. You can take seats and give the church an adequate financial basis, without which it cannot live. You can do another thing which the minister cannot. You can talk about the church among your friends. You can tell them what kind of a church it is. If you believe in the things you claim to believe by being here, you can help support these things in the community. I cannot ask people to come to church to hear me preach. Mr. Collyer cannot ask people to come to church to hear him preach. You can, if you wish. You can interest people in the kind of work that we stand for, in the mission which we are trying to fulfil in the world. So you can help make the church a strong and fitting instrument for divine service among men.

And it is right that we should do this work. If a man, for example, must lift a weight, he has a perfect right to develop his strength, so he can become strong enough to lift it. If a man is likely to be called upon to give money to meet cases of need, he has a perfect right to earn and save money, so that he may be able to give. If a man is called upon to teach, he must study; and so he must centre effort upon himself. A man must be strong, educated, full of love and of care, before he can be of service to the world. So he has a right to develop himself into fitness for service.

A church must be strong, must have money, time, thought, care, in order that it may do something for the world,— become something, develop its capacity, its ability. So we have a right to concentrate our attention upon ourselves to that extent.

Then what? A church after it is organized and equipped exists for the sake of doing what it can to spread its great truth and the contagion of its life among men. In other words, it is its business to help God in building up his kingdom in the world. That is what it is for.

How much of your money, your time, your ability, your knowledge, your strength, belongs to God? Is there any of it that does not belong to him? Have you a right to use your hands merely for yourself? Have you a right to use your brain, your time, your money, merely for yourself? Everything you have and are are God's. And yet nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, more perhaps in all this world, feel that they have a right to do as they please with these things, and that really a good deal of credit belongs to them if they pare off a little slice or piece or corner from the edges of their time, thought, strength, and money, and give it to God.

All is God's, or nothing! I have no right to come to you and ask you for anything for me. I have a right to tell you that everything belongs to God. You may differ from me as to the methods by which you acknowledge this claim, but the claim is legitimate; and it is your business to give your time and strength and thought, so far as you are able, to the service of God and the help of man.

I believe that one of the first great duties of a Unitarian church is to spread the truth as it is scientifically demonstrated concerning man and the universe, human history and human destiny. They accuse us Unitarians sometimes of laying undue emphasis on the intellectual side. In a world where so little emphasis has been laid during the last ten thousand years on the intellectual side, we ought to be pardoned if we do now and then go a little to excess in that direction. Do not misunderstand my attitude. A noble man, a loving, helpful man, who is all wrong in his opinions, is infinitely better than a man who has correct ideas and whose life is selfish. The greatest thing in the world is love, and love expressed in service; but do you not think that, if a man has correct ideas of God, of the origin and nature of man, of the Bible, of Jesus, of human destiny, that he will be likely to render better service to the world with his love and his enthusiasm than if he has wrong ideas?

The intellect is important as a guide for our effort, to teach us which way to go; for the greater part of the world — and it is one of the most pitiful stories that one can read or hear — is to-day engaged in wasting effort and enthusiasm and time in wrong directions, because it is unguided. If you believe, after careful study, the best study you are able to make,— for you are bound to do that, if you are honest,— that we are cursed because of Adam's sin, and the only way by which we can be saved in the next world is to be sacramentally linked with the church that claims to trace its origin back to the apostles, then you ought to be a Catholic.

If you believe in modern ideas, if you believe that God is our loving Father, and always has been, that we are not under any wrath, that he never cursed us, that he is watching over us and trying to reveal himself to us and lead us to himself,— if you believe this, and that what we need is to have our religious natures cultivated, developed, unfolded, that what we need is to be brought into vital, loving relations with God,— then you ought to be with us. And this one conviction is unspeakably, infinitely more important than any of the subsidiary matters to which I have referred, that lead people to go this way or that, to affiliate in this direction or another.

What do you believe about God, about man, about the condition of the world, about its needs, about the way to help the world? What do you believe about it? Have you ever thought about it enough to *believe* anything? Have you given it enough attention to have anything that you have the right to dignify by the name of a *conviction?* If you have, then it is your highest duty to stand for that conviction and follow wherever it leads.

And, if you have not thought enough or cared enough about the matter to have any conviction, then in humility and shame you ought to begin to think and care to-day; for, until this is settled, the one supreme problem of life still waits solution.

The church exists, then, for the sake of giving its truth and the contagion of its life to the world. It exists for the sake of building up the moral and spiritual life in men, creating character, making men and women what they ought to be, bringing them into right relations with the loving Father in heaven and on the earth.

This Unitarian church of ours is one of the newest in the world in one sense, and one of the feeblest; but the pioneers are always few. The vanguard is always small. It is our business to be the leaders and the pioneers, because we have dared to be free and accept these latest and highest revelations of God that have come out of the heart of his beautiful heaven. We have dared accept the creed that makes God lovable, that offers hope to man, that lifts off the crushing burden of superstition and fear, that sets men free to become voluntarily the children of the Father.

We need money. We need organized effort and help. We want to found churches all over this country, and nurse them into self-support. We want to help the old churches in the older parts of the country that have become feeble because the newer and stronger and younger life has moved away. We want to help old ministers who are worn out in the service, who have worked all their lives for so small a salary that they have been unable to save anything, and are now past earning anything more. We want to help dependent widows of ministers, left without any adequate means of support. We want to distribute our literature and its light all over this land. We want the Unitarian church to grow, because, when things stop growing, they begin to decay.

All true churches are mission churches. If you do not care enough about your belief to give it away, then it is not worth keeping. This is the first thing we want to do for the world.

Now to turn to another, and a little more definite thing, near home, before I revert to this once more at the end. We want to create in the neighborhood here in New York,

within the limit of our influence and power, a little bit of the kingdom of heaven, if we can. We want to help poor men and women. What do I mean by that? If they are starving or cold, we want to give them something to eat and the means for a fire. But the church does not exist primarily for that. Charity, love, help, are of the essence of the church; and it blossoms out in every direction where there is need, We want to help these people; but, if we give a man an adequate support in idleness all the rest of his life, we do not believe that we help him: we hurt him. We want to take a man who at present is not able to take care of himself develop in him self-support, make a man of him, put him on his feet, and give him an opportunity to earn his own living. Then we have done something better than give food and clothing; we have created a bit of manhood.

So in regard to the poor girls. We want to teach them to sew, cook, the elements of keeping house, the elements of a home,— teach them so they can earn an honorable self-support, and live clean and sweet and helpful lives.

We want to take the boys from the slums, and put into them, if we can, the germs of an honorable manhood. We do not want to make them beneficiaries: we want to make them able to become benefit bestowers to the world.

We want to help the criminals. In the first place we want to prevent little girls and boys from becoming criminals. When they are accused of their first crime, let us take care of them, if we may, and keep them out of prison, where they learn the last and worst lessons in crime. We want, in other words, in our practical charity work in the city, to do what we can to sweeten the lives of those that are sad, to make the path of life easy, to give an opportunity for those who are discouraged, to be of help to our fellow-men on the lower side of their lives.

But, after all, as I said a moment ago, the great mission of the church is a moral and spiritual mission. We want to create moral and spiritual character, make men and

women true, honest, noble, self-sacrificing, loving, helpful,— make them divine, which means ideally human.

This is our great mission; and, if we can do this, do you not see how we do all the rest in the most direct way in the world? Jesus said,— and there is no profounder saying in all the gospel,— "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these [other desirable] things shall be added," shall follow in the train of this.

Bring men and women into right relations with God and their fellow-men. Develop in them character, and all other problems will settle themselves,— the social problem, the industrial problem, the labor question, intemperance. All the thousand reforms are included in that which the church has for its great mission.

But, without doing the church's work, you cannot accomplish these results. You can never have a perfect society until you have a few perfect men and women to make it of. The one thing the church sets out to do is to make the individual man and woman what he or she ought to be, to create the divine life, to lift men up into a vision of the truth, set them in right relations to each other.

This, then, is what the church exists for, this is what the church can do for the world. If you believe it, then let us organize here more closely, let us enter more earnestly upon our work, let us consecrate ourselves afresh to the true mission of a true church of God.

Father, dear Father, may Thy life become a part of our lives! May we respond to Thy invitation and influence; and may we band together under the influence of Thy love for the sake of our fellow-men, that we may make the earth fair and sweet, that we may bring to pass the dream of the world, and make the kingdom of heaven a reality! Amen.

# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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*"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"*

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## SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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# Sacrifice, the Law of Life

GEORGE H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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## NOTE

Mr. Collyer preached last Sunday. But, for special reasons, he does not want his sermon published at present. We therefore republish a sermon of Dr. Savage's that is out of print, and has been much called for.

THE PUBLISHER.

# SACRIFICE, THE LAW OF LIFE.

My subject this morning is "Sacrifice, the Law of Life"; and, as the Scripture starting-point, I will take from the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses:—

"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The popular idea is to-day, I take it, and has been for perhaps many centuries, that being good is at the expense of being happy; that, if one wishes to be a follower of God, to consecrate his life to religion, he must sacrifice almost all those things which are desirable from the point of view of the natural man. We have had it sung to us in hymns that this world is a "fleeting show, for man's delusion given": he must have as little as possible to do with it. It is a Vanity Fair through which, indeed, he must pass, but must turn away from the tempting allurements of all those things that delight the eye or would gladden the heart. This world is a vale of tears. We must pass weepingly through it, but not expect to find here the material for happiness: this must be expected as the result of a life of self-denial, of hardship, of suffering. The candidate for the Church is expected not only to renounce the flesh and the devil, but the world as well, the world standing for all those things that are desirable and attractive. And God has been pictured to us for many ages as a being who delights in sacrifices and suffering on the part of his children. This is not only true of the Christian God, not only true of the Hebrew God, Jehovah, it is true of the gods of nearly all the nations of the earth. These celes-

tial beings have been represented as jealous of human happiness. Indeed, you will find tales told in the old Latin and Greek literatures of people who, if they were happy, were anxious to hide the fact, lest the jealous deity should discover it, and should dash the cup of sweetness before they were able to bring it to their thirsty lips. And yet the highest and finest souls in all the ages past taught us a nobler and deeper lesson than this. We find this idea, indeed, in the old sacred literature that makes up this sacred Book. But we find also the opposite, the higher and nobler teaching, concerning the character, the attitude of God towards his children. The old prophet Micah told the Hebrews that God was tired of their sacrifices; that he did not wish their multitudes of calves and goats; that he did not wish their rivers of oil or wine; that what he wanted of man was that he should do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with him.

If a man leads a true and natural life, finds out the laws of God and obeys them, he will of necessity lead a happy and blessed and successful life. As we, then, study the conditions of existence all around us on every hand, we are compelled to come to this conclusion: that, if we are miserable, it is not because God wishes us to be. Wherever you find pain, wherever you find suffering of any kind, there you find one of God's laws broken,—always, every time. If men and women could only learn to understand all of God's laws, every department of human life, and could learn humbly and simply to obey those laws, they would have learned and would have attained to the conditions of perfect happiness here on earth. If I can find out and obey all the laws of my body, then I have perfect physical health; and physical health must bring in its train perfect happiness so far as it goes. There are people every one of whose nerves are healthy, whose senses are keen, whose faculties are so attuned to their physical environment on every hand, that simply to breathe is joy, simply to look upon the light of day is ecstasy. And this is only one part of it. If a

person can find out and obey the laws of the mind perfectly, then the possession of truth is his. If a man can find and obey perfectly the laws of his affectional nature, of the heart, as we figuratively say, then all the pleasures of happy association with his family and friendship's delights are his; and, if he can learn that he is a soul, and that, being a soul, he is a child of the Infinite Soul,— that is, the heart and life of the universe,— then there is that highest of all joys that comes with the recognition of our kingship over everything that is lower and that may pass away with the using.

Knowledge of and obedience to the laws of God bring happiness. Are we not, then, justified in saying that it is no part of God's wish that we should sacrifice in the sense of being miserable? And yet sacrifice is the law of life. The law of the good life, the law of the bad life just as well. I wish, then, this morning, if I may, in the presence of these emblems * that stand as symbolic of what we are accustomed to regard as the grandest sacrifice in all the world, to show you that sacrifice is not something unnatural, not something that even by the selfish life we could escape, not something that of necessity is coupled with unhappiness. It is the law of life, the law of success, the law of growth, the law of manhood, the law of heaven. It is the condition of all things that we desire. Let me see, then, if I can make this simple law apparent to you,— not by treating it exhaustively in any field, but rather by suggesting some typical illustrations in those few fields that our time will permit us to enter.

If I may play with a fancy for a moment, and yet a fancy which is justified by the pretensions of some of the most famous philosophers of the world, I may say that sacrifice lies at the very root of existence itself. Schopenhauer, you know, tells us that non-existence is better than existence; and, if it were possible for us to bring it about, he would

* The Communion Table stood in front of the pulpit, prepared for the service which Mr. Collyer was to conduct after the sermon.

advise us to commit universal suicide. Now, then, if that be true, mere simple existence is at the cost of the sacrifice of this imagined peace and quiet and Nirvana of non-existence. Then, again, the moment that we have something in existence, you must recognize the fact that it is what it is by virtue of the fact that it is not something else. Something else is sacrificed in order that it may be just this particular thing. A mountain, for example, is not the sea. The sea is not the mountain; and, if the mountain is to be the mountain, then it must give up the glory of the valley, the plain, the ocean. If a little globule of protoplasm could be conscious and could choose, it might be, as it developed, either a simple grass-blade or a head of wheat. The law of sacrifice, you see, is universal. It cannot be both together. If it is wheat, it cannot be the grass-blade; and, if it is the grass-blade, it cannot be the wheat. Sacrifice, as paying for what we have and what we are, is the condition of individual existence from the lowest type even unto the highest throughout the universe.

When we come to man, he, by virtue of being a man, gives up the glory, the sweetness, the grace, the beauty of womanhood, all the joy that thrills and throbs in the heart of the mother. The mother, by virtue of her womanhood, gives up all that it means to be a man. We cannot exist without recognizing this law of sacrifice. The fact that we buy what we are, what we have, means that we pay for it by the surrender of that which is inconsistent with it. Civilization is purchased at the price of sacrifice. We love, during our short vacation periods, to get back for a little time as near to the condition of primitive savagery as is possible. We love to throw off the trappings, the burdens, the cares, of our civilized lives, and get back to the woods, to lie on the ground under the trees, to lead for a little while the irresponsible life that has about it no trouble, that has about it no question of right or wrong, that is simply restfulness and freedom from care. The savage races of the

world to-day, if they are to become civilized, must pay for it a price of such effort, of such surrender of all that appeals to them as happiness, as desirable, as makes it almost impossible for us to start them on the road towards the civilization for which they have so little care. You see, then, that whatever we have, whatever we are, we have it, we become it, at the price of the surrender of certain things which are inconsistent with it, which it is necessary for us to give up in order that we may attain the particular thing that we desire. You take the boy who is about to start out on his career: he is entering college or he has gone into business. Is there any sacrifice for him to make? Yes, indeed, there is sacrifice at every turn; but is that sacrifice inconsistent with his happiness, with his welfare? Is God asking of him something very hard and very unreasonable? Is he not rather simply, in the most natural way in the world, paying the price of certain things that he desires by giving up certain things which are inconsistent with them? For example, I have in mind a young man who, some years ago, in Boston, instead of spending all his time and money in playing billiards,—mark you, I say nothing in the world against billiards (it is a game that I am very fond of): I am simply raising the question as to whether you can do two things at the same time that are inconsistent,—instead of spending his time in such ways, he devoted his energies to learning to speak and write French. He sacrificed his amusements for the knowledge and command of this language; and the time came very soon when one of the partners, who had intended to go abroad for the service of the house, found that he could not go, and he looked about for some one to send, and found this studious young man who had mastered the knowledge he needed. And he was sent; and it was the beginning of one of the most successful business careers in the city. His sacrifice had been the giving up of something in one direction for the attainment of something in another direction.

Take a young man in college. I have a boy who is so

proud of his muscle, of his physical condition, that he could not be hired at any price or by any temptation to do that which would interfere with the perfect physical training which he is trying to attain. He sacrifices everything in the way of eating, drinking, amusements, indulgences of every kind that would tend to interfere with his perfect physical development. Here is the law of sacrifice in its most perfect, most natural form. He gives up a thousand things that he would like to do, without whining and whimpering over them. He does not consider that God is cruel and unkind because he cannot break his laws and be in perfect physical condition at the same time. He simply recognizes the conditions of being what he desires to become; and he makes the sacrifice.

If a man would be perfect, if he would climb from the lowest condition of animality up into the highest condition of spiritual attainment, what must he do? He must be something more than an animal. He may be an animal, a perfect animal, if he chooses; but he must be something more than that, not devoting himself entirely to gratifying the tastes and the wishes and the desires of his body. He must climb up into the intellectual; and he must sacrifice just so much of animal indulgences as is necessary in order that he may develop himself as an intellectual being. But, if he wishes to be a man, he must go beyond the intellectual; and so he must be willing to sacrifice something of this intellectuality, because there is something higher in a man than brains. A man who is selfish — who is simply a dilettante — may be one of the poorest specimens of humanity on the face of the earth; yet he may be otherwise clean. A man may be intellectually hard and selfish, just as he may be physically so, throwing himself away by leading a purely bookish life. He must sacrifice just so much of his intellectual indulgence as is necessary in order that he may lead an affectional life,— a life of service for his fellowmen. And he must not indulge his affections in any weak,

any selfish way. He must climb up into the heights spiritual that lead to God; and he must sacrifice whatever is inconsistent with this. Nothing else will do. This is the essential principle with which we are dealing. Jesus says, If your right hand becomes a stumbling-block, if it stands in the way of the development of your higher life, cut it off, and cast it from you. He does not tell you to cut it off unless it stands in your way. In other words, it is a matter of the growth, the development, the attainment, of a noble manhood. Stand ready to sacrifice, to trample under foot, anything that hinders the attainment of this. That is the divine law of sacrifice.

But, mind you, Jesus does not say that there is any virtue whatever in making one's self miserable for the sake of self-torture. I have known people who, for a few days or a few weeks in the course of the year, would lay themselves out to make themselves just as uncomfortable as they could. They go without eating certain things that they are fond of or they practise certain rigid observances. They do this or that or one of a thousand things, not because they recognize that they are necessary to the development of the Christly character, but simply because they are laboring under the delusion that God is somehow going to be pleased by as much as they make themselves uncomfortable. There are people who wear hair shirts or publicly whip themselves. They torment themselves in this way with the idea that, if they are only miserable enough in this world, they will be happy in the next. But God has not made it a part of our human duty to inflict upon ourselves any unnecessary torment. We must simply resign manfully, nobly resign, those things that stand in the way of our becoming the noblest and highest possible types of men and women. There is no good in your sacrificing a thing for the sake of sacrificing it. There is all good in your sacrificing anything, however dear to you, that stands in the way of your becoming the kind of man or the kind of woman that you ought to be. There is the centre and secret of the law of sacrifice right in that.

But now I wish to note one point that is very frequently forgotten. There are persons who have a notion that, as I said at the outset, being good is at the cost of pleasure, but that being bad is not. They talk about the man who leads a self-indulgent life as leading an easy life, and even speak as though it were a very beautiful thing to go wrong, but that there is a very hard, uphill road for the persons who wish to climb to the heights of manhood and womanhood. Now, friends, there is no more silly, lamentable delusion on the face of the earth than that; and there is not a truer word in the Bible than that which says that the way of the transgressor is hard. It does not say that the end of the way is hard, that they are going to have a grand good time while they are about it. It does not say anything of the kind. It says that the way is hard; and it is hard, the hardest way that any man or woman is ever called upon to travel. Look over your city. Who are the ones that are miserable, full of sorrow and suffering, the ones who are in distress of every kind? They are the ones who, through the fault of themselves or somebody else, are law-breakers. Wherever you find misery or sorrow or suffering of any kind, there you find law-breaking; and, wherever you find law-keeping, there, to just the extent of the law-keeping, you find happiness, peace, blessedness of every kind.

The man, then, who wishes to become a bad man,— think for a minute what he has to pay. He has to pay for a while, at any rate, the loss of his own self-respect. That is not a very small price. He may get over it by and by, and lose all sense of self-respect; but you and I who look at him from the outside are perfectly sure of the fact that that is only a step lower down still, and that because he has ceased to suffer is only the worse for him. A person who is very ill, and reaches the point where he ceases to suffer, the doctor knows perfectly well is reaching a very hopeless condition. So long as there is a possibility of pain, it means that there is life there, and he may recuperate. So, when a

person has lost all sense of self-respect, he has lost one of the principal sources of hope for recovery. You take any man that you recognize as being a bad man,— I am not going to establish the standard,— any man that, from your own point of view, is a bad man; and you know perfectly well that he has paid for that badness a tremendous price,— a price that you would not be willing to pay. Anywhere you choose to seek for a character like this on the face of the earth, you will find that the man who has given himself over to evil, who is leading, as they say, the self-indulgent life in contrast with this other poor fellow who is sacrificing for the sake of being good,— you will find, I say, that he is sacrificing infinitely more than the noble, true, faithful man who is paying the price of being noble and true and faithful. You do not, then, escape this law of sacrifice merely because you say, "Go to, I will lead a life of self-indulgence: I will do as I please." Do as you please, in that sense, and you give up the possibility of every high and noble thing that is in you. Lowell has some words in that beautiful poem of his, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," in which he expresses this truth; but he expresses it at the same time by denying its corresponding truth. And, while I agree with him in the first part of his statement, I do not agree with him in this last part. He says,— you remember the words, they are so familiar, they have been quoted so often: —

> "At the devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
> For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
> Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
> No price is set on the lavish summer;
> June may be had by the poorest comer."

I agree with Lowell, I say, in the first part of these lines. At the devil's booth all things are sold. If you buy an ounce of dross, you have to pay an ounce of gold for it,

Thousands of people for a cap and bells, for amusement, for self-indulgence, for anything, for this or that one of a thousand things, pay honor, pay high and fine taste, pay health, pay social position, pay respect of their fellow-men, pay friendships, pay the love of wife, pay the reverence of their children. But this law holds in the case of goodness just as in the case of badness; and so it is not true that heaven is given away, it is not true that God may be had for the asking, it is not true that June may be had by the poorest comer. June,— so far as money is concerned, a man may be in rags, and yet take all the glory of June in his arms. But does it not occur to you that John Burroughs gets a little more of June than the rest of us do? Is it not a fact that Henry D. Thoreau knows more about June than the man who simply has taken a day from the pressure of his business and has run into the country? And John Burroughs and Henry D. Thoreau have paid years of consecration, of thought, of patient study of the lives of the little flowers and the rocks and birds. They have paid years of labor, of self-culture. They have bought the right to take June and all that it means into their brains and into their hearts and into their lives. And so, if you wish the joy of God, you must pay for it. It is not true, as some popular evangelist will say to you, that you may come with the last dregs and remnants of a wasted life, and take all of God and heaven into your soul in five minutes.

I used to imagine, when I was a little boy, that, if I got into heaven just before the gates were closed, I should be all right. You know how shallow and foolish the idea is. You can get just as much of God and heaven as you are capable of understanding and feeling, and no more; and this understanding and feeling of heaven you have got to pay for by self-consecration, development, devotion to God and your fellow-men. You lead a selfish life; and then, though all the gates of all the heavens be open to you, you can enter into just as much as you have first got into your

own soul,— no more. You can enter into a hall where a concert is being given; but, if you know nothing of music, are you in the concert? You can enter an art gallery; but, if you do not know one of the works of the old masters, you are upon the outside of the domain of art. Whatever you wish to have in this world you must pay for, you must sacrifice for. A man wants wealth: there are a good many people, politicians and political economists of the present time, who seem to have forgotten entirely that gold and silver are commodities, just as much as eggs or potatoes. If you wish to be rich, if you wish to have gold or silver, remember that you must pay for it; and it is quite possible for a man to have to pay for it at the price of a sacrifice all out of proportion to its value. I have not a word to say against wealth. I only wish I had a little more money myself. Wealth is a magnificent thing, if it is in the hands of a magnificent man. It is one of the meanest things on God's earth, if it is in the hands of a mean man.

Wealth, like everything else in this world, is simply possible power. It can be used for good or it can be used for evil. It depends entirely upon the man who has it as to how it shall be used. But a man may pay altogether too large a price for wealth. I have known men who began poor, who determined that at the cost of no matter what they would be rich; and they have succeeded. But they have paid for it a price that I would not be willing to pay. They have paid for it the price of individual culture and development. They have paid for it the price of friendships, they have paid for it the price of a home life, they have paid for it the price of expanding heart and generous mind. There is danger along this line that you cannot too carefully guard against. The man who begins simply by grasping everything he can lay his hands on gets in the habit of grasping, until it is very hard for him to give it up. He pays the price of his sweetness and fineness and manhood. I had a friend, a railway president,— he has

passed on into the invisible now,— who said to me one day, pointing to a man who was acting as local baggage master at a way station, "I would give everything I have in the world if I could go home to-night and sleep as that man is going to." He had succeeded in business; but he had sacrificed a good deal for his success. He had paid a very heavy price for his money. I have in mind one case which is typical and illustrative. I know an American millionaire who was going around the world in his own private yacht. His course had brought him into the neighborhood of Greece. Indeed, they were approaching Piræus, the port of Athens. The captain of his yacht was a well-read, cultured, intelligent, noble man; and, hoping that they were to come into the neighborhood of these wonderful lands so celebrated in olden times, he had been reading up for weeks and months in preparation for it. As they neared the Piræus, the millionaire and his friends were playing whist in the cabin. Mark you, I have no objection to whist, only you can pay too big a price for a knowledge of whist. As they came near the port, the millionaire came on deck, and said, "Captain, where are we?" The captain said, "We are approaching the port of Athens." "Oh, yes, Greece. Well," he said, "I notice that we are nearly out of coal. I suppose we may as well call here and coal up as anywhere. So we will land, if you please." They landed to coal up. But it was discouraging to the well-read captain, who had hoped to be able to explore the wonders of the old city; for the millionaire took a drive around the town, and, not liking the looks of it, ordered them away at once. Now, I think, paying the possibility of appreciating Athens — its history, its literature, its art, all its wonders — is paying altogether too large a price for the privilege of being even a millionaire. I have no objections to the millions; but, friends, let us remember that even money must be paid for. We may sacrifice in order to attain it more than it is really worth.

I must now come,— for there is no time to keep you longer on the road,— I must come to consider for a moment that real sacrifice which stands as the type of all grand sacrifices in all the ages, and to hint to you what I regard as the fundamental principle underlying it,— how very human, how perfectly simple and natural it all is. If I believed that Jesus was God, the Almighty God of this universe, then I should be compelled to feel that that scene on the hill-top outside of Jerusalem on that Friday afternoon was spectacular, theatrical, unreal. Why should God, even if he came down here and suffered for a little while in a human body, to save the world which he himself loved and created,— why should he shrink from a moment's pain? Why should we regard it as a great thing that he should be willing to put himself for an hour in the hands of a mob? And is it possible that God, or the second person in any impossible Trinity, should go through the spectacular unreality of crying out in his last hour, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I believe, friends, that Jesus felt forsaken, and that those words were real on his parched and thirsty lips. For the time he wondered whether all the price he was paying for faithfulness to his convictions was to be of any value, whether God had not forgotten him, whether all his own life of devotion had not been thrown away; and so he felt, as he swooned into unconsciousness, that perhaps God, after all, had forgotten him, that he was not his tender, loving, watchful Father, and that all his dream of that perfect coming kingdom was an illusion.

If we trace this human, natural life of Jesus all the way, when he was a little boy up there in the hills in Nazareth, when he was faithful and obedient to father and mother, when he was studious at his school, and learned his lessons well, while he grew in favor with God and man; as he came to the baptism of John, and then, when John was beheaded, took up the work of the kingdom of heaven; if we can believe that his life was perfectly human and natural all the way,

that he defied public opinion, that he tried to be faithful in spite of everything, turned his back on his own family and friends, who, it seems, for a time had no faith in him; if we can believe that it was a Galilean peasant, a child of God, one of the grandest and noblest of all his race, simply a man,— remember, if we can believe that, then the sacrifice becomes so natural, so human, so magnificent, that it can be a source of courage and help and cheer to us, can make our way easier; and, if Jesus, after living like this, could have his moments of darkness, and wonder whether God had forsaken him, then you and I can pluck up courage to walk, even though it is dark, and to be faithful and true, whether we can see the desired outcome or not.

I believe, then, that this sacrifice of Jesus, grand as it was, is as natural, as simple, as much in accord with the laws of God and of nature as any sacrifice that you and I can ever be called upon to perform. He was simply one of those magnificent souls who could not be untrue to himself. He could face death, if you please; but he could not face his own self-contempt. He could go out into the darkness; but he must go feeling that God was there, and that, if he reached up his hand in that darkness, he could take hold of the hand of his Father, and be led and guided and helped.

These sacrifices, then, these great sacrifices that mark the ages, are perfectly natural; and let me say, in closing, that they grow out of one thing that you and I ought specially to guard against. Why is it that there must be these constantly repeated tragedies in the history of the world? Why must a man like Jesus suffer? Why must there be men like Garrison and Phillips? Why must there be martyrs like Lincoln? Why must some man, in some department of life, pay the price of great suffering? It is just as true in art or literature. If I had time, I could illustrate from Millet, the painter, or Wordsworth, the poet. Why is it that in every department of life men must bear the troubles of their time? It springs out of the fact that you and I, the great mass of

the people, do not learn the lesson that this world is constantly teaching, do not learn the lesson that there never comes a time in the history of human advance when we are through. We get attached to our particular set of ideas. Perhaps we are liberals. We think perhaps that Channing had reached the utmost limit of theological advance. Perhaps we think it was Parker. No matter who it may be, we come to a time when we are not willing to think any more, not willing to take another step in advance; and yet the world must move on if the kingdom of God is not here, and is ever to come. And so we become obstructionists, we stand in the way. We forbid this man to take a step beyond the point that we have reached, we forbid that man to speak the word that we have not become accustomed to; and so there comes the tragedy, the struggle between the conservative and the radical. I have nothing to say against conservatism. It is as natural as radicalism. But both are necessary; and both combined mean steady growth,—that growth which keeps all the good of the past, and which is ready to take all the good of the future.

When the time comes, then, when you and I and all men are as ready to listen to the voice of God to-day as we are to believe that he spoke two thousand years ago, then these great sacrifices, of which Jesus was a type, will become matters of history only. They need not be but for the unwillingness of men to grow and advance. Then the law of natural sacrifice, the giving up of that which stands in the way of the highest and finest and noblest things in us, will reign supreme; and that will mean growth from the lower to the higher forever. Amen.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# WHAT LIFE IS FOR.

I HAVE selected two texts: first, from the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the sixteenth verse, —"By their fruits ye shall know them; do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" And then from the fifth chapter of the same Gospel, the forty-eighth verse,— "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Thistles to produce thistles, thorns to produce thorns, grapevines to produce grapes, figtrees to produce figs,— such is the law. To put it into simple English, we expect each thing to do that which it can do, that which it is for. Jesus tells us that when we come to consider ourselves, since we are the children of the heavenly Father, it is our business to be like him, having no goal this side of perfection.

What kind of being is a man? In order to find out what human life is for and what we ought to do, we need to comprehend that which is peculiar and distinctive in our own nature. Let us take a brief pathway of illustration and see if we can arrive at the proper conclusion.

A tract of land is to produce grain, wheat, or rye, or it is to be turned over to woods; it is to be pasture land, a gravel pit, a clay bed; it is to be whatever it is best adapted for, to meet the needs of the people who own it. When we come up to living things, look at the trees and find the same principle. A tree is for shade, or for bearing fruit, or for ornament, or for timber, according to the nature of the tree and the necessity of the owner at the time. The same principle holds in regard to machines, which are manufact-

ured for specific and definite ends. We look at a steam engine to find out what it is for; we ask what it can do, its adaptation to the accomplishment of certain results. A compass is to point the way towards the true north; a watch is to tell us the time of the day. And so we look at the nature of all these bits of mechanism in order to find out their possibilities, that which they are best fitted to accomplish.

In the animal world it is the same: We buy a canary bird, and if it turns out not to be a singer we regard it as a failure, because we say, Canary birds are intended to sing; that is what they are for; that is why we buy them. A horse may be adapted to the race course as a pacer, trotter, runner, or for the carriage, or for whatever his peculiar characteristics fit him. A dog may be a pet, a lap-dog, a setter, a pointer, a watch-dog, — a St. Bernard in the snowstorms of the Alps looking for perishing travellers; but when we consider the nature of the dog and its adaptability, we expect of him that which he is fitted for.

Now, when we come to treat of men, have we not a right to apply the same principle? We wish, therefore, to find out what a man is, what he is essentially. And I ask you to note a little carefully that we mean by that to find out those qualities and characteristics which set men apart from all things not only, but from all other kinds of creatures,— those things which are distinctive, peculiar to men; for these are the things that make them men.

We define a tree, and we select those characteristics and qualities that make a tree unlike anything else that grows, that are peculiar to the tree; but if we wish to define an oak-tree then we must specify still more closely, the things that are peculiar to the oak which it does not share with any other kind of tree. And then, if we come to some particular oak, and wish to mark that, — as, for example, if it belonged to a clump of trees in a field, and we wished to tell some one where to find it, — we should not select those qualities which it shares with other trees, or which it shares with other oaks

even: we should hunt for something peculiar which it possessed, and which no other tree shared with it.

We must apply precisely the same principle when we come to study a man, a woman, to find out what humanity is. Man is an animal; he is a vertebrate: but there are a good many other animals, a good many other vertebrates. If we want to find out what is peculiar, we must select those qualities and characteristics which differentiate him from all other vertebrates. Now, let us walk along a path indicated by this idea for a little, until we come up to the height of and enter into the sacred place where essential humanity abides.

Man is an animal, we said. Is he to live in his body exclusively, or dominantly? If so, then he leads not a human life, but an animal life. He shares his body with hundreds of other creatures, and these other creatures excel him in some of the qualities and characteristics of the animal life. There are animals that are fleeter of foot, stronger of muscle; there are animals that can live under water, creatures that can fly in the air; there are animals that excel the human animal in this particular or that. And so man might be a perfect animal, an ideal animal; and if he stopped there, he would not be a man, he would not be leading a human life.

Take a step higher: come up into the intellectual realm. Is a man a man because he thinks, because he reasons? Other animals think and reason; other animals dream, hope, fear; other creatures share with us almost all, not quite, our intellectual qualities and characteristics. I have seen an elephant carry on a process of reasoning as distinctive and clear as that of any man who lives. Those who have made a careful study of the ant and the bee tell us what wonderful qualities in the way of reasoning and adaptation of means to ends they have developed.

If, then, a man leads a purely intellectual life, though that life be as distinguished as that of Shakespeare, Homer, Aris-

totle, or Plato, would that make him an ideal man, if that were all?

Another step: Man is an affectional being; he loves his kind; he can be devoted, even to the death, to wife or child or friend, or to his country, or to an idea. Does this set him apart from all other creatures? Are there not other animals, other creatures, that love? If you have made any study of this matter, you know that, while Jesus said that the highest manifestation of love was that a man should lay down his life for his friends, in this particular man does not rise above the level of the lives of those whom he is accustomed to look down upon. Dogs have been known to sacrifice themselves for a fellow-dog; dogs have been known to die of grief because of the death of a master. A little study in this direction will show the same principle working in a hundred different ways.

A German professor, a thoughtful, scientific investigator, told me only a few days ago, when we were speaking of matters like this, that he, in watching the ants, had seen one deliberately rush, at the peril of his own life, into the midst of danger that threatened a fellow-ant and deliver him from the peril. We must find something more than this before we are in the inner sanctuary where essential manhood and womanhood are to be found.

Perhaps it is in the range of conscience. We say man is a moral being; but, as a result of the best study I have been able to give to the subject, I am inclined to think that at any rate the rudiments, the beginnings, of moral life are found in the creatures beneath us. If a dog or a horse does not recognize a moral authority above him, he does recognize a master whom he must obey, which is the first step towards the development of a moral conscience. And dogs and horses show hope and fear. I have seen a dog overwhelmed and humiliated with shame as distinctly and definitely as I ever saw a child.

Intellectually and in the affectional nature, and as to the

moral qualities, undoubtedly we transcend the life of the ordinary animal or bird; but we share these things, and all of them, with the forms of life that we regard as beneath us. We must look somewhere else, then, to find those things which make us, peculiarly, distinctively, definitely, men and women. Where are they?

The first one that I shall mention belongs, primarily perhaps, to the intellectual department of our natures; and yet it overruns the boundaries of the intellect and touches the emotions and the conscience. Man is the one being on the face of the earth, so far as we know, who is possessed, consciously, of an ideal. He thinks and dreams of something better than ever existed; and he reaches out towards the attainment of this something better. He adapts means to ends, in order that he may create this better. He plans deliberately to bring the dream down out of the air and make it a fact on the earth; to reconstruct and recreate the individual, the industrial, the social, the political life of the world, as well as the organic world itself; to make the world over after a better image, a pattern that has been revealed to him in his dreams, that has come to him from somewhere as a vision.

A dog has never been known to plan how to make a better kennel; a horse is never, apparently, troubled about any defects in his stable or his stall; a bird will make a better nest this year than last if you give it a better place and better material: but no bird, no animal, ever dreams of better things and plans to attain them; there is no sign of discontent with present conditions on the part of the animals beneath us, in the sense of their being haunted by an unattained ideal.

Then to step more definitely into the moral realm, we are confronted with another phase of this subject, but which is of enough importance to be marked off by itself. We have been told for ages that man is a sinner. Whether we like to use that word or not, all of us can recognize, and are ready to confess, the existence of moral evil, moral imperfection,

in ourselves. There are times when we climb up into the heights of our better selves and look down with sorrow, or with contempt even, upon what we actually are. We are haunted by a moral ideal that is unattainable, and the best men are the ones who are haunted by it most. The man who is contented with himself morally is generally not the highest type of man. We are more likely to think of him as a little dull, or perhaps conceited. We call Paul a saint. He is Saint Paul. What did he call himself? The chief of sinners. Was he, then, the worst man of his time, or was it, rather, this delicate appreciation, this sensitive consciousness of defect, which made him feel that way about himself?

I suppose that the highest and finest artists are the ones who are most conscious of any defect in their work; the most sensitive musician is the one who is most keenly disturbed by a discord. So it is the best people, with the highest and most exalted ideals, who are the ones most conscious of their own personal defects.

Now, we have been taught by theology for the last several thousand years that this is a result of our having fallen away from a primeval goodness; that is, we are conscious of moral evil because we are not so good as our forefathers were. I believe that a scientific study of the origin and development of man is leading us to precisely a contrary way of looking at it. This consciousness of moral defect is a sign of advance, not of a fall or retrogression. In the animal life of the world there are existent all the evils that we find among men; only they are not evil because there is no conscience there; there is no moral standard, no conception of the distinction between right and wrong. When conscience was born, when the first man recognized his own defects and was haunted by a vision of something better, it was not a fall: it was a step up and on. So that this consciousness of moral imperfection is one of the most hopeful things about these strange human natures of ours.

This consciousness of defect, of imperfection, this being

haunted by an ideal that perpetually makes us restless and discontented with the actual facts of what we are and what we do and what is all around us, is the first great characteristic that makes us men and women.

There is another thing: Man is the only being who has ever thought God, who has ever recognized the fact that he is a spiritual being, who has called the infinite source of life Father. This is a peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of human nature, this recognition of God, this recognition of the divine Fatherhood and the human sonship, and the resulting obligation that we be like our Father. And this, with few exceptions, has existed everywhere among all men, from the beginning.

I do not mean, of course, and no one will misunderstand me, I presume, that men in all stages of their development have recognized one God and Father in the sense in which we speak of him to-day. What I do mean is that man has recognized the supposed existence, at any rate, of spiritual beings, invisible powers and forces outside of and above him that have produced him, that lay claims upon him, that demand of him recognition and service. The germ, the lowest form, the beginning of that has resulted in the highest theism of to-day; for only a little thought will make it clear that the crude and imperfect conceptions were at the beginning, and only by slow and gradual steps do they arrive at the highest spiritual thinking of to-day.

One more point: Man, from the very beginning, and in all nations, under every sky, has recognized what he has believed to exist, at any rate, as a surrounding spiritual world,—not merely God above, but the existence of a spiritual universe, and has believed that death was not death, but an entrance upon that spiritual existence. This, as Mr. John Fiske has shown us so forcibly in the little volume which has been published since his death, is peculiar to man. No other being has ever had so sublime a dream. Others, of course, beside Mr. Fiske, have noted this. I have frequently

called attention to it. I refer to him as one supposed to speak as a scientist and not as a theologian.

And, as Mr. Fiske tells us, if this is not real, then it is something the like of which cannot be found anywhere else in the history of the evolution of man; for Herbert Spencer defines life as a "continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." That thing, that person, is alive which responds to the touch of its environment, and which in its turn modifies the environment by this stimulated activity. Man has always responded to a spiritual environment, or at any rate has always believed that he has been played upon by a spiritual environment; and the response has been the most important, the most distinctive, the most peculiar, the mightiest element of the life of man in all the past. If it is a delusion, then one might feel justified in saying that the universe has cheated us; and, as Mr. Fiske says, it has never cheated us in this way anywhere else.

Here, then, are the things which make men men,—the possession of the ideal, the consciousness of imperfection, and the demand that we rise ever to the height of our highest thoughts,—the recognition of God, of a divine parenthood and obligation, and the belief that we are destined to be immortal: and so the challenge that this fact makes to us to lay our lives out on long ranges, to live as those that are to live always.

Now, as I have said, every other department of life we share with creatures beneath us. It is, therefore, the inevitable result of scientific deduction that it is up here, in these ranges, that we find that which makes us men and women. And a human life then is for what? It is for these highest, finest, grandest things; and it is not a human life if it is led consciously on any lower plane.

Now let us consider for a moment: A man may be a perfect animal, and he ought to be as perfect an animal as possible; but he has no right to live for that. Have we a right to live for pleasure, selfish pleasure? That needs no

argument; for I suppose, though there are probably a good many thousands of people in New York who are practically doing it, not one of them would look you in the face and defend this course. We know that we have no right to live lives of selfish indulgence, to make that the dominant characteristic of our lives.

Have we a right to live for fame? One of the grandest motives in the world, I believe, is that which goes under the name of fame. Milton calls it "the last infirmity of noble minds." I would not call it even an infirmity. It is a noble, a worthy ambition to wish to stand high in the estimation of the world, to do something great and noble so that we may be remembered after we have passed out of human service here on earth.

I believe that one of the grandest motives in the lives of some of the grandest men that have ever lived has been this same ambition; but have we a right to live simply for the respect, the esteem, of our fellow-men? In the light of that which I have just been pointing out to you as the essential characteristic in human nature, the question answers itself.

And we must remember that there are times, great crises, in the history of human advancement when the man who cares too much for the opinion of his fellow-men is certain to go astray, certain to be false to the highest ideals of his own nature. Who are the greatest men of the world but the ones who have been condemned and cast out and looked down upon by their time? And I do not believe that they consciously lived in the thought that it would be made up to them by the respect of after ages: they did as Jesus is said to have done,—one of the grandest things said of anybody in all the world,—"made himself of no reputation"; only cared for the highest thing, and devoted himself to that.

Has a man a right, if he has leisure and means, to devote himself purely to an intellectual life,—to read, to study, to do nothing else? I think not. No matter how innocent that life may be, no matter how pure, how cultivated, he is for something better than that. He may do that; that is well:

but he must not make that the dominant thing in his life; he must not make that the only thing.

The critics are placing before us every little while some discussion of art, as to whether it ought to be for art's sake. The musician, the painter, the sculptor, — has he a right to devote himself purely and simply to his art, to live for that and that alone, without any thought of anything higher or better? I think not. He may make himself as true and high an artist as his ability will permit, as the circumstances will allow: but a man is something more than that; and the art, even the beauty, the truth, are not all of him, nor the most important thing. There is an end and aim beyond them, beyond the attainment of their own perfection.

What shall we say of a man — and I know a great many like this — who loves his family, who is devoted to his wife and his children, who lives a sweet and true life; he is ready to lavish anything, everything, on the home; but he has not waked up to the idea that he has any obligations beyond home, or they are not very strong or commanding; and he perhaps prides himself on the idea that he centres his life in his home? Nothing, so far as that reaches, could be sweeter or higher or truer; but that is only a little extension of the self; and a man may be intensely selfish while being faultless, so far as it goes, in his life as related to those that are of kin to him, and that depend upon him for guidance and comfort and help. A man is for something more than that.

I suppose no man ever decides definitely that he will live for the body, or that he will live merely for fame, or money, or music, or art, or literature; and yet there are on every hand thousands of people whose dominant tone of life is found in one or the other of these directions. Now, I wish it clearly understood, if there is any question about it on the part of any, that it is not intended to slight or cast any slur upon any of these things; indeed, we must all of us live a life that reaches out in a good many directions; the most of us must work a larger part of the day to earn money,

because money is necessary for the support of ourselves and those dependent upon us. We love books, and we read and study all we can; we love music, and devote a part of our leisure to that; we care for pictures and beautiful things, and we will go and look at them and drink in the satisfaction that comes from them at every opportunity. All this is well; indeed, it is necessary that we do these things to make our lives rich and full; and yet it is not enough.

I will go further still before coming to the point with which I wish to conclude: Each one of us is in some respects different from anybody else that ever lived. Suppose that I am an enthusiast in the study of electrical science; I love to devote my life to it; or I have a taste for music, and would love to give my life to that; suppose the one thing I care for is literature, and I feel there are possibilities in me of becoming a writer; suppose I have political ambition, would like to occupy a public place and serve my fellow-men in capacities to which that would lead. Ought I to do this, or ought I to lay the emphasis on the things that I do not particularly care for, so as to round out my life and develop it in ways that it seems to lack?

I believe that we ought to give our lives chiefly to those things that we care for most. Now, I do not contribute the best results to the world if I simply duplicate certain things that other people can do just as well as I can. I am (and when I say "I" I mean you; the "I" is only used for convenience) — I am in some respects different from everybody else that ever lived. No two persons, I suppose, physically, intellectually, morally, or any other way, were ever precisely alike. Now, if I wish to give myself to the world, I can do it best by contributing to the world that which nobody else can do. I ought, then, it seems to me, to devote myself to my specialty, the thing that I can do best; make the most of myself along those lines, and let every other person do the same, or a similar thing. In that way we develop our own individualities and contribute the most to the enrichment of the common human life.

But,— and this is the point towards which I have been aiming all the way as my goal,— while I am making the utmost of myself, I must take this lower life — literary, artistic, musical, business, ambitious (whatever it may be) — up into relations with my higher self, as I have already indicated this higher self. I must attach it to this higher self. I must let this higher self dominate it. I must be ruled from this high throne of my manhood. All the lower life must be shaped, dominated, directed, by that. I must live even in the lower levels of my life as a man, and for manly ends.

And when I get up here into the ideal, into the life of a child of God, the life of a moral being striving after moral perfection, into the life of an immortal being, laying out my life on this large plan, what kind of life will it be; what are the essential things up there? They are the simple things, the divine things; they are love, pity, sympathy, tenderness, care, help; those things that make life sweet, and redeem it from everything which lowers it; they are the things which make life divine, because we say that God is love, is tenderness, pity, care, help: and if we are going to be like him, if we are ever going to come to him, it must be along the lines of the development of ourselves in these directions.

We do not approach God by travelling through space; we are as near to him as we ever shall be in that sense; we approach him by becoming like him. And all the evils of the world would be sloughed off and outgrown if only men and women in their lower lives, their intellectual, esthetic, emotional lives, would make these principles of manhood and womanhood dominant and controlling. It only needs this to answer the age-long prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Father, because we are Thy children let us feel that it is easy to live divinely; let us not be content until we have climbed up out of the animal into the human, which is into the divine. Amen.

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BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# Sunday: Its Origin, History and Authority

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# SUNDAY: ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY AND AUTHORITY.

I HAVE chosen out of a large number of possible texts three, which I will read to you in their order. First, from the second chapter of Colossians, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses: "Let no man therefore judge you. in meat or in drink or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon or a Sabbath, which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is Christ's."

Then from Galatians, the fourth chapter and the tenth and eleventh verses: "Ye observe days and months and seasons and years. I am afraid of you lest by any means I have bestowed labor upon you in vain."

Then from the Book of Romans, the fourteenth chapter and fifth verse: "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike: let each man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

I should not stop in the midst of my series of sermons to call your attention to a discussion of the Sunday question if it stood alone; but here in New York we have recently gained a notable victory for good government. As some one has said that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so eternal vigilance is the price of continued good government.

The majority by which we gained our victory is relatively very small. The margin is a narrow one; and it would be very easy during the next two years for that majority to fade away, that margin to disappear. This is the one thing just now that we need to guard against. Rejoice that good government has taken a step ahead, but do not sit down as though the victory were accomplished for all time.

Now note: one great bone of contention that is likely to trouble us in the next year or two is this question of Sunday and Sunday-keeping. Right here is our danger. For we Americans have inherited a certain way of looking at Sunday, derived from our Puritan ancestors; and the majority of the people in this State, I suppose,— the country outside of the city,— hold substantially the view that is represented, loosely, by the phrase "Puritan Sunday." I do not mean that they keep strictly to it; but that is the tradition that indicates their point of view.

But here in New York how is it? We have more people here, by at least half a million, than there were in the entire thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution. I am told,— I have not verified these figures,— that this is the largest Irish city in the world. I am told also that it is the second German city,— in size next to Berlin. Besides the Irish and those of German parentage, we have thousands of Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, Italians, Hungarians,— people from all over the world. In other words, this is the most heterogeneous city in its population, the most cosmopolitan on the face of the earth.

Now, whatever we think about it, the great majority of these people have not been trained to look upon Sunday as the Puritans were trained or the descendants of the Puritans. The Irish, who are generally Catholics, naturally regard it from the point of view of the Catholic Church, which has always maintained what is called the Continental Sunday. The Germans are accustomed to feel perfectly free after they go to church, if they go at all, to spend the afternoon and evening in social intercourse with their family and friends. They feel free to visit a beer garden, drink a glass of beer and hear an orchestra play the airs of which they are fond. And so the majority of these people have been accustomed to look upon Sunday in a different way from that in which we have been trained.

And what position do they occupy? The most of these

people are in favor of honest, pure, decent government. But, if the government attempts forcibly to interfere with what they regard, rightly or wrongly, as their personal liberty, their individual right, then they resent this interference; and they will be thrown into alliance with the opposition, and the old régime will come back upon us because we have not been wise enough, I think, to take the course that history, morality, religion, reason, all indicate.

I believe, as I said, that right here is to be our danger point in the next two years. It is a question as to whether liquor shall be sold during any hours of Sunday, a question as to whether the German shall be permitted to sit and drink his glass of beer in his garden, as he has been accustomed to do in the past.

Now, if it were only a question as to whether beer were going to be drunk on Sunday, that would be another issue. It is not a question as to whether people are going to drink on Sunday. It is not a question whether saloons are going to be visited or as to whether drinks of a certain kind are going to be sold on Sunday. Everybody who knows the facts, who is familiar with human nature and history, who half comprehends the situation, knows perfectly well that in the next two years, as in the past, wine, beer, spirituous liquors, are going to be sold and drunk, whether we like it or not. This is a fact that we must face.

The only practical question for the humanitarian and the statesman to consider is as to whether this is to be made legal, to be restricted and guarded, or as to whether the sale and drinking is to be illegal, and so open wide the door to corruption, to blackmail, to hypocrisy, to every kind of evil. That is the only practical question, it seems to me.

If I had my way, at the cost of any personal sacrifice, I would abolish drunkenness, no matter what course it might be necessary to pursue. So would any half-decent man. But that is not the question.

I am inclined to think, let me say in passing, because I

believe any man who has influence ought to put himself on record now, that the best practical course to be taken in regard to this whole liquor question is local option; and I would carry local option down to the ward, letting each ward in the city of New York vote as to what its own will is in the matter. Because I believe in home government, and in the widest interpretation of it. Let people find out for themselves the results of an experiment like this. So much in passing.

But the one point to which I invite your attention is a consideration of the origin, history, and authority of Sunday, so that we may have the facts, at any rate, to go upon in making up our minds. For it is astonishing what gross ignorance there is on the part of the majority of the people, even those supposed to be intelligent, concerning this matter of Sunday. They have taken tradition, prejudice, all sorts of things, for facts, and have not intelligently considered the matter. Let us, then, carefully investigate the subject for a little while; for, if we find that there is no adequate reason why we should not take into account the conditions as they exist and treat them rationally, why, then, this sets us free. We need not be hampered and troubled in our discussion by supposing that we are in any danger of flying in the face of divine law.

Note, in the first place, the distinction between Sunday and the Sabbath. I propose at the outset to speak of the latter. The Sabbath day did not originate with the Hebrews; it did not originate with the Bible: it is thousands of years older than the Hebrew nation, let alone the date of the composition of the Biblical books. It had its origin among the pagans. It grew out of planet worship.

In the olden time, until our modern astronomy made us better acquainted with the heavens, people knew of seven planets, including the sun and the moon. The word "planet," as you know, means wanderer. Those heavenly bodies that were seen to move and wander about among the

stars were called by this name. There were seven planets, and in these old planet-worshipping times one day was dedicated to each one of the planets. They had the Sun-day and the Moon-day, until they came to Saturday, or Saturn's day. And it was found that about four of these cycles of seven corresponded to the circuit of the moon and made a month; and the day of the new moon and the full moon were specially sacred days, even more so than Saturn's day or the Sabbath itself.

And note another thing: In the first instance Saturday was set apart, not because any god was supposed to be angry or to care one way or another, but because Saturn had always been regarded as possessing a malign influence. That belief lingers on in astrological traditions even to the present time. A man born under this planet we speak of as saturnine, gloomy in disposition. So on Saturn's day it was unlucky to begin anything, to do anything. Everything was tabooed; and the king in those far-off times was not even permitted to change his royal robes on that day. It was unlucky to do anything whatever.

How far back can we trace it? At least to the Accadians,— a people who occupied the valley of the Euphrates before the city of Babylon was founded. The week, then, with its seven days and its rest day, sprang out of planet-worship. The Jews did not originate it. It did not begin with the Bible. The Jews simply borrowed it, took it up hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of years after its origin.

Now let us note it in the Bible, the Old Testament. I called your attention, as I read the Scripture lesson, to the fact that there are two accounts of the setting apart of the seventh day as a day of rest. One is the traditional one, with which most people are familiar, that God created the universe in six days and rested the seventh, and so set that apart. Of course, our modern knowledge has turned that into a childish tradition of the ancient world. Jesus him-

self said, when the people of his time charged him with working on the Sabbath, "My Father worketh hitherto,"—has worked from the beginning,—"and I work." He did not yield to their conception of the Sabbath at all.

In Deuteronomy, as I read to you, it says that the seventh day was set apart as a memorial of the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt. Which is true? Both cannot be. They are two irreconcilable traditions.

Note now, again, what this Fourth Commandment forbids and what it commands. I do not believe that there is a Sabbatarian on the face of the earth to-day who consciously or intelligently even pretends to obey the Fourth Commandment. What does it say? It simply forbids labor, nothing else: it does not command anybody to do anything; it simply commands them to do nothing. The ministers who preach it find, as I have always done, that the rest day, which they miscall the Sabbath, is the hardest one of the seven in its workaday exactions. All the ministers break it, at any rate, if nobody else does. I do not know of anybody who even pretends to keep it.

Because God is traditionally said to have commanded the Jews to do certain things or not to do certain things on a certain day, we are told in this twentieth century that we must do and keep from doing a thousand other things that the Fourth Commandment says nothing about, on some other day. That is the situation.

Now let us come to the New Testament. It has been quietly assumed on the part of Sabbatarians that there was, somehow, an authoritative transfer of the divine command to keep the seventh day to the first day of the week, because our Sunday is not the Sabbath day of the Jews at all. Let us note the attitude of the New Testament on the subject.

What was the attitude of Jesus, in the first place? He was popularly charged with being a Sabbath-breaker; and he was, according to the standards of the people of his time. He disregarded their traditions. For example, they

forbade walking through the fields of grain. Why? Because, if you happened to knock out some of the kernels as you walked, they would consider that as a kind of threshing: it was work. Jesus went through the corn-fields or grain-fields, and gathered the heads and rubbed them in his hands and ate the grain; and the disciples did the same. And, when he was charged with breaking their traditional law, he admitted it and then enunciated that great principle, which ought to be a luminous guide for us — that human needs, human well-being, were superior to any tradition; "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And, if human well-being and the Sabbath came in conflict, Jesus had no question as to which should give way.

What was the attitude of Paul? I have read you my three texts this morning, and now let me lead you to a comprehension of this attitude which Paul took. What really happened when the transfer was gradually made? There were two classes of Christians in the early Church. One was made up of converted Jews, who still kept on obeying the laws of Moses, still regarded the traditions of the fathers. Another class was made up of the Gentiles, who knew nothing about the Mosaic law and cared nothing about it. And, if you will read the New Testament with a little care, you will see that there was a contest between these which for a time, rent the Church in twain.

In order to become a Christian, the Jewish Christians said you must become a Jew and keep the laws of Moses. Paul took the other side: he broke down the barriers, and made Christianity a universal religion. He said to the Gentiles, You have nothing whatever to do with the Jewish law: you need not keep any of it. And he went so far in his letter to the churches in Galatia as to tell them that they were going back to the "beggarly rudiments" when they kept days and times and seasons, when they paid attention to the Mosaic law. He said: You are free: Christ has set you free. You are no longer under the law. In the sixteenth verse of the

second chapter of Colossians he distinctly and definitely abrogates the Sabbath, declares that it has no binding force whatever on the Christian. Let no man judge you concerning meat or drink or the Sabbath. You are free of them all. is Paul's teaching.

If any one says to you,— as was said to me in an anonymous letter yesterday, the writer of which probably anticipated this sermon,— that the Fourth Commandment is a part of the eternal moral law of God, leave him to settle the account with Paul. In such a case I withdraw from the controversy, and let Paul take my place. Paul distinctly and definitely, and by name, abrogates the law of the Sabbath, and says it is no longer binding on the Christian. And in this word from Romans he says, One man thinks one day should be put above another: another esteems every day alike. What does Paul say? There would have been a capital opportunity for him, if he supposed the Sabbath to be a day of general obligation, to have said, This one day must be put above all the others; but he says nothing of the kind. He simply says, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

And here note, in general, there is not one single word in the Christian Scriptures, from one end to the other, in regard to keeping any day at all, in any way whatsoever,— not one single word. The Jewish Sabbath is distinctly and definitely abrogated; and there is not one word from the lips of Jesus or any of his apostles concerning the keeping of any other day in its place,— not one single syllable.

There are only a very few references to the first day of the week anywhere. We are accustomed to talk a good deal about the "Lord's Day," but that phrase occurs only once in the Bible, in the Book of Revelation; and nobody can prove that the author had in mind our Sunday then. It is always "the first day of the week," and there is no command about it. We are not told what we ought to do on that day or ought not to do. What did actually happen then? Note and see how clear and simple it is.

Those who had been trained as Jews, after they became Christians, kept on obeying the Fourth Commandment, because the power of tradition was too strong for them to do anything else. The Gentile Christians never kept the Fourth Commandment at all; but in memory of the Resurrection, their faith in the reappearance of Jesus after death,— this having happened on the morning of the first day of the week,— these Gentile Christians were accustomed to meet together in memory of that event. They came in later times to practise the breaking of bread together, the simple form of eating the Lord's Supper. And, then, what did they do? They went about their usual avocations, just as they did on any other day; and it never occurred to any one of them to apply any custom or habit or idea of law or obligation that they had borrowed from the Fourth Commandment to this day at all. There is not a trace of it anywhere. On the contrary, there are distinct and definite traces of the opposite.

I challenge the world to contradict successfully and by facts any single utterance of mine this morning.

Now let me tell you what really happened. For the first three hundred and twenty years after the Jewish Sabbath died out,— as it naturally did, because the Gentile Christians never tried to keep it,— they were accustomed to meet on the morning of the first day of the week to celebrate the Resurrection; and then, as I said, they went about their business as on any other day.

The first law ever issued on the subject by any authority whatsoever was an edict of Constantine, promulgated in the year 321; that is, three hundred years went by before there was any law issued in regard to Sunday at all. Note that Constantine had been a sun-worshipper; and, when he issued this edict, what is it? He does not say anything about the Lord's Day. He says nothing about the Sabbath, about the first day of the week. He does not refer to the Resurrection, or to any divine command whatsoever. He

simply by this edict makes what he calls "the great and venerable day of the sun" a holiday. In other words, he releases people from the necessity of attending courts or engaging in any public business on that day, sets them free; and he distinctly and definitely says that the farmers whose work requires constant attention may feel themselves perfectly free to look after their affairs as usual, as they did on any other day. That is the first law ever issued concerning the keeping of Sunday.

Now I wish to tell you how one or two of the great Church Fathers treated the matter. You would imagine them to know something about it. Saint Cyril, who was bishop of Jerusalem, and whose life spans the years from 315 to 386, uses these words: "Turn thou not out of the way to Samaritanism or Judaism; for Jesus Christ hath redeemed thee. Henceforth reject all observance of Sabbaths, and call not meats, which are really matters of indifference, common or unclean."

Then Jerome, the famous old Church Father who lived from 340 to 420, says this: "On the Lord's Day they went to church; and, returning from church, they would apply themselves to their allotted works, and make garments for themselves and others." And again: "The day is not a day of fasting, but the day is a day of joy. The Church has always considered it a day of joy, and none but heretics have thought otherwise."

Now I imagine that the Lutherans of this city, the Dutch Reformed churches,— indeed, most orthodox churches,— would pay a good deal of regard to Luther's opinions. You know what Martin Luther said about Sunday. He was speaking of an attempt being made on that day to enforce it on the churches on the basis of the Fourth Commandment; and he says, "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to feast on it, to *do anything* to remove this encroachment on Christian liberty." That is Martin Luther.

John Calvin has generally been regarded as rather sound in the faith. Let us see what his attitude was. Calvin went so far as to advocate a change from Sunday to Thursday, making this great break as a distinct and definite assertion that one day was just as good as another. And, when the famous old John Knox went to Geneva on a certain occasion to see Calvin, he found him one Sunday afternoon out playing bowls. That is John Calvin. In other words, if Calvin and Luther were living to-day, they would be fit subjects for church discipline.

Beza, who was a coadjutor of Calvin's and his successor at Geneva, advocated distinctly working on Sunday. And Bucer, another great man, and a co-worker with Luther, took the same ground, advocating the idea that work on that day was no more harmful than on any other.

I have given you these specimens of church history and church opinion. I do not wish you to judge my opinion on the subject until I get through, because I do not feel at all bound to agree with any of these whose opinions I have thus far given you.

Where did our Puritan Sunday originate? For,—get this clearly in your mind,—our Puritan, American, and English ideas of Sunday were never heard of on the face of the earth until about the sixteenth century. They grew out of the Puritan reaction. What is the explanation of it?

Thackeray says, "An Englishman is not necessarily a brute; but an English brute is the worst sort of brute." He was speaking of the customs of the common people in England. They carried this matter of pleasure, sports, on Sunday, to such an extent that it became a national scandal as to morals. It was given up to every kind of licentiousness, to cruel sports, bear-baiting, and everything that revolted the sense of the better people of that time; and it was against this sort of day that the Puritans rebelled; and, naturally, our sympathies go with them in that rebellion.

But how did they do it? If you would know anything

about the temper and spirit of the Puritans, they lived a good deal more in the Old Testament than in the New. They quoted it more; and their God was a man of war. They were living in troublous times, when they wanted the backing of this conception of the Divine.

Now what did they do in regard to this Sunday? They went back, and, as they innocently supposed, revived the Jewish Sabbath. They thought that was what they were doing. They took the Fourth Commandment, and declared that it was binding to-day in regard to the first day of the week as it had been in the old Jewish times concerning the seventh day. And so they set up their kind of Sunday, backing it up by the supposed divine authority that had issued the Fourth Commandment.

But the Puritans in regard to this matter, as in a good many others, were seriously mistaken. They did not revive the Jewish Sabbath at all, for the Jewish Sabbath was never that kind of a day. What was it? We are not left to guesswork. I have the authority of one of the most scholarly Hebrews of this century, the late Emanuel Deutsch, who was one of the curators of the British Museum, and has written learnedly on all these antiquarian questions. He distinctly tells us that the Jewish Sabbath, instead of being a severe, hard, uncomfortable day, was a day of joy, a day when the people got together for family and social reunion, a day of drinking and eating, and lights and spices, of good clothing, of good fellowship, of everything that tended to make the day a happy social festival. They obeyed literally the Fourth Commandment; that is, they did not work, but it was a great feast day with them. It was more, in fact, like our Thanksgiving Day than like any other with which I am acquainted.

That was really the Jewish method of keeping the Sabbath. So the Puritans were entirely mistaken when they made this hard and uncomfortable day, that many of us can remember, and based it on a misinterpretation of the Fourth

Commandment. For they said, and they made it into theocratic law, A man must go to church, and do this and that, and not do this and that, forgetting, even if the Fourth Commandment were a matter of divine and eternal authority, that it does not command anything. It only forbids one thing; that is, labor.

These, then, are the main facts in regard to the origin, the history, and the authority of Sunday. You will note that I have kept clear in my discussion the Sabbath from the Sunday, because there is absolutely no historical connection between the two whatsoever; and the early church never made the mistake of identifying the two.

Now I wish to raise a very important question, one second in importance to nothing which I have hinted at this morning. I have made it clear, I trust, that there is no ground whatever for the traditional Puritan idea of Sunday. You cannot find it in secular history. It does not exist in the Bible. You cannot find it in church history, until you come to the Puritan Revolution of the sixteenth century; and there it is manifestly based on a mistake.

Now what? In the first place, I wish to say that, even if we had absolute divine authority for keeping Sunday in a particular way, then we should have no right to incorporate this command into civil laws. The world has been fighting for thousands of years for religious liberty; and we say we have attained it. We have, to a certain extent, and within certain limits. If you go back, not a great while, you will find that the Catholic Church, having the power to do it, was ready to use the secular arm even to the extent of imprisonment, torture, and death, to enforce what it believed to be God's commands. We have broken down that. The Catholic Church still believes that these are God's commands; but it has reluctantly relinquished the exercise of the civil arm in enforcing these commands.

Now what I wish to make perfectly clear is this: The Baptist Church believes that God has definitely commanded

a particular form of the ordinance of baptism. Does the Baptist Church ask us to enforce that by civil law? No, the Baptist Church is in favor of freedom. It claims that this is true; but it claims that its only right is to persuade people that it is true, and get them to agree with it as the result of argument and persuasion. It does not claim the right to force people to be immersed by the civil power.

Why not? Why should not one of God's commands be enforced by the civil arm just as well as any other? Here is the point I wish to make perfectly clear: Suppose, granted for the moment, that God has commanded everybody everywhere to keep the first day of the week after a particular method. Still, I deny that the State has any authority whatsoever to enforce that divine command. There is the old theocracy, the union of Church and State, the tyranny of the individual creeping in again.

The men who believe that God has ordered all people to keep Sunday after a certain fashion have a perfect right to persuade people to agree with them so far as they can; but they have no right to enforce it by law. Why? Consider the principle involved.

Mr. Low, when he becomes mayor, may be personally interested in the salvation of my soul: he ought to be. If he believes that I ought to do something in order to be saved, he ought, as a man, to do what he can to insure my salvation; but, so far as his office of mayor is concerned, it is none of his business whether my soul is saved or not.

It is Governor Odell's business as an individual to do what he can to save my soul, if he thinks it is in danger; but it is none of his business as governor. It is none of the business of the government of the United States whether anybody's soul is saved or not, whether anybody goes to heaven or somewhere else: it is the business of the civil government only to see to it that we are good citizens. It is enough for any civil government to look after this world: it has no right to attempt to *govern the next.* Civil

government stops with the consideration of civic characteristics and conduct.

So that, whatever anybody may believe to be true in regard to the divine command as to keeping Sunday in a particular way, it is his business to use his utmost persuasion to get others to agree with him; but he has no right to attempt to use force. Hands off from religious questions! The soul stands face to face with its God, and is accountable to God only for its religious opinions.

Now, lest I be misunderstood, in a word at the close let me outline my own position as to Sunday. I do not care where the day has come from nor through what processes it has come. We have inherited this rest day, one day in seven; and it is one of the most blessed inheritances from all the past. It is a gift priceless; it is a divine opportunity. I think it would be infinitely lamentable to have it blotted out, to have it become like the other six days in the week. We need it for rest. We can bury ourselves deep enough in worldliness in six days, we can weary ourselves enough, we can wear ourselves out enough in brain and heart and conscience and life. Let us have one day free, when we can remember that we are men, and not mere business machines, that we are not mere money-makers, not mere pleasure-seekers, in which we can remember that we are children of God.

Let us prize it and guard it as one of the divinest gifts of all the past; but let us tell the truth about it, and let us place it on its true foundation of usefulness, of unspeakable beneficence to the world.

How would I have it kept? I would do this, which I believe is all that the civil government has any right to do. The government has no right to do anything more than make it a legal holiday; that is, to release people from the necessity of labor. I would have all religious denominations of every kind jealously guarded and protected in their meeting together, in their worship. No one has a right to interfere with them.

I would have everybody else jealously guarded in using the day as they please, provided they do not interfere with the equal freedom of anybody else. That is all the law has a right to do. Set the day apart, hedge it about, guard it, protect it; and then you and I are perfectly free to get just as many people as possible to agree with us in our ideas of the day, and how it ought to be kept, and why it ought to be kept. But we are released from the temptation to use force, which has always been abomination and tyranny.

So I would have this sweet, lovely, beautiful day of rest, peace, quiet. I would use it in the morning at any rate as a day of worship. In the afternoon and evening still use it for worship, if you wish; use it for family life, social communion; use it, if you have no other time, for getting acquainted with the beauty of the sky and the earth, listening to the songs of the birds, watching the glint of the light upon the river, or upon the waves as they lap the beach of the sea. Use it for all sweet, fine, holy things, because it is a precious gift bestowed upon you; and you must not misunderstand it, you must not desecrate it, you must not throw it away.

Father, we ask that we may consecrate ourselves to the highest things we know, use Sunday for that which is best in us, use every day of the week for that which is best in us, and be Thy children always. Amen.

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# EDUCATION FOR LIFE.

My text you may find in the ninetieth Psalm, the twelfth verse,— "So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom."

Life may be looked at under either one of two aspects. We may consider it as length, as mere continuance of existence. So regarded, it is not specially attractive. As Emerson has said, roughly, but very strikingly, in one of his essays, "No man would care for immortality merely for the sake of wearing out his old boots." I quote from memory. Mere continuance of existence is hardly worth having.

In the other way in which we may consider life, we regard its content, philosophically speaking,— what is in it, what makes it up, what it may have of desirableness for us. Two Sundays ago we came to the conclusion that a human life was a life lived up in those higher ranges of thought, feeling, action, which are peculiar to and characteristic of man, those things which make man human. By this, of course, we did not mean that one must take no account of lower things, must have no care for the ordinary sides and experiences of human existence. Indeed, one cannot avoid caring for these things, one should not avoid caring for them. They are not only right, they are necessary, essential. There is nothing in the lower life of man which in itself is evil.

I think we have outgrown the old teaching that man is born with anything in him which is essentially and necessarily evil. There is not a function of the body, a taste, desire, appetite, which is not in itself helpful and right.

So one may not be ashamed of finding joy in the natural play of physical functions. If one is healthful, it is a pleasure merely to look out over the world; a pleasant thing, as the old writer has it, to see the sun. I have had people tell me that they found ecstasy merely in breathing, they were so full of life. So this physical side of our lives is not only right, it is essential and necessary.

Again, it is right and well for us to care for friendships. It is right for us to be ambitious, to desire to do noble things and so win the esteem of our fellow-men, as well as to be of service to them. There is no harm in our desiring money, in our working for the attainment of money. It all turns upon the way in which we do it, and as to whether we are too much absorbed in this or in any other phase of our life.

One may become devoted to literary pursuits. One may give his life to art. One may love music beyond the power of words to express his joy. We may live in all these things: only, if a man is to lead a human life, he must lift these things up into and link them in with these higher human ranges. He must let this higher nature, this peculiarly, characteristically human nature, dominate, shape, control all the lower,— that is all.

Indulge in these things, rejoice in them, make them the pursuit of your life: only do it for the sake of that which is highest and finest in you.

Who can live this high human life? Am I advising anyone to do anything which is beyond him? I received a letter since the first sermon in this series from a young man who was telling me of the difficulties of his position, and that he found it almost impossible, situated as he was, to live this kind of life, the beauty and desirableness of which he could see. Who can live it? Is there any one so overpowered and overmastered by his conditions that it is impossible?

I believe, without entering into any discussion of the free-

dom of the will or of fate as contrasted with it, that any man can live this life if he will, no matter where he may be, no matter what his conditions may be. There is no merit in doing that which is perfectly easy. If we are men, we are appealed to, touched, thrilled, by a challenge; we wish to do things which are difficult; we wish to overcome obstacles; we wish to show ourselves masters; we wish to win victories. The admiration of the world waits, and always has waited, for the men who have fought battles and have conquered; or, if they have been overwhelmed by difficulties too many for them, who have gone down with their faces toward the enemy.

Can the rich man lead this high human life? I know that Jesus told us that it was exceedingly difficult for the rich to do this. He used a comparison which suggested that it was almost impossible. He said a camel could go through the eye of a needle easier than a rich man could enter into the kingdom of heaven. But there have been rich men, hundreds and thousands of them, who have lived up in these high and noble ranges of thought, feeling, and action, and who have made their money only a means of grand service to their fellow-men.

Can the poor man do it? How poor must a man be so that he cannot be true to himself? I know there are men who say, or have said, that they were forced by their poverty, want, need, to be untrue to that which is highest and best in them. There have been men who have done it at any rate, and who, perhaps, have offered this as an excuse. There is no compulsion on a man that he should continue to live,—not that he should take his life into his own hands. But no power in the universe can make a man be false to himself, neither wealth nor poverty, nor any other condition. A man can be true; and if being true pushes him over the edge, and off into some other life, then let it push him. He will go a man. He will find himself somewhere in God's universe; and he will find himself still a man.

Is it necessary one should be high-born to lead this kind of life? High-born men have lived it. One of the finest ethical teachers of the world is Antoninus, the Roman emperor. His rules of character and conduct might be interspersed with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and you would hardly be able to separate the one from the other as being of a higher or lower ethical quality. And he lived what he taught and wrote.

Low-born men can do the same. Epictetus, another one of the famous ethical teachers of antiquity, was a freedman, born a slave. His writings stand on the same high levels as those of the Roman emperor; and we look back down the ages to where those two teachers lived and died with perhaps equal reverence for the emperor and the slave, and we care not to-day for that outward condition. It is only the man that wins our reverence.

Must a man be healthful in order to lead this high life? Healthful men, full of quick blood, have lived it; and we know that the most magnificent power in the world is that of tremendous passion perfectly controlled.

Sick men have lived it, men like Robert Louis Stevenson, an invalid for years, hardly ever free from pain; fighting death at every turn day and night; writing, thinking, loving, serving, clear up to his last breath. I care not what may come of the controversy going on at the present time, as to whether this was all of Stevenson, as to whether he has been over-idealized. Whatever else there may have been in him, he was this; and this dominated him at the last.

But is it only great brains in sick bodies, in the midst of poverty and trouble? I know a washerwoman in this city of New York, deserted by her husband, with no relatives or friends to care for her, weak in body, struggling every day for bread, sweet, noble, true, uncomplaining, unselfish, leading as ideal and noble a life as the noblest of them all.

So let nobody excuse himself from this kind of life because of birth or health or external conditions. All that

any one asks of us or has a right to ask is that, just where we are, being just what we are, we shall do the very best we can. That is the ideal human life. So any one is a subject for this education for life.

I wish now, for my next step, to draw a very important distinction between education and learning. A great many people who know something think they are educated. They may be; but, because they know it, it does not necessarily follow that they are educated, and this no matter what they know or how much. For there is a radical distinction between education and learning.

A man is educated — let me say, in a word, so as to make clear what is to follow — who is trained in all his faculties and powers to the best, who has become master of himself and of his conditions. Now learning may or may not have much to do with that. Lincoln was not a learned man. He knew no language but his own. He had a very slight acquaintance with the world's literature, only a general outline knowledge of the world's history. He had never studied music. I suppose he had carried mathematics only a very little way. Art — all these things were practically closed avenues to him. But would anybody to-day think of speaking of Lincoln as uneducated?

Washington was not a learned man. It has been discovered by some of his recent biographers, who are anxious lest we should over-idealize him, and who are taking pains, therefore, to tell us about the real George Washington, that he did not even know how to spell. Many of his latest State paper contained errors in orthography that a small boy possibly might escape. He knew no language but his own. All the great avenues of the world's investigation, literary, scientific, artistic, he had not entered. But was Washington an uneducated man?

Turn now the other side for a moment, and see, so that the matter may become perfectly clear. A man may devote his life to the study of literature until English literature,

French, German, Greek,— all the great literatures of the world,— are familiar to him. Would he therefore be educated? He might be utterly helpless in dealing with the practical problems of life. He might be entirely ignorant of the great pressing problems of this present century that every educated man is called on to deal with at every turn.

A priest of any religion may devote himself to the study of theology, the rituals, the traditions of his church. He may have the writings of the Fathers at his fingers' end, and have people say that his opinion ought to be very valuable because he is so learned. He knows French, perhaps, or Greek and Latin, besides English. And yet he may not have even the rudiments of a true education. Place him before any great practical problem of life for this twentieth century, and he may not only be practically helpless, but his opinion may be utterly worthless. So a man may devote himself to study in any direction, to merely learning the facts, saturating himself with the happenings in some particular line of human investigation, and yet not be an educated man.

Now, to carry the definition a little further, what is education? Education is, as I said, such a development of our faculties and powers as enables us to be masters wherever we are placed,— masters of ourselves, masters of our condition. And we need, incidentally, to know enough to know *where* we are and *what we are there for.* There is where the knowledge comes in. Education for this century, for example, might have been utterly worthless for the seventeenth century, because the conditions, social, political, industrial, moral, and religious, were entirely different then from what they are now. An educated man in the seventeenth century might be powerless to deal in any practical or effective way with the great problems of the present century. This will hint to you as to what it means to be educated *for life.*

Education for life, then, must be education for a man, as has already been defined. It must be developing the faculties and powers of a man; and it must include a sufficient amount of learning so that he shall appreciate the century he lives in, the country he lives in, the conditions which immediately surround him. With that definition in mind, let me go on to treat the matter a little more definitely and in detail.

The most important thing of all for every young man at the outset — and every young woman as well, I think — in this present century is that he should be so trained that, drop him wherever you will in the world, he can earn an honest living. That is the foundation only. Yes. The foundation, however, is, in one way of looking at it, the most important part of any structure.

The Jews used to have a saying, which you will find recorded in their Talmud, that the father who does not teach his son a trade is bringing him up to be a thief. What does that mean? Is it too bald a statement? I would put it in this way: Any man, whether he is poor or rich, who is not in some way giving back to society at least an equivalent for that which he takes out of it, as the condition of his life, is a thief. He may not work to earn his bread and butter directly: he may make his return in any one of a hundred different ways; but every honest man, if he has ever thought about it enough to appreciate the obligation, will feel bound to return to the world at least an equivalent of that which he takes out of the common store.

I wonder if you are aware of the fact that, rich as we call the world to-day, there are only two or three nations where the great majority of the people are out of reach of actual want. If the world should stop producing, we should all starve to death, probably inside of three years. We are living, then, from hand to mouth. Suppose a man were on a raft at sea after a wreck, and a certain amount of provisions had been saved. Suppose he should insist on taking

his share of the food, and yet, though able, refuse to bear his share of the labor devolved upon them by their condition. What would you think of him? You would think of him just as well as I do of any man in any station of life who does not try to help the world enough to repay it for what it does for him.

That is the first step in education; and the man who has graduated from Harvard or Yale, or any other university, but who has not trained himself sufficiently so that he can return to the world an equivalent for that which he eats and wears and the place that shelters him, I care not how much he knows, he is not an educated man. The man who is educated into the mastery of himself, so that he can be a good carpenter or a good mason, or an electrician, or good in any department of life where he can be of service to the world, ought to be called educated. Why should a man be looked upon as educated because he has gone through a university, if he can do nothing and is of no use to the world? This is the first condition, then, of a true education for life.

And in the present condition of the world, where women are entering into competition with men in every direction, I believe that the rule ought to hold in regard to young women as well as young men. Suppose your father is rich to-day: do you know that he will be rich to-morrow? Can you safely trust to these things? Do we not know, as we look over the world, how many lives are wrecked as to honesty and honor because some young man or some young woman does not know how to earn an honest living?

The next element of a human education for life should deal with the great problems of right and wrong, should be, if you choose so to call it, an education of the conscience. There are a great many people who have been trained to think that the conscience is an infallible guide as to matters of conduct. There is hardly a more fallible guide in existence than the conscience. Indeed, it is not the office of the conscience to tell people whether a thing is right or

wrong. Some of the most cruelly injurious people that have ever lived on the face of the earth have been these conceitedly conscientious ones.

It is one of the most common things for a person to set up his conscience as a judgment-seat to which he drags the reputations of his neighbors. I have known a great many cases where a person, conscientiously persuaded that he ought to do or not to do a certain thing, has condemned everybody who did not agree with him; and yet, perhaps, this particular thing had no moral quality or character whatsoever. How many people are there, for example, who judge another because he does not agree with him as to some ecclesiastical ritual or belief, or the keeping or not keeping of some particular day, or for having or not having a certain set of opinions about the Bible or the universe or the future life?

I met a lady since I have been in New York who seriously questioned as to whether she ought to have social relations with a person who did not believe in continued existence after death. This merely as a hint as to the perversity of the conscience. For what is conscience? Conscience is nothing more nor less than the inherited result of our particular kind of training. Conscience is divine, if you look at it rightly: it is simply that moral conviction that belongs to a part of every healthy man that the highest obligation upon him is that he do right always, everywhere, whatever happens.

But conscience does not tell a man what is right: it is judgment in the light of human experience that discovers what is right and what is wrong. The human race has found out, by trying, what things, what courses of conduct, what kind of feelings cherished, have been injurious, have hurt men and women, have degraded character, have led to all kinds of evil. It is judgment in the light of human experience that determines what is right and what is wrong. Conscience merely says, Do right, do not do wrong.

But we need education and training in this matter, in order that we may be able to see the right way for our feet, and that we may be charitable and just to other people. We need training in regard to the fundamental principles of right and wrong. I believe this ought to be a part of the training of every public school, and every private school as well. This does not mean that there should be any distinctly religious training in the public schools: that is entirely another matter. All men everywhere, without regard to their peculiar theologies or religious differences, have recognized the obligation to do right and refrain from doing wrong: that is, the moral nature is a human characteristic; and it can be trained without regard to religious dogma, because that which is right and that which is wrong have been discovered by personal and social experiments, as the result of the trials and successes or defeats of men and women in society.

Then the third point in regard to which young men and women ought to be educated. I said that education needed to have regard to the century in which people live, the country, the conditions. Young men and women both ought to be taught the history of government and the peculiar principles of this government, so that they may be fitted to play their parts as citizens. For next to earning an honest living, and next to understanding the distinction between right and wrong,— so that, if a man chooses to do wrong he does it with his eyes open,— is what one's attitude shall be as a citizen.

I am not sure as to whether the time will come when women will vote. That is a matter too large to touch on now. But the time has come when women are a power, and a tremendous power, in the political life of the time,— a power hardly second to that which is exercised by men. One of our greatest troubles is ignorance of the past history of the world. I have had occasion to say a good many times in my life, as I probably shall a good many times more, that the most difficult problem the human race has

ever set itself is the achievement of a government which combines liberty and order.

We have achieved it here in this country more completely than it has ever been done before in the history of the world. And the people who come here from other countries need to learn before they are permitted to use the power of the ballot what the peculiar conditions are here, what American citizenship means. And our young men and women — living in wealthy circles, in high social conditions — need to be reminded as to how recent this achievement is, need to be reminded what a price of agelong effort, of imprisonment, of torture, of death, has been paid for that which they treat so lightly.

Men here in this last election in New York have not understood the greatness of this gift of the ballot enough to care to register or vote; and yet the human race in tears and blood has been struggling for centuries up to the level of its possession. No man is fit to live a human life until he appreciates the position he occupies as a citizen, and has made a careful study of the principles involved in this position, so that he may acquit himself as a man, who at the same time is one of the rulers of his city and of his native land.

There is another phase of education that is needed at the present time. One of the principal problems of this age is the relation between money and labor. In other words, a properly educated young man ought to know something of the history of the industrial problems of mankind. One great difficulty to-day is that we are having new theories presented to us, new societies formed, new organizations entered upon in every direction, in order to achieve certain things which only reveal the ignorance of the people who are interested in them. Over and over again you will find some association, club, society, trying to get people to adopt some idea which has been tried and tried and exploded and exploded a dozen times in the history of the world; only they do not know it.

There are certain roads, it is said, which, if you follow

them, will lead you over the fence through the pasture, then into the woods, then along a squirrel track, and up a tree. A good many of the pathways which the reformers, speculators, and enthusiasts of this modern world are trying to lead us in are of this kind.

If you wish to place yourself so that you know where you stand in the pathway of the world's industrial progress, so that you can help on that which is of promise and discourage that which has no promise, then you must be educated concerning what humanity has tried to do, with its success and its failure along the industrial line. In spite of anything that an individual attempts to do, there is some great power that is holding this world in its hand: there is a Force greater than you or I, greater than kings, greater than prime ministers, greater than philosophers or scientists,—there is a Force at work; and humanity, under the impulse of that Force, is moving along certain lines in certain definite directions.

The thing for us as earnest, intelligent young men and women to do is to know enough of the past and enough of the present so that we can find out which way the world, industrially, is going. Suppose we pit ourselves against the Force that is manifested in the universe: we only waste our effort. What we need to do is to chime in, to co-operate with this eternal Power that makes for a higher and better human state of affairs.

One other line of education I must suggest; and that is the religious. The mightiest power that has ever touched human life in the past has been religion, for good or evil. Whatever your thought may be about it; whether you think it is a superstition to be outgrown; whether you believe in the dominant religious ideas of to-day; whether you look forward to the time when theology will clarify itself and issue in some higher and finer thing to come, the fact remains that religion has been the mightiest power to shape, degrade, or lift up the world that has ever touched human life.

Now, as I said in regard to the industrial life of the world, a young man or woman ought to know; and here comes the problem. Perhaps you come from the country into the city, or perhaps you have been trained in the city, but are not quite satisfied where you are going to church, or, at any rate, are thinking about it. What church ought you to connect yourself with? What kind of theology ought you to help support? This is not an indifferent question. There are theologies which are reactions. They represent the thought of two hundred years ago. They do not represent the living thought of to-day.

Perhaps you think the world ought to be turned back. If so, do all you can to turn it back. Live out your convictions. Only study carefully, and try to be sure that your convictions are accurate and represent the truth.

But here are all kinds of theologies and religions. The old ones not being enough, we are inventing new ones almost every week. Religions in plenty! As an educated young man or woman, you ought to know enough of the religious history of the world outside of Christianity, you ought to know enough of the history of Christianity, the growth of belief and practice of the different denominations, of what they stand for and represent, so as to make up your mind honestly, seriously, intelligently, as to what church, what theology, what religion, represents most nearly the truth of things, what one is most in accord with all that intelligent men and women believe, what one is the most helpful to the individual life, what one promises most for the future. And, if you are brave and true, you will not go with the majority unless you are perfectly certain in your own mind that the majority is right. As Lowell sings in his "Present Crisis,"

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her bitter crust."

Side with truth before it is popular to side with it. Side with God and humanity and human hope just as fast as you can see what is best for humanity, what promises the most for human hope. Be fully persuaded in your own

mind. Do not drift. It is not worthy of a man to drift. It is not worthy of a man to be governed merely by social considerations, to go to church because he thinks it will help him in a business way, because it opens some doors to homes of wealth and affluence that he might not otherwise find it easy to enter. A man ought to have a conviction. And what is a conviction? A conviction is something of which you have become convinced. It means a little thought, a little study, going over the ground and making up your mind. Most people have only opinions, notions, impressions, impulses. The number of people who have convictions is comparatively small.

As you face the great problems, then, of the march of God, leading humanity up the ages, the great problem of the religious life of the world, the promise of the future, have some convictions about it. Take your place, bear your burden, and do your work like a man.

The man who is educated for life, then, is one who brings his whole life up into relation to these high human ranges of thought, feeling, and action; one who is trained so that he can master himself and his condition; one who is learned enough to know where he is in the world's movement and what needs to be done next; one who consecrates himself to the highest, so that he is not content to be anything else but the best; one who appreciates the fact that he owes all that he possesses to this struggling humanity of which he is a part, and so stands ready to pay back to humanity in service what it has given him by inheritance.

The man who, thus trained to the highest things he can conceive of, who has made the most of himself and then who is ready to give himself for the world,— he who has reached this position has found education for life.

Father, we thank Thee that we are permitted to climb up into the heights and have visions of these fair and fine things, that we may give ourselves in loyal service to our fellows, and, calling Thee Father, may follow Thee. Amen.

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# THE KING'S QUESTION

BY

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# THE KING'S QUESTION.

"Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years. Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."— GEN. xlviii. 8, 9.

WHEN this day draws near in my own life's calendar, I love to commune with a man who was born almost two thousand years ago, and still lives to a noble purpose in the spiritual body we call a book, and talks with me as a man talks with his friend. The book was written, he tells us, for a few choice friends,— these, and these alone; but it was done with such a rare wisdom and grace that it could no more be confined to them than the sunshine could, or the rain from heaven. It is an essay on old age, written when he was well on in years, and so spoke from the centre. He was a man also of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and was steeped to the lips in misfortune when he would tell the old friends how he fared.

His home had been made desolate with the desolation which to such a man is worse than death, for death had taken his dear maid child, his darling, his one choice treasure in all this world; and his only son was a profligate and spendthrift. He had been compelled to put away his wife, but had dreamed he might have a home again where the sunshine would flood the living-room, and joy would reign queen-regnant of the last years; but, wise man as he was, he soon found he had made a great mistake. December could not clasp hands with May, or bells so diverse make one music in the home; and so for the old man the dream came to a rude waking, and now he was alone in the living-room once more.

He was also, perhaps, the most eminent man of his time, and for his pre-eminent services had been called "the Father of his Country"; but now no party in the republic wanted or would have his services, while of all men he saw most clearly the downward drift of the republic of which he was a citizen into the slough of Imperialism, after her splendid record of eight hundred years, which was to end in utter ruin and shame. This is the man and this the time when he will open his heart to a few friends, with no thought that he would thereby open it to the world through the ages and millenniums still unborn; while we may well imagine that, with the life and fortune I have glanced at, his essay on old age would match well when it was done with the sermon ascribed to the sad old king in our Scriptures from the text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But some of you have found what I have found, that nothing can be further from the old man's heart or purpose. There he sits in the mellow evening sunshine of the far-away old world and time; and, when this week comes round, there he sits with me in the quietness of my morning, while I seem through the hours of our communion one of the friends for whose sake he has hidden his heart in the immortal book, ready to answer the questions touching what we, who are now as he was then and where he was then, shall say to the swiftly passing years. While it would be no great wonder if I should find him all out of true with the world he lived in so long, and as sad and bitter about the outcome as a thousand men are of his age we could easily find on this island or a million between this and the other ocean.

This first, and then what we may do who begin to feel there is not much left we can do, because the time is short, and how much we may still enjoy if we stand true to the holy laws of our life, and therefore to God, though we may be saying in our hearts that the joys and enjoyments of our life are drying up at the spring-head. So, when we talk together, I am glad to have him tell me this, because I find it is so

true to my own life, and also to the life of so many I have known and loved or still know and love, that the sorrows and disasters which had fallen on him in the later years had really made him somewhat hard and bitter for a while, while still, as the years told their tale from the few to the many, he had to notice that even little things were apt to put him out of temper. But, when he began to be aware of this downward drift toward a poor and mean conclusion touching the sum and substance of the years, he saw this would never do, he must not give way to the distemper, but must try to win a sweeter and finer temper as he grew older, and be not the less, but all the more a man through what he must do and bear. For, if we turn to our mother nature, he said, we may notice how the crabs and the wild grapes grow mellower and sweeter with the frosts of age. While, if we compare our life to a drama, it is not to be imagined that the earlier acts which may stand for our youth and prime should make for a lame and impotent conclusion, when we come to the last and greatest, where all the scenes meet to round out the story a life should tell.

Nor will it be so, my wise and gracious mentor said again, if you make sure of this as you wend on from youth to old age, that there shall be some real deepness of life and purpose in the years of your youth and prime, like that of the roots which defy the droughts of the summer. Whereat I answered, Yes, indeed, or like our growing corn, which in the hottest weather still holds the morning dew and some silting of the rain away down within its sheaths; for he did not seem to know about our corn. Then, as we communed in the silence, I found the old man had no great faith in some things we set store on, because he had weighed them in these last years and found them wanting. The applause of listening senates, the honor which comes and goes on the breath of those who bestow it, and the shouts of the multitudes who will crown or crucify such a man as he was in the public life, as the humor takes them,— he had tried these

things, and found them worthless as withered weeds in November. Nor did he think much of the wealth men gather for the mere greed of growing rich. He had done that, but could see now that there must be some worth of honest striving in a man to do something well worth the doing and well worth the wealth we win, or it is of scant use to an old man, or any man, indeed, any more than the years are which hold no record of the good we have done to others, while we have only been seeking good for ourselves. So let all the years be of this brand, and there can be no great satisfaction when they have almost told their tale. We must have some treasure of real worth to fall back upon then, and not an exhausted receiver in which all things die.

He would not say, however, that poverty is in itself a blessing when the shadows of our life lengthen, because he thought old age with poverty only for its hapless crown must be a burden hard to bear, and yet wealth, when this is all we have to our name, may be a greater burden ; while, after all, he knows men who have no wealth to speak of, but they do manage to be very bright and cheerful, because the treasure is in them of a well-spent and useful life to make them rich. I was greatly pleased again to have him tell me another truth I have often tried to tell myself,— that it is a great mistake when we are growing old to give up, and, as we say now, be laid on the shelf, when we find our powers are failing a little, or more than a little, year by year, so that we cannot push things forward in word or deed with the old vim and vigor. The very best thing you can do then, he said, is to stick to your ship; and, if you cannot climb the masts or take your turn at the pump or clear the deck, you may still be a good pilot. We must always do what we *can* when old age creeps on, and when we can no longer do what we *would*, because the most hapless old men, I notice, are so often those who seem to have nothing in the world to do, and so they have nothing in the world to live for. And he could also tell me of many men he had known who had

done a very choice stroke of work when they were eighty years old, or ninety even, and of one who was a hundred,— old generals who had conducted great campaigns, old statesmen who had won new laurels, old thinkers who had written good books, and old neighbors on the farms who were wonders of good farming. Yes, and I was an old man myself, he said, when I made up my mind to learn Greek, that I might read some noble books in that tongue; and now I can read with the best. I also had a mind to learn to play on the lyre, but found this had gone out of fashion; but I myself was not sure he had found no one was willing to listen to the old man when he would set his poor, stiff fingers to the instrument at his time of life, and so he gave it up.

This was his answer so far to the thought which lay in my heart as I glanced at the home calendar by the gleam of the king's question to the patriarch, "How old art thou?" You are young enough, he said, to keep on doing your best with what powers you still possess, and to hold your life fresh and fair as it can be held on these terms. But say you can do no more to any fair purpose, and then be, I will not say as good, but as bad as your word. Do this, and you will find very scant worth in the years that remain; while it is quite probable you will not have the years you might count on, because the waters of life will grow stagnant, and you will die when you have no motive to live.

And now about those failing powers again, my wise old mentor said,—let us see what we mean by lamenting over our failing powers. Do we mean we can take no such pleasure in the things that touch the senses and belong to what one may call the brute force of a man? Well, this may be no loss, but a gain. I saw a man weep bitterly once when he saw a mighty feat of strength put forth by another man he could have surpassed in his prime, looking on his own wasted arms; but now where is your manhood when this lies only in your thews and sinews?

And I myself have no such appetite for food, he said, as I had some years ago; but I am glad of the change, because I find it gives me leisure for nobler things than eating and drinking. So, while I grow old in my body, I can renew the youth of the mind and heart, and quite agree with a fine old Greek who, when they asked him if he did not still love these pleasant things of the senses, said, "The gods have done better by me: they have set me free from my tyrants." Still, my mentor said, I love to keep up the fine old customs of hospitality,— to gather my friends about me when I may, and give them of my best because they still enjoy these things, while I enjoy their good, bright company; and this, I think, old age should covet, lest we grow lonely then and sad of heart. I have also gathered about me many good books,— books that will last me my lifetime, and will still be good for those who come after me as they are to me now,— these books I love. I love my orchards also, and meadows, my vines, and my bees; and to dig in the soil now and then, and smell the freshness of the new-turned earth. To go after my sheep and kine, to watch the grapes ripen on the vines, and note my stores of milk and oil, of cheese and honey; to sit under my trees in the summer time and by my good log fire in the winter,— these are far more to me now than the splendors of the imperial city, and the fevered life of which I have grown so tired in these last times.

But this, as you will see, touches only the life that now is; and, if this was all, he could not have given the whole answer I wanted and waited for to the king's question, "How old art thou?" And this was not the whole answer; for he said: I am looking forward now to a day when I must leave this world, for it is true that the young *may* die soon, but the old *must;* and what then? I will tell you this, first of all. My life grows sweeter as the years come and go, while I find the treasures within and about me which will hold good, I trust, for as many years as may stand to my name. And I

try to let no day pass in mere dreaming, because to be busy is to be content; and this brings life to life for me. Here is passion and appetite abated, as I said, those good servants, but bad masters; while my ambition is nestling down, not caring to plume her wings again in these troubled times. Troubles are waiting outdoors, I know, if I would take them in once more and nurse them at the waning fires of life; but enough for the day now is the evil thereof, and how much more is the good than the evil! Still, the years are drawing to an end: here is another milestone passed. The end must be drawing near now; and will not this be the very hardest of all things life or death can bring me,— to leave this warm nest I have made down here for the unknown?

Well, it was here, I thought, the grand old man came forth in all his greatness, while it seemed to me his eyes shone with the light that is not of the sun,— the light which lights the sun. Our old age, he said, should not find us timid when we ask these questions, but brave and strong and fearless, that we may give lessons to youth in courage and fortitude; for he was right who, when one asked him where he found his power to meet and master the tyrant time, answered, "In old age." So what years remain must not be clutched too greedily or given up too easily, nor must we desert the post until we get our orders from the great Commander. Nor must we fear death, but nourish the thought rather; for we do not fear death in the thick of battle. Why, then, should we fear death as the close and consummation of all the battles?

Then my mentor touched the heart of his noble discourse. He said: "I believe the dear friends we call dead are still living in the only life which truly deserves the name. For we must not believe that these souls of ours with their remembrance of the past and long look toward the future, so great in art, so profound in science, so fertile in invention,— that these souls, I say, can be mortal, and die with

our death. So, for my own part, I am nourishing a great desire to see these friends again I have loved and revered in this life. So great, indeed, that I think it would not be easy to turn me back on my way to meet them; while, if the gods should grant me the choice of returning back to the days of my youth, I would steadily refuse the boon. I am glad to have lived all these years, and cannot but believe I have lived to some fair purpose, but now I am ready to depart as from an inn rather than from a home; and it will be a glad day for me when I go to the assembly of great and noble souls out of the crowd and tumult of the time, while, if I err in believing the souls of men are immortal, I am glad to err."

This was the tenor of the old man's monologue, when we come to the truth which lay deepest in his heart. He loved his life and this world he had lived in so long; but now, as the end drew near, this was his joy,— that he could look forward through the valley and shadow of death to the time where time is no more, when he also should not be unclothed, but clothed upon, where mortality is swallowed up of life, and where he would find those he loved, and be with them for evermore.

And this is all the more wonderful and beautiful to me because he was what we call a heathen who lived in the heart and central life of that old, lost world a good fifty years before the advent of the dear Son of God our Christ, who brought life and immortality out of the shadows into the light. While there was sore mourning and lamenting all about him and from his own poor heart when the dear maid was taken and he was left, and old age to the enormous majority of them brought only foreboding and fear. But he sat there,— and I should know him among ten thousand as some of you would,— sat there with the light in his eyes, talking to me in the matchless tones that won the world once to listen.

And, then, as I sat in the silence, thinking of what I had

heard and of the impulse which prompted me to open the book, and thought also of the white patriarch's answer to the king's question, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life," I said in my heart, This was true no doubt touching your own life, but it was not true to the man to whose wise and pregnant words I have listened. Not true that "the days of our years are few" who have lived, shall we say, to my own age, as I can testify, and not evil, but good, when we realize, as we may, how their sorrow may be softened for us, and the joy be made sweet and sacred, if the true heart is in us now, and least of all for those who have been long on pilgrimage, and as, when we have traversed some rugged way and stand in the evening sunlight, the way is transfigured while we think of the shadows where we rested and the springs from which we were refreshed.

So we look down the vista, and may say "evil and few" or "many and good" as the heart can desire, as we weigh the sorrow against the joy; but we shall come to the patriarch's conclusion when at the last his son Joseph brought the boys to receive his blessing, what time his eyes were dim with age so that he could not see, and he kissed them and said to his son, "I had not thought to see thy face, and lo! God hath let me see thy sons also"; and he blessed him and laid his hands on his grandsons, and said, "The God which hath fed me all my life long, and the angel who hath redeemed me, bless the lads." And so we may say if we walk by faith in His eternal love from which our love springs as the waters spring from the deeps of the world and the mighty heart of the ocean, losing their salt bitterness by the transmutation of earth and heaven, and not alone from the heavens flecked with the sunshine, but from black winter and the storms. All the days, then, are to be treasured for worth in the heart when we look back through the many years, whether we must count them for loss or gain, for sorrow or for joy, because they are all His

days before they can be ours; while, if it be, indeed, true that we can only look back on some of them with pain and regret, then this is true also, that "He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," and, "like as a father pitieth his children," so is His pity for me and you. Yes, and because we are His children, when all is said and done, no matter how we may have blundered and stumbled on the rugged way on which we have come, if this true heart is in us, we may learn something by our failures we could not have learned by our successes.

There may or must be evil days for us we would fain blot out, and leave only those which hold some grain of worth or of nobility in them; but, for one, I would take heart and hope in the faith that these may have done for me what the nobler and more gracious days never could have done by the old pilot's tenor when one said to him, "Do you know all about these waters?" and he answered, "I know where the reefs are, and the rocks and sand-bars."

And so, as the years touch us with their sweet or bitter or bitter-sweet memories, I love again to have them stand in that enchantment of time and distance which so softens our sorrow and pain, as sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh, when we stand too near them in the tower, fall into a soft melody when we listen to them from far away. So I can clasp the sorrows and losses the years have brought closer to my heart, and drive the thorns in deeper; but this will not be God's will touching them, or nature's will, but my own wilfulness.

A friend told me one day of a plant he found in the arid lands southward, set all about with thorns; but in the heart of the fruit there is cool water for your refreshing; and so we may find the water of life in the thorns of our yesterdays if we are wise to find the good within the evil, if we *grow* wise as we grow old. And it is the most natural thing in the world that we should look back and count them as we do, for we are men and women, and not of the beasts that

perish; and in our power to do this lie the terms of the nobler life, so that they are not mere memories, if we are true to this teaching, any more than the June days were to the ripe fruit and grain for which we lift our hearts in the great Thanksgiving. My fine old mentor's youth was in him still when he sat down to write his book; mine is in me. The small place, the home whence I came to find you here this morning, has been long swept away, with the plum-tree and the rose-bush by the door. There is not one stone left upon another of the home. But what matter, what matter? The home stands there still in the sunshine, always in the sunshine now; and I see it as I sit alone in the home over here and shake down the plums when they are ripe, and the perfume of the roses that never fade now or fall floats into the room as I look backward in the tender light of the days that are no more and yet are for evermore, while I still hear the voice of my mother calling to me or telling stories by the fireside in the winter evenings.

The farthest away of the days and the years are deepest while they are all in my heart and my life, as they are and will be in yours. They are the sum so far of the life that now is, and are beckoning us, not backward, if we are true to them, but forward toward that which is to come. Yes, and, while we count our losses, they can whisper to us also of our gains. So many gone, so many only left; but the little maid's refrain to the good poet in Westmoreland is forever true: —

"How many are there, then, said I,
If there are two in heaven?
Quick was the little maid's reply,
O master, we are seven.

"But they are dead,— those two are dead:
Their spirits are in heaven.
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, Nay, we are seven."

Therefore, as I think of the days and the years that, as we say, are no more, this is the truth I would lay to my heart, won from the very things which blot the book of my life,— that

> "Nothing pays but God,
> Served whether in the smoke-shut battlefield,
> In work obscurely done, but honestly, or vote
> For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
> To ruinous conviction, or good deeds
> Wrought for God's sake, heedless of heaven or hell."

And to you, dear friends, by whose side I have stood in your sorrow and joy, as you have stood in mine, to find so often that the sorrow drew us nearer to each other than the gladness,— as when we walk in the darkness, and the way is uncertain, we say, "Let me hold your hand," and speak to each other in words of cheer, when in the sunshine and the open we walk apart,— what shall I say to you but this I have said so often, that, when we come to this line in our life and look backward in some moods and moments, we must not be of the old patriarch's mind as we look back on the days and the years that are gone? In the old times, when the pilgrims set forth on their journey to the Holy Land, they would say in the preface to their last will and testament, "I, being of a sound mind and strong to testify, this is my will for those who shall inherit." And this must be ours, as we journey toward the holy land. And as the seeds of the harvest over which we have rejoiced were perfected in the days and the years we shall never see again,— perfected in the darkness as surely as in the light, and owe something to the storms as well as to the calm, sunny weather — so this life of ours lies deep and sure within all the sheaths and shells, and the death of one is for the perfecting of the twenty, the thirty, or the hundred fold in the fair springtime of God.

Seventy-eight years ago this morning a new-born man-child lay sleeping by his mother in a small cottage in the old mother land. He speaks to you this morning, full of

good cheer and thanksgiving,— glad to be here, and ready to go when the white angel shall whisper the holy word of release. And now he can do no better than take the psalm to his heart which was sung from the heart of his dear old friend who is now with God: —

"I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

"The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

"No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

"I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare:
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

"Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

"That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

"That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

"That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast
In purple distance fair;

"That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

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# MONEY.

I HAVE chosen out of a large number of possible texts three which I will read to you. The first is from the Gospel of Luke, the twelfth chapter and the fifteenth verse,— "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Then from Matthew the twentieth chapter and the fifteenth verse,—"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" Then from Proverbs, the eleventh chapter and twenty-fourth verse,—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Money is a human invention. It is a condition of civilization. Of course, I need not enlarge on the statement that all we mean by international relations, exchanges of every kind, not only of material products, but of acquaintance, of moral, intellectual, spiritual things, would be impossible without money.

There is another way of looking at the special relation which money bears to civilization. The enemies of money, those who talk about capital, or accumulated capital, as being an evil, overlook the fact that man would have remained an animal always, had it not been for money. And, if you should take money away from him,— that is, accumulated capital,— I use the terms as identical for the present, — you would send him back to barbarism.

If all the men and women of the world were obliged, as we say, to "work for a living," using that as a technical phrase in its popular sense,— if they were under the necessity of spending ten or twelve hours a day in labor for the mere attainment of something to eat, something to wear, and

a shelter from the weather,— the world would remain on the animal grade. It would be impossible for the higher, finer things to be done.

For example, suppose Shakspere had been obliged to work as a carpenter or a day laborer all his life, think what the world would have lost. If Michel Angelo had been a stone-mason, compelled to work ten or twelve hours a day to support himself and his family, think how poor the civilized world would have been. If Jesus of Nazareth had been compelled to work,— exhausting all his mental and physical energies — as a carpenter all his life, think what the world would have missed.

You see, if you think just a moment, even superficially, that if the higher, finer things are going to get themselves done, the men who are capable of doing something besides merely work for a living,— I am using the term in its popular meaning,— then civilization would be impossible. Men must be released from the grinding necessity of merely supplying their animal needs before they can become poets, painters, sculptors, singers, musicians, architects, teachers. It is these higher things, depending upon the existence of money, or accumulated capital, which constitute what we mean by the civilization of the world. Money, then, is the condition of our civilization.

Gold has come to be the standard by which we measure money. values. Why? It is one of the simplest and finest results I know of the Darwinian principle of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest. Gold is our measure of values, merely because it answers that purpose better than anything else which the ingenuity of man has been able to discover or devise.

And why is gold valuable? Why do we call it valuable? I had the curiosity to look up a definition the other day in the dictionary, and I found that they speak of the "intrinsic" value of gold. I believe that to be a misuse of language. There is nothing that I know of that has any in-

trinsic value. Things are valuable because people want them, that is all. They are valuable merely as related to human desire. If you analyse value in any direction, it comes back to human desire.

If, for example, the whole world should suddenly cease to want gold, gold would be worth no more than a pile of sand or pebble-stones. If there were enough gold in the world, so that everybody could have just as much as he pleased, it would be of no more value, perhaps not so much, as pig iron.

You see, then, that that thing has value which people want; and, if there is only a little of it and a great many people want it, then its value is very high. If a great many people want it and there is a good deal of it, its value is less: if there is plenty of it and nobody wants it, it has no value at all.

Take as an illustration: I was reading a little newspaper clipping within the last two or three days, and found out that some one had recently purchased a copy of the "Folio Shakspere," paying for it between seven and eight thousand dollars. This has no more intrinsic value than it had when it was published, shortly after the death of Shakspere: it means that there are only a few copies of the "Folio Shakspere," and that there are a great many people who would like to possess those copies. So there is competition, which runs up the price, or establishes a high value for it.

Edward Fitzgerald worked quietly and obscurely in England, with no sort of conception of what he was doing, amusing himself translating Omar Kháyám from the Persian. He carried a large number of copies to a publisher, and tried to sell them. He offered them for a shilling: nobody would buy them. At last he offered them for sixpence: they went begging for a penny apiece. The fortunate possessor of one of them to-day could sell it for hundreds of dollars. This means that there are only a few copies left; and people have waked up to the idea that they want them, and are willing to pay for them.

This is what value means; and gold is valuable because everybody wants gold; and it means the feeling, whether it is true or not, on the part of people, that gold can be changed into almost anything that they desire.

Let us note now for a few moments what the things are for which people desire money.

In the first place, men want money because with money they can supply their simplest natural wants,— clothing, food, shelter from the weather. They can have a home. These are the first things for which people desire money; and you will find men working their whole lives long with the thought that by some mischance of fortune they may be deprived of enough money to furnish these elementary needs of themselves and those dependent on them. People say, "We are trying to lay up money enough for a rainy day." They are trying to provide against any possible want on their part or the part of those dependent on them in their old age: and this is altogether a laudable thing.

Only, as I have said a great many times, people seem to lose their reason concerning these matters after a while. I see men, or I think I do, working till they are thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy,— working, working, working,— to lay aside, to accumulate money under this prime impulse to which I have referred. They are getting ready to live. The one criticism I have on so many of these men is that they never stop to begin to live. They spend their lives till they stumble over the edge of the grave getting ready to live.

There are men seeking for money for less laudable purposes than these. There are a great many young men who, if you should give them this minute money enough so that they were under no obligation to work for the next forty years, would begin to lead selfish, self-indulgent, perhaps vicious lives. They are hunting for money as the condition of self-gratification.

Then there are men who desire money for nobler pur-

poses. They want it that they may be released from drudgery, and read and study, or pursue some definite investigation in which they are interested. They want it in order that they may carry out some scheme for the enlightenment or the uplifting of men, that they may engage in work of reforming society in this direction or that, to try to bring it into shape in accordance with their own, as they think, nobler and finer ideas.

There are men who want money as a means of gratifying their ambition. They wish to shine socially. There are men to-day, having made money in some other part of the country, who are flocking to New York with the one definite purpose of getting into society, as they call it, forming for themselves a social career, gratifying the ambition either of themselves or their wives or their daughters.

There are men who want money for the sake of the political power it will bring them, that they may win their way into governmental or national positions of importance and power. There are men who love money and seek it because it is an engine in their hands of tremendous power for the accomplishment of things. They do not wish to rest, they do not wish self-indulgence, in the ordinary sense. They love to do things, to see great enterprises on a national, or even a world-wide, scale; and they seek for vast accumulations of capital in order that they may exercise the powers which they feel. These may be perfectly laudable ambitions.

There are men, I suppose, who seek for money merely because they have gotten a habit of seeking for it, and do not know what else to do. The whole momentum of their lives is in that direction, all their faculties and powers are trained in this way; and you take them out of these grooves, of this sort of routine, and they are lost.

I have known a few people in my life — very few — who seemed to accumulate money merely for the joy of looking at it, of seeing it, of thinking that they had it. These are

the kind of men that we call misers, I suppose. I am inclined to think that there are not a great many of this kind of people; but there are a few. I remember a peculiar instance in my boyhood, of a man who lived in a little, mean, filthy house on the outskirts of the town, and who denied himself everything not absolutely essential to physical existence merely that he might accumulate money for the sake of accumulating it, and looking at it, and thinking he had it. This, of course, becomes at last a disease, a sort of insanity; but there are cases of this kind.

Then there are men who accumulate money in order that it may enable them to live nobler, higher, finer, more serviceable human lives. You can think of dozens of other reasons why men are after money: these are merely hints of what I see as I look over society. Now let us pass to another matter, which is of prime importance.

Money, we say, is that which enables us to come into possession of almost anything we desire. There are certain things which money cannot buy; and perhaps it is worth while to remind you of those, although you know what they are. Money cannot buy human love; money cannot buy a clear conscience; money cannot buy a soul at peace with its neighbors, with its God, perhaps even more important yet, with itself.

Money can furnish you plenty of doctors; but money even cannot buy health always, as thousands know to their painful cost. Money cannot buy the life of some one you love more than you love your life, that you see slipping away from you. Money cannot postpone the inevitable day of your own going into the shadow. The best things in all the world,—and let us remember this always for the sake of our estimate of the justice of the government of God,—the best things in all this world are no monopoly of anybody; and money cannot buy them.

But the point I was coming to is this: Money itself, while it is convertible into so many things, is itself no more nor

less than a commodity which we have to buy. Money is just as much a commodity as a bushel of potatoes or a pound of butter or a suit of clothes; and you have to buy it, and sometimes pay pretty high prices for it. Let us note that fact for a little.

There are apparent exceptions to this sweeping statement. There are thousands of men who have inherited money; and we say they do not have to buy it. No; but somebody had to buy it in the first place. Something may be given you; but the person who originally obtained possession of it had either to steal it or to buy it, and, if he stole it, he paid a bigger price for it than he did if he bought it.

So that, if money is to come into our possession, we must pay for it; and we must consider whether the price is too extravagant, whether we really ought to pay for it, even if it can be bought by us. What do we have to pay? We have to pay time. We have to pay labor, thought, planning, and scheming, sometimes character, honesty; and I have known a great many people who, as the last resort, finding they could get it in no other way, have paid their souls for it. You must pay something for it, unless, as I have said, you have inherited it; and, in that case, somebody paid for it in the first instance.

Let me make myself clear by a few illustrations rather than by abstract statement. When I was young, I heard a man say, in the State of Maine, where the estimate of what constituted wealth at that time was somewhat lower than it is in New York to-day, that he would be willing to spend the next twenty-five years of his life in a little office, eight by ten, twelve hours a day, if at the end of that time he could have $30,000 clear money.

Think of what that man was willing to pay for $30,000. All the opportunities for study, for thinking, for the cultivation of beauty, of taste, friendships, travel, the chance to do good, the unselfishness of his soul, the cultivation of his spiritual nature,— willing to pay it all for $30,000!

I knew of a man once who became a millionaire. He was a wholesale dealer in groceries. He devoted himself to his business until he neither knew nor cared for anything else. He paid all there was of himself until he was an old man. A friend came into his store one day, and found him in an old jacket, and with an apron on, rolling a barrel of molasses across the floor. And he said to him, "Why, it seems to me that you have earned money enough by this time to retire, and not give yourself to this sort of work." The old man listened, straightened himself up, and then said: "You don't understand what you are saying to me. I don't enjoy anything else but this. I have just made three dollars and a half on that barrel of molasses. That is all I know, all I care about. If I leave this, what shall I do with myself? You are not very wise in advising me to do it."

But think of the pity of it! The stars overhead and the marvels of the earth beneath his feet, the clouds by day and the wonders of the night sky, history, poetry, romance, philosophy, science, art, the opportunity of loving and helping his fellow-men,— all these paid for the millions; and the only thing left of the man's capacity, to be happy over was making three dollars and a half on a barrel of molasses! That is what he paid for his millions.

Take noble and notable examples, on the other hand: You will remember the instance, I have no doubt. When the elder Agassiz was at the height of his fame, an enterprising manager came and offered him fifty thousand dollars if he would give a certain number of lectures, under his direction, in certain parts of the country. Agassiz listened, and then in a manly way replied: "I am too busy about these important things that I am interested in. I cannot stop to make money." He could not pay so large a price as that for fifty thousand dollars. The things he was doing, the problems he was studying, the scientific matters he was trying to settle for the sake of the truth and of

humanity, were worth more,—and this man asking him to pay these for fifty thousand dollars! Naturally, the man who estimated their value aright could not pay the price, could not stop to make money. He was doing something a good deal more important.

Agassiz did not underestimate the value of money. I am not speaking sneeringly or unappreciatively of the worth of money. I am simply asking you to recognize the fact that it is quite possible to pay too much for it.

I had a friend in Boston, a prominent lawyer, a noted lawyer, who became rich as the result of his skill and power. He told me with pathos in his voice, in his old age, that, when he was a young man, he was supposed to have had some literary ability. He loved literature; but he said, "I have had no time for it, and the taste has all gone." Do you not see the eternal principle,—a faculty unused atrophies and dies out; just as if you should bind your arm to your side for years it would become useless.

If you do not cultivate the higher and finer faculties of your mind and your heart and your soul, they die out after a while. And these things people pay for money. They find when they are old, and have the money with which to buy the things they thought they were so going to enjoy, that the taste for them is gone. This is humorously and pathetically illustrated by that famous saying of Thackeray's. It applies not only to the boy, but all the way up. He said: "When I was a boy, I wanted some taffy. It cost sixpence. I did not have the sixpence. Now I am a man, I have got the sixpence; but I do not want the taffy."

That applies in a thousand ways. Men think they want something. They have some healthy, high, fine taste as young men. They say, I will gratify that when I am grown and have money; but, when they have the money, the taste is gone.

I had a friend in Boston who told me one day, "I am going to give away all the money I make after I get a mill-

ion." I do not think he has got the million yet. At any rate, he has not begun to give away. He may have the million and have forgotten what he said, or lost the desire to do it.

These illustrations will indicate to you that it is possible for us to pay too much for money. You cannot afford to pay those higher, finer feelings, instincts, tendencies, loves, sympathies, which make you men and women ; and undoubtedly this is the tendency. It is very striking to note that the attitude of Jesus is never, apparently, sympathetic towards wealth. I am not quite sure as to whether it may not have been the result of the predominant character of the wealth-owners of his time, but he always criticises the rich. He says that they have very little chance of entering the kingdom of heaven, because the kingdom of heaven means the cultivation and possession of those qualities, tendencies, and that unselfish conduct which the possession of wealth is apt to stifle.

A man has to fight himself to keep from growing selfish if he is rich. He never gets quite enough, never feels sure that he is not going to lose it, that he is not going to want in his old age. So I see men who seem to lose their reason, having money enough over and over and over again to provide for all their wants, and yet grasping for more, wondering if they will not lose it, if something will not happen so that they will be poor when they get old.

Not infrequently it becomes an actual insanity. I have a friend, who is living still, who is haunted night and day by the idea that the banks which contain his deposits are going to fail, that the securities in which he has invested are going to lose their value ; he has no rest or peace ; and he lets neither his family nor his friends have any rest or peace through this haunting fear.

If I had to choose between expecting all my life to starve to death some time, and starving to death and done with it, I believe I would take the latter.

These as indications of the price that some men pay for money. You know men here in New York, you business men know them, who have paid down their last atom of self-respect, who have given their souls. They have old mediæval legends, you know, of bargains entered into with the devil: they are only figurative ways of setting forth those things which are actual facts in human experience. I know men who have sold all they are and all they have for their wealth.

I want to hint to you now two or three directions in which these dangers are most likely to be found. In old times in England, when a man was made a duke or an earl or a marquis, and was given extensive lands and holdings in some part of the kingdom, he assumed certain obligations and responsibilities corresponding to this greatness which he had attained. He must furnish a certain number of soldiers, armed and equipped, at the call of the king; he must guard the borders of the kingdom nearest to him; must assist in supporting the state. But matters have changed now. I suppose it is true in England that a great many nobles there have inherited this sort of *noblesse oblige:* they do give time and service freely to the state in response to the honors which they enjoy; but there is a danger here in this country that the young man who has inherited a large amount of money shall feel no sense, no sort of obligation to anybody. He will say, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

The worst thing that can happen to a young man is to have his father possess money enough so that he does not feel the need of doing anything or becoming anything. A man had better be cast out into the world with nothing but his hands and his brains and the clothes he has on than to inherit one or five or ten millions, if he is to take his money in that way. He feels released from the necessity of being a man or playing his part in the world as a man.

If a man can take it the other way, then it is something

fine. Let us illustrate by the case of Charles Darwin. Darwin inherited money. He was never obliged to work for his living; but, instead of making that an excuse for leading a selfish life, he made it the means and the opportunity for devoting himself with slavish and tireless persistence to the pursuit, the discovery, and the development of truth.

A similar thing is true in regard to Browning. He inherited money; but he never made it the means of selfish indulgence. Gladstone inherited money; but he gave his life to the service of his country. If a man can only use the power put into his hands in this way for unselfish ends, then it is fine to have inherited money. But there are dangers on every hand that people who come into possession of it shall use it for purely selfish ends.

I have time only to note one other important point. I want to ask you to face with me the question as to whether the man who happens to have the money in his possession is the owner of it. In what sense does a rich man own his money, or the poor man, either, for that matter?

I would not have you understand for a moment that I am talking against rich men. I know just as many poor men who are as anxious to have money, and who would sell their souls for it in five minutes, as I do rich men. The man who wants money and is hunting for it certainly is not any safer than the man who has already got it. I would like a lot of money: I never expect to have it; but I know what I would do with a good deal of it if I had it.

But now who owns it? Society owns it. You, the individual possessor, do not own it, in the last analysis; and that can be made perfectly clear. We are living in society: we are the result of all the past history of humanity, of life even, on this planet. When society chooses to do so, what does it do? It puts its hand into your pocket, and takes part of your money for taxes. In case of war, what does it do? It conscripts as many people as it pleases, and sends men into danger, takes their time, and, in the last resort, as-

sumes the right to their lives,— has a right to everything we have and everything we are; for all we are and all we have are gifts from society.

Think a moment. Where did you get your bodies, your muscular powers, your health, if you have it, clear brain, steady nerves? Where did you get them? Did you make them? They are the gift of the past, of humanity. Where did you get your intellectual power, if you have it, your financial ability, your keenness, your shrewdness? How does it happen that you can make money when the man across the street fails to do it in substantially the same conditions? Who made you do it? Did you do it? Is there any merit about it attaching to your personality?

The power to think, the structure of our brains, are the gifts of a tireless past, the result of the effort, struggle, of humanity. Where did you get your moral nature,— your love, your tenderness, your sympathy? These are gifts from the past. You have no right to pride yourselves on anything you have or are: you did not do it.

Who created this republic of ours, gave us liberty and order? All the efforts of all the men who have ever appreciated liberty and cared for it since the world began, the result blossoming here like a century plant, two thousand years after Christ.

Who gave you your commercial possibilities? The railways which cross the plains, the ships that plough the seas, the telegraphs that run under the sea, and the wireless telegraphy which, they tell us this morning, flies through the viewless air from continent to continent.

Who gave you the conditions in the midst of which you can make your money? The struggle, the fight, the effort, the labor of man.

You own a lot here in New York on some favored corner. What makes that valuable? If everybody should conclude to leave New York, and go somewhere else, it would not be worth building a shanty on. But, because they are here,

every man contributes to the value of your corner lot. You did not do it.

And so, in any direction you choose to look, all that you have has been given to you; and, if you think you have won it by your shrewdness and smartness, the very shrewdness and smartness have been given to you. In what sense, then, do you own it? You own it purely and simply as a trustee; and you have no business to do with it as you please, unless you please to do with it what you ought to do,— not one particle of business have you.

There are men now and then, like Mr. Carnegie, who have come to recognize this fact,— men who own large amounts of money. Mr. Carnegie startled the world a few years ago by saying that the man who died worth millions died disgraced. He recognized the fact that the millions were the contributions of society, of the world, put in some way into his hands, but that they belonged to him only to give back to the world in some form of high and noble service.

Now this is the simple fact. Nobody, I suppose, will envy Mr. Carnegie his magnificent home on Fifth Avenue. Nobody envies him his castle in Scotland. These are only little fractions he can spend on himself of his immense wealth; and, so long as he recognizes the principle, and is giving in the most princely fashion in every direction, we thank him, and say, Well done. But, according to his own confession, it is only what he ought to do; and he is giving back to the world a part of what the world has given him.

This is the principle, then, that ought to control us in this matter of money. If you have money, if I have money, let us take a reasonable amount of it for our own use, to keep us in health, to supply our needs, to look after the welfare of those dependent on us. You must arrange with your own conscience as to how simply or how extravagantly you will do this; but remember that for every penny of it you are simply a trustee in the sight of God and of humanity, and it is your business to use this money to help lead on and lift up the world.

Will you do it as Mr. Carnegie is doing it? That is for you to settle. I said society in the ultimate analysis owns this money; but at the present time we defend personal proprietorship of that which in any lawful or legitimate way comes into a man's hand, because we believe that society is best served in this way. If the time ever comes when society decides by a large majority that it can be better served in some other way, that way is going to be tried. At the present individual ownership is recognized.

But, if the men of wealth wish to postpone the resumption on the part of society of this wealth which is in their hands, then they must use it wisely, they must recognize this principle with which I am dealing. It may be that public libraries, education of this sort, is the best thing you can do with your money. Let me hint — for I have only time to do that — one or two thoughts in this direction. Help relieve human pain; help attain conditions that tend to human health; help the conditions of living, so that there may be fewer poor, so that there may be less disease, less squalor, less cold, less nakedness, less hunger.

But all you can do to prevent these conditions is unspeakably better than what you are ready to do to heal them; and yet it requires some imagination for people to do this preventive work. They can see and feel a case of actual suffering; but only a few people study conditions so as to work to prevent this suffering.

You can help on the moral elevation of the city. Here, again, it is the preventive work which should be done. People who have tried to deliver the perishing classes find it such discouraging work. Prevent in the case of little boys and little girls; prevent crime, create healthful, sanitary conditions. Do what you can to heal, but prevent, prevent. This is the noblest use of wealth. They who can help men morally and spiritually help them most of all: help people to stand on their own feet, and lead healthful, cleanly, successful, manly, womanly lives. This is the thing in which you can most nobly serve your time.

Remember, then, that money, if it is yours, is yours to use, yours to use for humanity, yours to use for God.

Father, if we have received gifts from Thy hand, if the past struggle of the race has poured its treasures into our lap, let us remember that they come from Thee and from our fellows; and freely as we have received, let us freely give. Amen.

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# THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENT OF JESUS.

## A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

I HAVE chosen as a text from the second chapter of the Gospel according to Luke the seventh verse, "And she brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling-clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

The real advent of Jesus is his coming into the heart, the thought, and the life of men. The mere matter of his being born nineteen hundred years ago, or one year ago, is of little moment, if that be all. Born, growing up as a child, becoming a man, teaching,—what matters it if he be not received, if he be not comprehended, if he be not loved, if he be not imitated?

Jesus has been trying to come for nineteen hundred years; but as you read history, as you look over the world, as you examine your own hearts and lives, you can answer perhaps as well as I the question as to what extent he has really succeeded in coming.

We say that the sun tries to shine on a stormy or cloudy day. He does shine: nothing can touch or diminish his power; but the clouds may stand between him and the earth, so that men shall live in shadow. Here and there a ray breaks through, there is an illuminated spot, there is a touch of warmth, there is the inspiration of life; but the sun must not only break through here and there, he must scatter and drive away the clouds before he is really master of the world.

Jesus, I say, has been trying to come for nineteen hundred years. Let us note some of the difficulties that stand in his way. If a child of five climbs upon your lap and you try to make him comprehend something that only a grown person can really understand, you come face to face with the difficulty that has always fronted the world. Truth can find no lodgment until there is mental development capable of comprehending it. Love can find no lodgment until the affectional nature is so developed that it will respond. Righteousness can find no lodgment until people understand that the supreme thing is the cultivation of character, the development of goodness. So Jesus has been trying to come.

If you sit down beside a Digger Indian, such as I have seen in California, and try to talk to him about the great truths, the beautiful ideals of civilization, how much progress can you make? You can only go so far as the civilization of the Digger Indian has proceeded. You must cultivate, develop him first before these high and fine things can find lodgment in brain or heart or life. And what is true in these cases is true of the different grades of the world's civilization. The child-world can find no place for the truths, the loves, the ideals, the conduct of civilization.

There is another point that we must notice also. There are men who consider themselves educated, men belonging to this last and highest stage of the world's advance, who are not open to the advent of any truth, any idea with which they are unfamiliar. I have known of eminent scientific men who were as bigoted as any narrow religionist on whom they would look down with contempt,— men who have a preconceived idea, theory of things, of the universe, of God, of man; and you come to them with a truth that does not belong to this hard-and-fast theory which they have adopted, and which they look upon as their own, and there is no entrance for it, they have no place to put it, they reject it and cast it away.

You remember illustrations of this sort from the past, and they are particularly emphatic illustrations, if they are not simply intellectual ideas which are trying to find entrance, but if these intellectual theories are linked in with religious feelings and prejudices. When Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter, there was no question as to the existence of those moons on the part of any one who was competent to form an intelligent opinion; and the philosopher and scientist was ready to offer to any honest questioner indubitable proof of their existence. But to admit that there were moons connected with the planet Jupiter meant an entire revolution in world theories which had been held for hundreds of years. It meant a change in the opinions of every professor in every institution of learning throughout Christendom. It meant not only that: it meant a reconstruction of religious theories; for religion has always been in the minds of people bound up with theories of the universe to such an extent that, when you ask them to change their thought about the world, you must ask them also to change their thought about God, about man, about destiny, about revelation, about all the great problems that make up the religious life of the world.

And by as much as men love their religion, by as much as they reverence its traditions, by as much as it is bound up in the respect they entertain for father and mother, from whose lips and at whose knees they have learned their religious ideas, by as much as they have been persuaded that these are based on direct revelation from God, by so much, as you will see, it is exceedingly difficult for them to change them. It seems as though they are paying despite to the spirit of truth; it seems to them as though they are disregarding the reverence they ought to hold toward father and mother; it seems to them that they are almost insulting God by questioning as to whether these truths are really from him; and so the very strength of their religious nature and life makes it difficult for a new truth to come into the

world, to find lodgment in the thought, the heart, the life of men.

Now let us note, by way of illustration, how Jesus has tried to come at several epochs in the past, and what the obstacles have been that stood in the way.

Jesus came nineteen hundred years ago. He was born, as I think, in the little hill town of Nazareth, like any other child, the son of Joseph and Mary. Cradled in their love he grew up a tender, beautiful boy, obedient, loving. He learned the traditions and history of his people. When he was partly grown, by the lake shore, along the borders of which ran the great roads traversed by the caravans from the Orient to the West, he saw representatives of other peoples besides those to which he himself belonged; and there came into his heart the persuasion that these people,— Parthian, Median, Babylonian, Greek, no matter what they might be — were also the children of one Father. He grew up with that great hope of the coming kingdom of God which was in the minds and hearts of the people, in his mind and heart; and the song of promise echoed in his soul.

And, when the Baptist was put out of the way, Jesus picked up the message, and started to proclaim to his people the coming of the kingdom of God. And what did this coming mean to him? It means the universal, tender, loving fatherhood of God. It means the universal brotherhood of man. It means that God cared to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and that anybody anywhere in the world, with a mediator or without, with a sacrifice or without, with a priest or without, with a temple or without,— any man anywhere could offer freely acceptable worship to the Father. He believed, and he taught it as the condition of this kingdom, that the great, the central thing, everything was love; that, if men loved, then all evils would be burned up by that love, all evils would be wiped out of existence, they would cease to be. These were the central ideas of the kingdom of God that Jesus expected, these were the central points in his preaching.

Do you wonder, then, that the Hebrews of his day could not receive him, that there was no room for him in their ecclesiastical inn? Why, if his ideas were true — what? They would say to him, If your ideas are true, then there is no need of the temple? And he would answer: No. The time is coming, and now is, when neither on Mount Gerizim, nor on Mount Moriah, nor in the temple, will men worship God. God is spirit; and he seeks those who will worship him in spirit and in truth.

Then they would say: There is no need of the priesthood? No. There is no need of the sacrifices? No. There is no need of the Mosaic traditions? No. Then we are not the chosen people of God, as we had supposed? No. Then all people anywhere are just as good as the Jews? Yes. Every one of their prejudices, do you not see, their religious traditions, the things they cared most for, blown to the winds by a breath,— their national traditions, their patriotic pride, everything. Everything gone — except God and love and human brotherhood and an eternal hope! But it would take ages for them to understand sufficiently to make room for this Jesus of Nazareth, with his strange, new, revolutionary ideas; and so they cast him out, and, though he tried to come, he could not. His advent was postponed. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

How did Jesus fare among the early Christians? There were those, many, who had learned to love him, many who listened with delight to his beautiful words, felt drawn to him by the touch of sympathy. And, after he passed out of their sight, many others, on the representation of those who had seen him, came to believe on him. But what did believing on him mean just then? They believed that he was the Messiah. They believed that he had wrought miracles. Then by and by those who took the teaching of Paul believed that he had been a pre-existent being, that he was the first-born of every creature, that he was the leader of the angels before he came into this world.

Do you not see, step by step, as the development of thought went on, it went away from Jesus? Believing in him really and truly, so that his advent can be a reality and he can come to men, means believing in the things he taught,— the loving Father, the universal brotherhood, salvation by character, the kingdom of God established in gentle and loving lives. Believing in him means that. But instead of believing *in* him, the early church, for the first two or three hundred years, began more and more to believe *about* him, to believe certain things about him. And, as these things grew, he was removed farther and farther away from the things which he had really taught, from the sympathy and love and tenderness of men.

God, to the thought of that age, was a being away off somewhere in the heavens; and Greek speculation and the thought of Greece had more to do with the creed of early Christianity than anything else. Greek speculation felt that there must be some bridge built by which the far-away God could be joined to his children; and so the idea of a mediator, of a logos, of emanations, grew up in the speculative philosophy of Philo of Alexandria, and of Plato. As an illustration of the effect of this thought, Augustine — who was the first definite, clear-cut teacher of the doctrine of the Trinity — said that the doctrine was never clear to him until he became familiar with the philosophy of Plato.

It took three hundred and twenty-five years of speculation to get Jesus away from the world that he had come to lift up, as a member of an incomprehensible Trinity that he never had heard of, that the Jews never had heard of, that the Bible nowhere teaches, that is pagan and philosophic in its origin.

Jesus then, though he tried to come into the church of the first three hundred years, found there was no room for him there. I do not mean, of course, that there were not hundreds, thousands of people, during those first three hundred years who loved the real Jesus, who cultivated the spirit of

the real Jesus, who lived the life of real, true-hearted, tender Christians. I am speaking, rather, of the great systems of thought and the great moving life of the world.

For about fifteen hundred years, beginning perhaps with the fourth or fifth century, the papacy dominated the civilized world. It represented Christendom. It, so far as its power went, crushed out everything that was not servilely obedient to itself. Jesus, the gentle, sweet Nazarene, the son of God, the brother of man, tried to come during these fifteen hundred years. Let us note for a moment a few of the obstacles that stood in his way: —

Jesus had not where to lay his head. Jesus said, "Call no man father: one is your Father in heaven, and all ye are brethren." He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." He said, "The princes of the Gentiles exercise lordship, and their great ones have dominion; but it shall not be so among you." He was poor, and lived from hand to mouth, on the courtesy and kindness of his friends. He could not stop to make money. Jesus taught, as I have already said, the infinite, tender, loving Father. Jesus taught that he who gave a cup of cold water was more than all keepers of rite and ceremony. He taught that they who were at the right hand of the Father were those who had visited the poor, had taken care of the sick, who had lived tenderly and faithfully with their fellows. He taught that the one method of access to God was through right relation to our fellow-men.

Do you not remember how he said, "When you bring your gift to the altar, and there remember that your brother have aught against thee, go your way, first be reconciled to your brother, then come and offer your gift"?

What do we find under the papacy? Men claiming to stand for God grasping an earthly dominion, forging documents and decrees of gift as the basis of their claims for temporal power; men greedy of gold, men living in luxury, men unspeakably vicious and corrupt of life; men arrogating to themselves titles which Jesus had expressly, by name and

in terms, forbidden; men claiming to arrogate all power where Jesus had forbidden them to arrogate any, claiming to dictate to kings, to philosophers, to scientists, to dominate the heart, the thought, the life of the world; men claiming to hold the keys to the kingdom of heaven; men claiming ability to control the welfare and prosperity of this world; men claiming that there was no possibility of entering heaven unless everybody was obedient to them, unless they paid tribute to them, unless they gave up their brains to them, unless they gave up their lives to them, unless they gave up their affections to them; men claiming that there was no possibility of escape from hell except by partaking of sacraments administered by them; men claiming that you could have no share in the divine life unless you became a member of an organization absolutely dominated and ruled by them; men who, in the name of him who was the Prince of Peace, have blessed a thousand bloody, horrible, unjust wars; men who have denied explicitly almost everything that Jesus ever taught.

When one of his disciples came to Jesus, and said: Here are some people claiming to follow us, but who do not do as you have told them to, and asked whether they should call down fire from heaven on them, Jesus said: Ye do not know what manner of spirit ye are of: let them alone. He that is not against us is for us. He had pity and tenderness and patience with those who did not accept his ideas.

These men ruling the kingdom of God, as they have claimed, have persecuted, have tortured, have exiled, have tormented, have burned at the stake, have put to death in every conceivable way of horror, millions of human beings in fifteen hundred years.

How could the Nazarene come into a system like that? Is it any wonder that he has tried to make his advent real, and that the dark ages, one after another, have succeeded each other, and the world has wondered as to whether the gospel of God's fatherhood and human brotherhood were anything but a name?

One more point I must make, as briefly as possible. There came — and God be thanked for it — the great Protestant revolution, based expressly on the idea of liberty to think, and seek for truth,— a revolution which was stopped midway, a revolution which put a book in the place of a pope, a revolution that has never been completed, a revolution, however, that is still in process, and is hastening on the day when the logic of its liberty shall be felt in the blessing of all mankind.

But think for a moment. Can the real Jesus find room in a creed that teaches a God who is angry with the children that he has made, that teaches a God who selects a few people to be saved, and expressly, from all eternity, writes the doom of the great majority of all mankind? Can he who took the little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "You cannot enter into the kingdom of God unless you receive it as a little child,"— can he find room in creeds that hopelessly damn all the infants that are not elected to be saved or that hopelessly damn all the children who die without having been baptized?

Jesus did not say, Suffer the little elect children, or the little baptized children, to come unto me. He did not say, The kingdom of heaven is of such as have been elected or baptized. He said, "Suffer *the little children* to come unto me, *of such* is the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus tries to come into the world; but he cannot come except we make way for him. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man will rise up and open the door, I will come in and abide with him." The world, then, must make way for Jesus before he can come in. He has been coming, here and there. Do not misunderstand my point to the extent of supposing that I deny there have been hundreds of thousands of men from the beginning who have, if not through their brains, at least through their hearts and their sensibilities, made way for the real Jesus, so that

he has come with his blessed doctrine of the divine fatherhood, has come with his tender, sympathetic, all-inclusive brotherhood of man, has come in the life of simple service to our fellows, in all ages, even before Jesus was born. In every religion, under every sky, there have been men into whose hearts and thoughts and lives the Divine has come; and it has been coming more and more as the ages have gone on, in spite of all these obstacles to which I have referred.

But now at the end I wish to point out to you a few ways in which Jesus is coming, now, in this twentieth century, as he has never come before. And, in the first place, one of the marked characteristics of the present epoch is that which has caused fear and questioning in many directions, the rise of the critical spirit.

What does criticism mean? It seems to be supposed on the part of many to mean an opposition to the truth, a desire to find that there is nothing true except unpleasant things, disheartening things. But the man who criticises, the man who is a sceptic, is merely, if he is honest and true, the man who searches, the man who sifts, the man who tests, the man who separates the reality from the unreal, the man whose one great dominant passion is for the truth. And remember that the truth, and the truth only, is divine.

A mistake, a misapprehension, a misconception, no matter how old it is, no matter how sacred it has become, no matter how wrought in with our traditions, no matter how many churches are built in its honor,— that which is not true is not divine, and has no claim upon our respect or regard.

The one great characteristic of this age, more than that of any other that the world has ever known, is its insistence upon the truth, the truth, the truth: this only is sacred. And so this spirit has studied church history, it has ransacked the world for the original manuscripts of our Bible, it has studied tradition, it has explored all other lands, has traced the origin and growth of all other religions, has com-

pared them with our own, has tried to find that which is God's truth. And the result of it is, as bearing on the point I have in mind just now, what?

It is this: That for the first time for fifteen hundred years this generation is rediscovering Jesus. We know him as he has not been known for a millennium and a half; we have scattered the clouds that have hidden him; we have taken his portrait that has been covered with smoke and grime and whitewash, like many another portrait that has been discovered on some convent wall, and we have lovingly removed these accretions until we got back to the real man, and saw the tender eyes and gentle face look out on us as our reward. The real Jesus is coming to the thought of man as he has never come before.

Another point: One great characteristic of this age is that brotherhood is coming to be a reality. Until within a hundred years men have had no way of travelling from one part of the earth to another much faster than Abraham had. Do you ever stop to think of that? I can remember when a boy the exp'oits of the Pony Express, the most rapid way by which we could communicate with the Pacific Coast. A horse on land has been the most rapid means of communication from one point to another, and a sail-boat on the sea. This until within a hundred years.

What does that mean? It means that the peoples of the earth have been separated; that they have been far off from each other; that there has been very little mutual understanding, almost no mutual comprehension, very little sympathy; that there has been suspicion, envy, jealousy, hatred, war, chronic, by the year, and sometimes by the century.

What is the great characteristic in this regard of this present time? Discovery and invention, until the widest and stormiest oceans are common ferry-ways; until the valleys have been bridged and the mountains tunnelled, and the steam trains hurry from one point to another, making all lands common. A time when electricity has become a

common carrier of news, and flashes under the sea, over the plain, or through the viewless air from continent to continent. The whole earth is flowing together; and as the result of commerce, of invention, of discovery, or exploration, we are coming to a time when human brotherhood has real meaning. And these discoveries, these explorations, have done more than all the religions that have existed from the foundation of the world, to help us say "Our Father in heaven," because they make this word "our," the sense of brotherhood, mean something. We have found that other peoples are only other selves; that they have the same brains, the same blood, the same hearts, the same loves, hatreds, possibilities, as ours,— only that they have been diversely trained, isolated, and have learned to have other points of view than ours.

So by the telegraph message, steam, by all these ways through which men have intercommunication, inter-beliefs, Jesus has been coming, he is coming, in the sense of human brotherhood and the common fatherhood above.

Another way he is coming as the result of all these of which I have spoken. There has been developed in this modern world as never before a sense that the great thing for us to do, the great thing for the moralist, the great thing for the religionist, is to serve and help mankind; and there is not a church to-day whose adherents will not confess to you, whatever the creed may say, that creed, church worship, all these things, exist only for the help and the service of men. So that the teaching of Jesus about the giving of a cup of cold water being more than anything else we can do, about those who sit on the right hand of the Father as being the ones who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited and ministered to those sick and in prison,— these things have come at last to be the central teachings of all religions.

So Jesus is coming here as never before in the history of the world; and he is coming in all the churches. The

creeds, though they stand on the books, do not stand in the hearts of the people, and do not stand in the brains of the great majority. The things they care for are human love, human sympathy, human help; and these are more than all temples, more than all creeds, all ritual, sacrifices, sacraments, all Sabbaths,— these are more than all the outward manifestations of the religious life,— the help and service of man.

And one thing more, only as a hint, at the end: Jesus is coming in that universal belief in the eternal hope. The human heart refuses any longer to believe that the infinite, loving, tender Father in heaven, who made us without asking us whether we wished to be made or not, who put us here, endowed, limited, hindered in every direction beyond our power to change the fact, who in any analysis is ultimately responsible for us,— the human heart, I say, refuses any longer to believe that he, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is going to put any soul, Pagan or Christian, elect or non-elect, baptized or unbaptized, out into an eternal darkness beyond the reach or the limit of hope or help.

The spirit, the temper, the love, the tenderness, the faith of Jesus, at last has driven into the outer darkness itself this horrible, this infernal creed; and the eternal hope, and the eternal love of the Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth, our brother, has taken its place, and light is gleaming through the darkness, and the tears are being wiped away, and hearts are ceasing to ache, and people who were afraid are walking to the edge of the shadow and out into it trustingly, and reaching out and up their hands to feel after the hand of him who tenderly lifts any humble, trusting soul, and will lead it by and by unto himself.

Father, we thank Thee that the real advent of Jesus is here, that he has come, that he is coming more and more, that he is bringing trust in Thee and love for our fellows and service for all who need, and eternal hope for every troubled heart. Amen.

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# LOOKING BACKWARD

## A Sermon for the Old Year

GEORGE H. ELLIS
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# LOOKING BACKWARD.

## A SERMON FOR THE OLD YEAR.

I SHALL take two passages of Scripture for my text,— first from the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, the twenty-sixth verse,— "But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt"; and the other from the Epistle to the Philippians, the third chapter and thirteenth verse,— "Behold, I count not myself yet to have apprehended: but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on towards the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

That we can look backward is one of the most wonderful things, one of the most incomprehensible things in all the world. Ten years ago last summer I stood upon the deck of a little steamer on Puget Sound; and I saw what I have always thought since to be the fairest mountain in all the world, Mount Tacoma. I looked upon him, glistening, ice-capped, against the blue, and that eternally green mantle which he folds forever round his magnificent shoulders. That was ten years ago; but I see it now as clearly, as distinctly, as I see the window through which the light is shining.

How do I see it? I do not know. Why can I see it? I do not know. Where is it? I do not know. Is it photographed upon the surfaces hidden somewhere in the convolutions of my brain? I do not know. Is it in this intangible something I speak of as consciousness, mind, soul? I do not know.

If the brain is a photographic plate that can receive and hold the pictures of all that we have ever looked upon in the whole course of our lives, even that does not quite explain it. I not only saw Tacoma that day glistening in the sunlight, I heard a bird-song, I heard the swish of the water against the sides of the boat as it ploughed through the Sound, I heard the kindly voices of friends speaking to me, I heard happy laughter. And these, as well as the magnificent picture of the mountain, are all here, too.

Is the brain, then, or is the mind, not only a photographic plate, but a phonograph, to retain all the sounds that it has ever heard and give them back again? But even this does not exhaust the mystery.

I felt that day: I rejoiced, I hoped. I had mental experiences, and these were neither visible nor audible; and yet I have kept them, too. Where are they? I do not know.

This looking backward, then, I say, is one of the most wonderful, most incomprehensible things in all the world. It is by this looking backward, however, that I am able to say "I,"—to keep the continuity of my life. I look back and away down the years. I see a little barefoot boy, in summer time, playing by the roadside, in the brook, on the hills looking off, awed, half-afraid, half-delighted, into the mystery of the woods, and I know that I was there; and I can trace that boy all the way up the years, at school, with his friends, fighting and overcoming difficulties, being overcome by them, passing through all sorts of trials, buoyed up by every kind of hope. I can trace him step by step until he is here, because I can look backward and keep the continuity of memory.

And in equally as wonderful a way does the race look backward. If I could not look backward, I should have no light to guide me, I should have no hope for improvement. Even though I did make advance, I should never know it. I should have no past experiences in the light of which to

take either courage or warning. And so this race of ours, if it did not have that memory which we call history, if it could not look back, down and through the years, and see its successes, its failures, its experiments in government, in religion, in morality, in literature, in art, it would not be able, in the light of all these, to take the next sure step ahead that means human progress.

But here we have, by one of the most marvellous devices of the world, learned how to set down upon white paper certain arbitrary marks; and, as we look at them, the past for thousands of years springs into view in these marvellous consciousnesses of ours, and we read history. All that the world has achieved lives over again for our encouragement, our warning, our guide. Do I not well, then, when I say that the mere fact that we can look back is one of the most wonderful things in all the world?

Passing the wonder of it, I wish now to suggest to you for a moment some of the joys, the satisfactions, the delights of it. I do not disregard the fact that a famous man once gave utterance to the strange remark that he would like to learn how to forget. I would not. There is nothing I ever did that I would like to forget. There is nothing I ever said that I would like to forget. There is nothing I ever thought which I would like to forget.

I do not mean by this that there are no things of which I am ashamed. I do not mean by this that I would like to throw open the avenues of my memory, and let you with indiscriminate feet tramp through the halls of my past. There is only one who I would like to have know it all; and He does know it all, and I am not afraid in his presence; for he is Infinite Justice, and he is Infinite Tenderness as well, and he is my Father in heaven, and I wish to keep in his presence all I have ever been, and in the light of it go on and climb and attain. So I do not wish to forget.

And, as I look back, what delights, what joys there are! I referred a moment ago to the barefoot boy of many years

ago. I love to go back and be with him for a while, to run over the hillsides, to play by the streams, to hear again with wonder the wind in the trees, to look upon the river until it loses itself among the hills and wonder what lies beyond over their summits, to associate again with the playmates that I have not seen this many a year, and never expect to see again in this life.

I love to live it all over again, and its rest and its peace; and I do not come back from those excursions discontented, and wishing that I were a boy again. I do not wish that I were a boy again. I am growing — what I should have supposed when I was that little boy — old. I know he thought men younger than I to be very old; but I do not fear the years, nor what they have brought nor what they will bring. I do not wish to be a boy again, however much of delight I may get from the memory of those boyhood times.

And I love to remember journeys I have made. When I am tired, I sit and close my eyes. I push my chair back from my desk, and let the book lie unnoticed or the pen unused; and I am leaning over the rail of a ship at sea. It is early morning; and I am seeing the sun come up over the clear-cut edge where the water and the sky meet, and I see a ship, with every spar and mast, every rope, clear-cut, sail across the face of the sun, and it is a pleasant memory. I see glorious sunsets. I see the dolphins at play. I hear the waves, and I watch the million-rippled laughter of the sea.

Then I am in foreign cities and towns. I love to walk through the Strand and Fleet Street, the avenues of Paris, the ruins of Rome, see the people, the faces, the houses; to live it all over again, and see it just as vividly as when my wondering eyes first looked upon these things. I am in Dresden, standing awe-struck before the Sistine Madonna. All the mighty masterpieces of the world I can see again at will. And what a delight it all is!

And what a joy to live over again the books one has read! They are not finished. I go through again the stories of Walter Scott. I live amid the scenes that Shakspere has created. I listen to the songs of the master singers. It is all mine still,— a joy, a delight beyond any expression.

There are hours in the night when sleep is somewhere else; and the wise masters talk to me, and the poets repeat me their musical lines, and I go on excursions all over the wide earth. These just as hints of the delights, the joys, of memory.

Father comes back to me, and mother, with her sweet and sunny ways, and the brothers that have passed into the unseen; and I am with them again. Oh, what a wonderful world it all is!

But now, having touched in this desultory way on the marvel of the fact that we can look back, and started you remembering on your own account what joys, what delights you traverse again in looking backward, there are two other aspects of the theme to which I wish to call your attention. There are some bad ways of looking back, and some good ways; and these let us now for a little somewhat seriously consider.

In the first place the bad ways of looking back. There are people — I meet them now and then — who look back with such a sense of complete satisfaction upon their own past that they call up in me a sense of commiseration and pity,— men who have met with a success in some sort of direction, and have straightway grown over-complaisant. They feel as though the world was at their feet. They are conceited. They can do anything. They are self-confident. They shall never fail again.

I have seen a great many young men whose lives have been practically blighted by a too early success in this direction or that. I know one young man who by a lucky stroke made a large amount of money when he was very young; and he said, in his airy way, it was easy enough to make

money. Anybody who was smart could make money; and he looked around over the world as though it all belonged to him. I have never heard of his making any since. The over-confidence stood in the way of that patient, earnest training of himself in all his faculties and powers which was necessary to a real success.

I have seen young men entering the ministry, who have a fatal facility for speech. They can talk easily, they can talk glibly; and, when I was a young man just beginning, I looked upon them with envy. They have been talking easily and glibly ever since; but I have never heard of their having said anything. They trusted to the fact that they could talk easily, and did not feel the necessity of study, of drill, of training, until they had something worthy of being said.

So, if one looks back with too much self-satisfaction, too complaisant an air upon the past, it may seriously hamper his doing the best possible work in life. This only as a touch, a suggestion.

There is another, the opposite, way of looking back, which is perhaps more disastrous still. There are persons who meet in their early life, or perhaps in mid life for that matter, with failure. They have tried to do something; and, whatever their friends may think about it, to them it seems that they have accomplished nothing worth while, and the heart is taken out of them; they lose courage. Perhaps the failure has been an intellectual one, perhaps it has been a financial one, perhaps it has been a moral one. No matter what the nature of the failure may have been, it has taken away their courage, they have lost their "grip," as we say, using the vernacular. They have lost their grasp, their hold on life, and feel everything that is worth while slipping through their fingers and away from them.

I believe there is nothing in all the world quite so fatal to the best and highest things in a man as despair. I have never forgotten it, though I read it only when I was a boy,—Bunyan's story of how Christian, on his way to the Celestial

City, fell into the hands of Giant Despair, and was shut up in Doubting Castle. Bunyan makes us feel that there is absolutely no hope for Christian unless he can get out of this paralyzing doubt, unless he can escape the clutches of this Giant Despair, and feel the thrill, the lift, the impulse of hope once more.

No man ever does anything if he has lost his hope. So the people that look back on the past disheartenингly, and thinking their lives have been a failure, are in a precarious condition.

I sometimes look upon young men, middle-aged men, who have taken to drink, who are taking chloral or opium in some of its forms, who are doing something to drown the sense of failure, something to give them the temporary lift of courage. I look upon these men with pity, and feel that this loss of hold on things is perhaps the chief reason for their resorting to those artificial sources of hope and courage. Let us learn not to be overwhelmed by our distresses and failures. Remember that encouraging word of Tennyson's: —

> "I hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

To widen this idea just a little, there is a class of thinkers who are accustomed to look back, not only over their own lives, but over the lives of the whole world, with the feeling that all the best things are in the past. You remember those pessimistic lines of Hood: —

> "I remember, I remember
> The house where I was born:
> The little window where the sun
> Came peeping in at morn;
> He never came a wink too soon,
> Nor brought too long a day,
> But now I often wish the night
> Had borne my breath away.

"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

This indicates the tone of these men when they come to look upon the past of their own lives and the past of the world; and I believe that it is all wrong. Dear old Hood was not farther off from heaven when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt"; when he wrote "Take her up tenderly, lift her with care"; when he was the friend of all the oppressed and the troubled and discouraged; when he bore the sorrows of the great weeping, toiling world on his heart,—he was not farther off from heaven than when he was a boy, no matter how he felt or thought about it. The idea was a part of the astronomical ignorance with which he used to think the tops of his fir-trees were close against the sky. They are now not close against, they are *in* the sky; for this old earth of ours is in heaven as much as Jupiter or Venus or the sun, or the most magnificent orb that sings and shines; and God is here, holding the world in his arms, and folding to his bosom every human sorrow and care. This way of looking back that discourages and takes the heart out of people is an evil; and it is an intellectual as well as a moral mistake.

There is another way of looking backward. There are men who have been unjustly treated by somebody, perhaps by more than one person; and they remember these things and grow bitter over them, and they lose respect for human nature. They lose their trust and confidence in the average man. They cherish these feelings, and let them gnaw at their hearts and imbitter their lives.

Is this the way to look back upon experiences of this sort? They have met with financial losses; and they grow

sore over that. I had a young man say to me once: "I never got a dishonest dollar in my life: I have tried to be faithful and true in every relation of life; and yet I have never got on in the world. Other people who have been dishonest have succeeded in making money." And he comes to feel that the order of the world somehow is out of joint. He forgets that there are other things to obtain besides money, and that perhaps it is something worthy of remembrance that he never did get a dishonest dollar and that he had been faithful and true. He underestimates the worth of manhood when he institutes a comparison like that.

And is it quite sure that, when God gives a man character and love and tenderness and faithfulness and all that makes him divine, he is treating him shabbily because he does not give him a lot of money, too? Is it quite sure that the man who has gotten the money has gotten the best of it, always? Have we a right to find fault with the order of the universe because God gives us only love and hope and goodness, and does not make us rich? This is a bad way of looking back, a bad way of estimating the realities of life.

There is one other. All of us look back — at any rate it is true of those who have gotten a little way on in life — and see in memory faces that we in all the world shall never see in any other way but in memory again. In other words, we all of us lose friends, those that are dearer to us than life,— father perhaps, mother, wife, husband, son, daughter, close heart friends. Somebody has died, and we look back and remember them; and how shall we do it?

I know people who look back, and allow this sort of experience to make them hard. I have in memory now a lady. I know she was naturally tender and lovable. I believe that she is more tender and lovable now than her words would seem to indicate; but she talks as though she had lost all faith in God, all faith in goodness, all faith in a future life, all faith in the meaning and purpose and hope-

fulness of existence. Why? Her only boy has died. But she lived a happy, sunny, cheery, hopeful life, when a thousand, ten thousand other mothers had lost their boys, and thought little of it. It was only when her selfish heart was touched that she rebelled, and allowed herself to grow bitter. Has she thought all these years that no other mother cared, that she was the only one who really loved?

Sometimes people who have lost friends seem to make it a virtue to say that their life ends now with the grave of this friend. They dedicate themselves to mourning, wrap themselves in weeds, spend their lives in looking backward, stop their ears from hearing anything but the memory of the words of the loved ones. At their doors all the world, people with broken hearts that might be healed, bodies naked that might be covered, stomachs hungry that might be filled, boys and girls growing up untaught, vicious, who might be guided and helped and saved; and these people selfishly consecrate themselves to the memory, as they say, of the years that they have lived and lost. Do you think that is a good way of looking back?

Let us turn now for a few minutes to the other side, and look at some of the good ways of remembering. You have succeeded in the past. Do not be over-complaisant over it. Perhaps it is no special merit of yours. Be grateful for that success, take courage from it, and, after all, remember that the fact that you have proved yourself able to do something constitutes an obligation for you to do it. And, if you have done something worth while in the past, go on and do something better in the days to come. That is the good way of looking back upon past success.

You have failed in the past, intellectually, financially, morally. Remember these failures,— not to become disheartened and discouraged over them, but merely to learn their lesson and make them means of doing better in the days to come.

One of our most popular humorists of a few years ago —

I think it was Josh Billings — said, " Everybody makes mistakes, but nobody but a fool makes the same mistake the second time." There is profound wisdom in that saying. If we have made mistakes, that only shows that we are like other people; but let us learn a lesson of them, and not repeat them.

Take the reverse of another point I spoke of a moment ago. You have found out you have had enemies in the past; some one has mistreated you. Is it worth while to get bitter over it? The man who allows himself to get bitter makes himself so much the poorer, and loses just so much source of happiness. So it is not worth while.

Suppose I have an enemy. I am not going to be fool enough to let him take the sweetness out of my life by making me bitter over his enmity. I will simply remember that he is human, that possibly I might have been bitter if I had been subjected to the same kind of experience; and so I will be humble about it. I will see other people who make mistakes and fail and fall, the same as myself, in the same circumstances; and with Jesus I will try to say, " Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The most magnanimous character in all history, I think, leaving aside Jesus of Nazareth, was Abraham Lincoln. He never remembered a personal grudge. He never carried the bitterness of personal opposition; and he never let the meanest exhibition of envy or malice towards himself stand in the way of his doing good to the persons who had injured him or of making them the instruments of great service to their fellow-men, if there was an opportunity for it.

This is the way to look back upon those things. And the friends who have died,— not only do not let these losses make us selfish, let there be a positive good come out of it. There is a beautiful little poem which I will read to you by way of suggestion, by Fanny Kemble: —

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

"I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

"For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pain.

"I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

"So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine.
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine."

Let us make these losses that we have met, the dead ones that we look back to with such unspeakable longing, powers, motive-forces, uplifting, elevating, influencing our lives, and for their sakes let us try to enrich the world with such service that we shall be able to do the sweet and fine things they would have done if they had lived. Do it for their sakes, and so make the coming time noble and fair.

Let us look backward, then, to learn the lessons of the past, to gain the inspirations that ought to come to us from its success, to learn the lessons of improvement that ought to come to us from its failures.

And, as we stand looking backward, we will turn for a moment, and remember that we are on the threshold of a new year. And what is the bearing of this looking back upon the brief forward glance that we may be permitted?

As I study the history of the world, I gain infinite courage

and hope. I do not see how any sane mind that really faces the facts of history can be filled with anything but infinite courage. When I recall where this human race began, and how it began in the jungle, man lifted just a little above the animals, an animal himself, beginning to stand upright instead of to walk upon four feet, beginning to speak instead of merely cry, beginning to think, beginning to ask questions,—that was three or four or five hundred thousand years ago. Eight or ten thousand years ago, not till then, we begin to get glimpses of man as an historic being. He is more and more mastering himself, more and more mastering the conditions that surround him. He learns to build a fire. He learns to smelt the metals. He learns to set down his thoughts, to write; at last to print, to make books.

He discovers one after another the secrets of the mighty forces that are playing about him in earth and air on every hand; and during this last century, as never before in all the hundreds of thousands of years, he treads with familiar feet among the stars. He has explored the earth, he has studied the origin and development of nations, of religions, and is beginning to comprehend something of the possibilities of his nature.

And this progress goes on by a sort of geometrical progression. He stands on the basis of his last achievement; and his power is increased a thousand-fold as he reaches on towards the next. The world is to become a garden. Evils are all to be done away. There is not a problem that faces man that he is not capable of solving; for all these external achievements in changing the face of the earth and exploring the deeps of the heavens have kept step with his own mental, moral, spiritual unfolding. And not only has he done great things, but in the process and as the condition of doing the great things, he himself has become great. "*Now* are we sons of God, and it does not yet appear what we shall be."

As we look backward, then, may we not look forward with

infinite cheer and hope? We will create fair and fine conditions; and we will become noble and high and true.

But we remember those we speak of as dead, those who have passed into the unseen. Is that to be the final destiny of us all? Is the earth to plunge back into chaos? Are all the great and noble that have ever lived to pass out of existence, and are we one after another to follow? Must we look backward, and think that all that belongs in the past has passed out of being, never to be seen again?

It seems to me that the wonder is not that I may live again, but that I am alive now. Where did I come from, and how am I here? That not having been in existence, I should now be able to say "I," and to look before and after,— the wonder of it all! And I believe that all this mighty preparation that we survey as we look backward over our own lives and over the progress of mankind is only the prologue for the great drama whose curtain is to be lifted by death and that is to be played on the stage of the eternal ages that lie before us.

As we look backward then, this morning, let us take courage, let us find inspiration, let us be uplifted and made strong, that we may become worthy to play the parts assigned us when the great drama begins.

Father, we thank Thee that we can look backward. We thank Thee that we can look forward. We thank Thee that, as this brief moment flies, we can be conscious of Thee, and can lift up our voices and hearts to Thee, and can take hold of Thy hand to be steadied while we balance ourselves here between the infinite past and the infinite to be. And let us thank Thee for life, and for all the wonder of its opportunities. Amen.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

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# The Morning Song of the Creation

BY

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# THE MORNING SONG OF THE CREATION.

"God saw everything that He had made; and, behold, it was very good."—GEN. i. 31.

IT was the morning song of the creation we heard just now in our lesson, no matter who the seer was or when he sang.

A song of the time when the heavens grew clear to his vision, and the great lights began to shine for times, for seasons, for days, and for years; when the waters began to swarm with life, and the land and the earth brought forth grass, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, while the birds began to brood and to sing in the copses. And then his song is crowned by the grand refrain he uses so often, but now with a finer emphasis,—"God saw everything that He had made; and, behold, it was very good." So I love to lay my ear to the old seer's heart and listen to his song as we watch the succession of the seasons, the flush of the spring-time, the glory of the summer, the wealth of the harvest, and the white splendor of the winter, and then to ask if this refrain is not still true, and say, This we are glancing at is no lost or fallen world, but a world which has been forever rising from a time before time was for our human kind, when the morning stars sang together, and all the suns of God shouted for joy.

Again, when we read how the Lord God planted a garden and set the man to dress and keep it, I love to ask whether we should not give the word a nobler meaning than this we find in the record, and affirm that the whole round world is still and forever the garden of the Lord, in which all He has done since the world began bears the impress of His hand,

from what we call the worthless weeds, because we know no better, to the oaks and elms, the pines and the palms, and from the thorns and briers to the finest fruits that crown the years. All good to his vision who sang the song, good still when we once find the fitness of the thing to its place and purpose, and all springing now, as they sprang then, in the order and fitness of the very good. And so, when we watch the smoke rise on the land in the spring-time and the fall, should we not say: The husbandman and gardener can destroy nothing? They can only turn what we call the ruck and refuse to some finer use. Nothing can grow in vain, for Jehovah saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.

But as I listen to the song, and would attune my heart to the music, another truth touches me of a very deep and true moment,— that this whole round world is indeed a garden of the Lord; but we also are set to dress and keep the garden, and, as it was with that we hear of within the four rivers, so it must be with this we are set to mind.

"The garden" still waits for the man to reveal its true worth, and very good to the seer's vision. It can only be good to you and me as we stand true to the sacred trust not that it may be redeemed from a curse, but be endowed with ever new blessing, and be not alone what He made who made all things, but what we may make through faith in Him and in our own good striving.

And may I say this truth of the worth of many things I deemed worthless began to dawn on me a great while ago when I saw a farmer in Pennsylvania planting what they call "poverty grass" on a place where the stream was eating into his meadow? It was a wretched weed I would pass on my way to and from my work, and would say sometimes, "Of what use in the world can you be, I wonder, you wretched thing the very ass disdains to eat?" But, when I said to my friend Isaac, "What do you mean, sir, planting that thing in your meadow?" he answered, "Don't

you know this is the best defence you can lay your hands on against the stream? Only you must keep it right here, and not let it spread all over the place." So the time came when I admitted into the garden of the Lord the wretched weed we call "poverty grass." And long after this, again, I saw an Indian woman in the market-place of a frontier-town, sitting silent as the Sphinx, with a store of roots and herbs she had gathered for some virtue of help and healing which had been well proven by her race through unknown ages. And then I saw how the garden was reaching out into the wilderness far beyond my ken.

Again, I remember how my mother would gather things she knew of in the spring-time, from which she would brew us beer of a rare virtue, as she believed; but, in any case, we must drink it, while she would drink with us and say, "Here's your health, children!" for wit was very apt to adorn her sweet wisdom. Well, the nettle was among the things she gathered for her beer; and so that grows for me now in the great garden of the Lord which belts the world.

And so it comes to pass that, as I listen to the song, I say, We may well begin away down there for some notes in the grand refrain, and rise from these, if the heart of grace is in us, to the glory of the harvest home.

Begin away down there, I say; but then note the second truth I would touch,— that all the things we treasure now for our best have grown to be what they are because the man who was set to dress and keep the garden has breathed into these things the breath of *his* life.

For, on a day of which we can find no record, the man found a tree in the woods or in the open which was very good after its kind; but then he did not like the kind, and so he said: "I must take hold of you to make you better than you are, because you are not good enough for me. This is not the best place for you to grow, so I will move you to a better." Or "your fruit is stunted. I must have some

larger and finer." Or he said, "It is too sour; but there is a tree over yonder which lacks your strength as you lack its sweetness, so I must find some way to make you twain one by grafting." And he found the way.

Again to the grain he said: "You are not much better a husk; but I do not propose to eat husks now, or let the mother and children eat them. So I will thin the husks away and have a fair round kernel. I must take care of you, and then you will take care of me and mine." So the result to-day is this: that these things we found growing in the garden of the Lord have experienced what we call in our systems of theology "conversion," "regeneration," and "adoption," as through the untold ages we trace the story of their evolution by the grace of Heaven and our good human striving, from the harsh and bitter crab to the promise made true for us in the summer-time and fall, and from the poor weed to the finest of the wheat and the corn.

This has been done by the man who was set to dress and keep the garden, through making good for our human use and nurture what was already good to the seer's vision, while still the man strives for a better than his best, and says alike to the weed and the wheat, "Ye must be born again."

But now, as I listen to the refrain and turn from the earth to the man, this question touches my heart and insists on some answer, soon or late.

Can it be true that He in whom we live and move and have our being has made nothing to grow in His garden which has not some true place and purpose, no matter how worthless it may be to my poor limited vision? while the whole drift of discovery in this age points toward the truth that even the Canada thistle has some true place, for I take it that of Scotland needs no advocate since Burns sang his song.

A true place and purpose for all things in the garden, but everything in its place. If this is true, then, when we

turn, I say, from the earth to the man, shall we not dare to believe for His sake, who is the God and Father of us all, or for pity's sake, when such a faith fails us, that this garden of the Lord, over which the seer sang so grandly, holds good for our human kind?

Let me admit, as I must, that there are myriads in this world past all numbering, who are as the sage-brush on the great plains, as the thorns and briers and the weeds and worthless vines. Men and women,— yes, and children, too, God help them,— whose life seems to be all warped and worthless, so that we are tempted to say to the Most High, "Why hast thou made them thus? and, now they are made, what can we do with them in Thy garden?"

Men and women rough as your black-thorn, spiked as your cactus, sour as your unsunned crab, or bitter as your aloe, and what shall we say to these?

> "That some should live we easily believe.
> The wonder is that they should ever die.
> But these vast hopeless swarms,— who can conceive
> How they should live or why?"

So the question confronts us of this great human garden, while I can imagine the answer we may give touching the fruits and flowers within our own home lot, and within the gardens all about us, when we are indeed men and women of a liberal heart and mind, as we should be.

Easily we may say, then, to those who stay within the fences of their saint, John Calvin, "Your home lot must be the choicest and the best to your thinking, because the plot was laid out and the planting ordered in the divine predestination and election; nor have you failed to give proof of your worth in raising a strong and noble manhood, which has made the world your debtor."

And to the Baptist brotherhood: "Your garden plot by the river of waters is a right noble heritage, also, and the fruits and flowers of, let us say, the Roger Williams and

Robert Hall varieties are all the heart can desire, sweet and sound in the cup and to the core."

And to my mother Methodism we can say, "What an ample space you have fenced in from God's great garden, and how well the plants have thriven on the wide, sunny slope chosen by *your* saint, John Wesley, and how sweet and large some of the fruitage has been in all these years!"

And to our church of the Episcopate, "How high some of the plants in your garden do grow, to be sure, in these last times, and how you love to mass that fine color! while we who are not of your name have only admiration and love for the fruits and flowers of the Dean Stanley and the Phillips Brooks varieties, so large and generous they are, and so welcome to the good and true in all the gardens, no matter what the name."

Yes, and to the great Church of the ages, "Your garden plot may well be the best to your mind, also; and, indeed, it is true that you have ripened fruits, and bloomed forth in flowers which may well challenge the best besides the world has ever seen."

But is not this true, some of your wisest men are saying under their breath, that you will have to change your methods in our new world and time, or your great old garden has seen its best days?

So easily, I say, we may take the truth of the garden as it covers all the plots fenced in and held through our common Christendom, while we may also believe that this which bears our name is the best for you and me, though so far it may be among the smallest. But, then, we take heart in the conviction that the pollen from the flowers and the blossoms on our tree of life go far and wide to enrich the gardens all about us; and I doubt not that this is true.

But, when this has been said, we must still face the question of what we deem the wild things, and worthless, in this garden of our human kind.

What shall we say to these?

This question I would try to answer first by asking another, and it is this: Can we believe that any human creature ever lived whose life did not, in some way which may well lie beyond the limits of our reason, but may still lie within the heart of our faith in the Most High God our Father and in His eternal providence and love,— any human creature ever live, I repeat, whose advent did not in some wise serve the world, where all are needed by each one, and nothing is fair and good alone?

So, while we must believe in the noblest and the best, may we not be sure there is some grain of worth in us all, and believe also that this is just as true of the savage as of the saint? for the savage must have been the forefather of the saint, when you trace the race backward through the mists of time. And so, when we say it takes all sorts of men to make a world, should we not do well to remember that this was God's world before it could be yours and mine?

Relieve there is always a God-made man within the dust and chaff, the husks and shells, the sour, the hard, or the bitter; and He who ruleth in the heavens and on the earth is not alone *One*, but at one with himself and with our human kind in his eternal purpose which touches at once the flower and the weed in this vast human garden. So, while it was once the faith of the fathers from whom we hail that only a handful of the elect in all the world and in all time are his very own, while for the rest there was only burning in the eternal fires, shall we not dare and do well to believe and teach in all our churches and all our homes that the meanest, the poorest, the most hapless and hopeless in human estimation,— these have still some place in the divine purpose and the divine regard, or else my friend's poverty grass must be more than the man?

This was once the dominant faith,— that there *are* few which be saved,—a faith which has seen its best, and this must also mean its worst, days, while we are not alone evangelists now of the larger hope. For I notice the writer of "Beside

the Bonnie Brier Bush," that good Scotchman, makes one man say to another, when they confer about a new preacher who is, evidently, not sound in the faith once delivered to the saints,— that he said in so many words, "We are all God's bairns, and He was going to do the best he could do for every one of us"; but the other answers, "Why this was mixing up the Almighty with his own faither; and, indeed, I have heard some folks say He cannot be worse than one's ain faither, only a sight better. But noo where would we be if we allowed the like o' that to be preached? Why, half the doctrines wad have to be reformed."

The reformation has begun. Day unto day uttereth speech of the nobler faith and hope, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. Let us thank God for that in this new year, and be glad with a great gladness the reformation has begun.

Nor with this faith in the hidden worth of the weed can we fail to find proof of this to hearten us, and not seldom where we least expect it, within the husks and shells and the weeds. Let me tell you of one I found some years ago in an English journal. George Skidmore was a wild weed in the black country, one of the most hopeless to the thinking of those who were set to watch the garden, and a rough of the evil brand. He was a coal miner, and one day, when he was at work with his comrades in the pit, the water broke in on them, and they were driven back for dear life far from human succor. His mates were of the fine old Methodist strain; and so, when their hope of rescue began to burn low, they began to cry unto God and to sing of the hope which was laid up for them in heaven, while they would fain have George join them in supplication, but he said: "I canna do it. I will dee as I am."

But there was a small boy in the pit, a son of one of his comrades, who after some time, as he sat near the rough, began to moan and cry. "What's the matter, lad?" George said. "What is thou crying for?" "I's hungry," the little

lad said, "and cold; and I want my mother." And then the wild weed came to the unseen and unsuspected promise. George had some trifle of bread and meat saved from his dinner; but, if there was no release save by the gates of death and what the good comrades said was true, that bit of bread and meat might hold him a few hours longer from the deeper pit and the flames.

He did not think of this, or did not care, but felt about for his dinner-can and gave his treasure to the boy, took off his big, rough coat and folded it about him, and said, "Now go to sleep, and happen they will get us out; and then thou will go home to thy mother."

They were all saved, after eight days, I think; but the weed had flashed out the hidden glory, down there in the valley and shadow of death. The man had held a communion service in the lowest room; and, when I read the story, I seemed to hear a voice whispering, "This was my body broken for thee, poor lad, and this my blood."

Deep down within the husks and shells was the unslain human soul; nay, the divine soul of the man who could save another, but himself he would not save.

And so poverty grass, say you, in this human garden, sage-brush in the sand, unsunned crab-weed for the burning.

True, I answer, true, but not the man within the man unto whom I heard the Master saying, "You did that unto the least of Mine, you did it unto Me."

And so this is the truth as it touches our human life. We are here to dress and keep the garden; while just here I think we touch what the apostle calls the mystery which has been kept in silence through the times eternal,— the mystery which touches us when such things are done,— and reveal the hidden glory, the beauty, the grace, the fragrance, and make good Savonarola's noble word: "God is the great helper, but He loves to be helped."

I mind well how I went once into the wilderness far away with a friend who wanted to fish; but, as I have no

love for such delights, I wandered away from him, and found a flower blooming forth from the tilth of a dead pine which lay over the strong, rushing river,— a wild flower and strange to me, with a color like the sapphire seen through a thin mist, and a beauty and grace to make a man thank God that such a flower should grow so far away from any human habitation, and with no care save that which touched the Master's heart when he said, "Consider the lilies how they grow." I said it was a new flower to me; but, as I stood there in a loving and tender admiration, that line of the noblest poet among the women of our century seemed to come true, that, "if an angel tossed down flowers from heaven at intervals, we soon should attain to a trick of looking up."

Sprung from a seed blown there on the wings of the winds, or brought there by some bird which had lighted on the log for an instant, and then gone singing to his nest, it was still from an angel's hand to mine; while I knew also that the seed had not bloomed forth into this perfection of beauty in the sunshine and rain of the one happy summer, but held in its cup the wealth of ten thousand springs and summers, autumns and winters. The perfection had come through all the sunshine and all the rains, all the frosts and all the fires, and had not alone come scathless through these perils, but had won from them this rare beauty and grace.

Beautiful it must have been anywhere; but there it stood on the old log, swaying in the soft summer wind, balanced on that slender stem against all the forces in the universe, and still in harmony with them, while all things had worked together for the perfect charm.

And now it touches the nobler truth I fain would tell of the great human garden.

For no doubt this was once a thing from which I should have turned away in disdain, "in the stir of the forces whence issued the world," and gave birth to the refrain of

the very good. But it was His flower who laid out the garden before it could be mine: and so through all the millenniums the saying of His anointed one was coming true,—"If He so clothes the lily, shall He not much more clothe you?"

And so it must be as my faith stands with this human garden we are set to dress and to keep, while I think our trouble with the weeds and the wild things is somewhat like that of our grand teacher, Horace Mann, who said, "I have always been in a hurry to have things done, but have learned at last that the eternal God takes His own time."

Such a human flower bloomed forth early in our last century in a town in my motherland so thick with smoke and grime that some one says to see it on a clear day is like looking up a chimney and on a cloudy day like looking down a chimney.

And it was from among the weeds, also, this human flower sprang, while the place where the youth must toil for bread looked out on a yard full of old iron.

But now, when I read some of the songs he sang about the great garden, I am in my motherland, and wander with him through the sweet spaces of his Hallamshire. As we wander with Burns by bonnie Doon, I hear the lark in full song and see the heather all abloom. And such men tell the story of the flowers which grow in the great human garden to make all musical for us the song of the very good, and nurture our faith and hope.

It was down there, also, he grew, the great poet of all the ages, in the mystery which had been kept in silence through the times eternal. I dream sometimes how one might ask him whence came the matchless dramas, and he would answer: "They are not my works, that I should boast. Whatsoever is noblest and best in them was done by the inspiration from on high."

So these flowers, I say, bloom forth forever on the logs and among the weeds. Under every sun they grow, and in

every clime. It is the story of the noblest and best in the great human garden. Lifters of the burdens, you ask, whence come your inventions? Men of genius and women, whence your noblest books? Pioneers of the nations, what moved you to the front? Great divines, whence came your noble sermons? Merchant princes, worthy the name, whence came your wisdom? Is this we call genius in you only, as some say, the power to kindle your own fire, as when the red man or the dark man will rub you two sticks together.

So stands the question; and in the heart of all there is but one answer,— the answer Morse made to a dear friend of mine, many years ago, who said to him, "Are you not proud, sir, of your great invention?"

"No," he said, "because it does not seem to have been done by me so much as through me."

So they come to us out of the mystery, as we stand in our lot,— come with the strong jetting heart, with the deep gleaming eyes, with the grand wedge on the human face that will split all the rocks of hindrance, come with the winsome speech, come with the seer's vision, come with the saints' faith and hope, and come as Jesus the Christ came, out of their Nazareth from God.

They come to sing new songs for us, to be leaders and captains in grand reforms, to found noble institutions, and to make radiant the truth fresh from heaven. And we can be co-workers with them and with God and His Christ in His great human garden which belts the world. And so for faith and fellowship we make the good confession: There is one God and Father of us all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all, one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him. For in Him we live and move and have our being. He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. And He is love.

And with this faith in us we shall find no worthless weeds. Worthless they may be to the eye, but never to this heart

of faith in Him and in His Christ, to whom the lowest and meanest was so close of kin to highest, and who has breathed into these also the breath of His life.

Therefore

"I say to thee do thou repeat
To the first man that thou shalt meet
In lane, highway, or open street
That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.
That weary deserts we may tread,
Dreary perplexities may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.
But we on divers shores now cast
Shall meet, when all these storms are past,
Safe in our Father's home at last.
And ere thou leave Him say thou this,
This one thing more: they only miss
The speedy winning of that bliss
Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in this we live and move.
And, one thing further, let Him know
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego:
In spite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with cursing rife,
That this is blessing, this is life."

# By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

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# IV. The Ethics of Gambling

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# THE ETHICS OF GAMBLING.

I HAVE taken as my text two passages of Scripture: first, from the First Epistle to Timothy, the sixth chapter and the ninth verse,—"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." The other is in the twenty-eighth chapter of Proverbs, part of the twentieth verse,—"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."

Contrary to the belief which has been held popularly for a good many hundreds of years, I believe that there is nothing in human nature which is essentially or necessarily evil. There are no qualities, no characteristics in man which are not in themselves right. All the evil of the world is either in the excessive use of some quality, faculty, or power, or in a perverted use of these. So that tendency in human nature which leads to gambling is not in itself an evil. Out of it have sprung some of the noblest and finest things in all the world.

What is it? It is the love of excitement, combined with the willingness to take a great risk, the willingness to take chances. Is not this the source of some of the grandest displays of the world's heroism? Right in here do we not find the secret of some of the grandest discoveries and achievements of the ages?

In the case of Columbus, he had, to be sure, studied and discovered, so far as anybody knew at that time; but he did not feel sure, or, at any rate, if he felt persuaded to the

point of being sure in his own mind, he was not certain, as a matter of fact, that there was any other continent, or that he could go round the globe and approach Asia on the other side. But he travelled over Europe for years under the conviction that he could accomplish this, and gathered all the resources that he could command, and at last flung himself, all that he had and all that he was, on this magnificent risk. He took the chances, and he won. If he had failed, if he had made a mistake, if there had been no possibility of accomplishing that which he set out to do, the world would have set him down as an unreasonable dreamer. But it was in this willingness to take a chance that lay the secret of his great accomplishment.

We admire Palissy, the potter. We read with a thrill the story of his great invention, of how, having exhausted all his resources, at last, in order to heat his furnace so that he might test his theories, he burned up even the furniture of his house and tore up the very floors. He cast himself and all he had and all he was on this great chance.

In this case, again, if he had failed, very likely we should have said he was foolhardy, that he had no right to risk the furniture and very floors of his house, that he had no right to risk the safety, the welfare and happiness of his family and those dependent upon him. And in one sense he had not. I shall try to bring out that principle before I am through. But it was this willingness to take a great chance which gave him his wonderful success.

When the Pilgrims started for this continent, what a risk they ran! how, in one sense of the word, they gambled with their lives, their fortunes, with everything that they held dear, casting them all on the chance of a little feeble ship battling with the storms, and then with the inhospitable shores of an unknown land, peopled only by a race of savages which they might not either be able to make over into friends or conquer as enemies.

The fathers of the Revolution, when they wrote their

names, signing the Declaration of Independence, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. They took the venture, they risked all that was dear to them. And how many a man in the history of the world has done the same! — martyrs who have dared to trust themselves to what they believed to be some great truth, though they might not be absolutely sure of it, to take the chance for the sake of a higher life for the world.

I was talking one Sunday morning last year in my study with Mr. Collyer, looking at the portrait of Giordano Bruno, and recalling how for the sake of his opinions he risked his all, fell into the hands of his enemies, was imprisoned for six years, and at last burned at the stake in Rome; and Mr. Collyer quoted some verses that I had never heard before, but which have rung in my memory ever since with their magnificent challenge to trust: —

"Oh, a noble thing is prudence!
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Until they see the end.

"But give me now and then a man,
And I will make him king,
Just to take the consequence,
And just to *do* the thing."

Right in there is the essence of that quality in man which, turned towards the right and the true and the noble, means heroism, which, perverted, means gambling. So am I not right, then, in declaring that the essential qualities and characteristics of human nature which issue in this vice are in themselves not only right, but noble?

There has always been a tendency on the part of the human race to take chances in the way that we call gambling. Games have appealed almost universally to man. I can appreciate this. There may be games which I should not become interested in; but I have never discovered one.

I could become intensely absorbed in any game with which I have ever become acquainted, so that I can appreciate the fascination of these things.

Among the lower races, gambling has been carried to such an extent that there was nothing which they were not ready to stake on the result,— property of every kind,— their weapons, their homes, their wives, their children, themselves even, into slavery, such has been the passion in this direction that has sometimes been developed. It has only been as civilization has advanced that the tendency to perversion and excess in this matter has been outgrown. It has only been in the light of higher modern ideals that we have come to recognize the great evils in this direction, to slough them off and leave them behind. I think it is not more than a hundred years ago that lotteries were organized and carried through for the benefit of Harvard College. I can remember the time when lotteries were common, were permitted, at least in some of the States. It is only a little while ago that they were driven completely beyond our borders, that they were compelled to seek places of hiding.

Two years ago, when I was in France, I visited a charity school in charge of some of the sisters of a Church in Rouen; and one of the first things I was asked to do was to buy some lottery tickets for the benefit of the school. This practice is very common in some parts of the world, and is looked upon as a perfectly legitimate means for carrying out charitable enterprises.

They tell us every little while of how the same gambling principle is illustrated in our church fairs. I wish now, in a concrete way, to use some practical illustrations, in order that I may come at what seems to me a clear-cut definition of gambling,— gambling in the evil sense; for the division line between that which is permissible and that which is evil is sometimes so very narrow that people who try to think clearly become confused. It is possible when I am

done that you may not agree with me. I ask only that you think carefully and try to understand me, and then that you do not misreport what I say.

I want to find out what is the essential thing in gambling. People gamble because they wish to come into possession of the stake for which they play. That is the main thing. Of course there is the pleasure in the excitement and risk that is run, but generally that which is called gambling comes to be a thirst for the thing that is desired; and it was with that in mind that I chose my texts this morning. If I do not get texts always that clearly announce the particular thing that I am after, you will remember that the Bible was completed nearly two thousand years ago, and a good many things have happened since then which the writers did not know about and did not allude to.

I have chosen these texts because they express the danger that attaches to the inordinate desire to possess things: "They that *will* be rich"— *will* anyhow —"fall into temptation and a snare." "He that *maketh haste* to be rich"— who is not willing to take the regular, legitimate road — "shall not be innocent." I have chosen these texts because here, it seems to me, is the root of that which we may properly call gambling. There are a good many things which look like gambling, which lack some of the essential qualities which seem to me to go to its make-up.

Now, for example, take a concrete case: Is it gambling when you guess the weight of a cake or take a share in something at a church fair? Yes, in one sense it is. It is not in the worst sense of that word. It is not gambling outright, because it lacks the essential principle, motive, which constitutes what we mean when we speak of gambling in the evil sense.

Mark you, I do not at all believe in these things. I think that, when a church is reduced to such a low ebb that it must depend upon guessing the weight of cakes or selling shares in a shawl or paying for the privilege of putting

your hand into a bag and pulling out something,— the only thing you know about which is that it is not going to be worth anything,— it is hardly worth keeping alive. I believe there ought to be manliness, earnestness, and sincerity enough about what a church means for people to face it squarely and pay for it without any of these devices. And yet, when a young man really gambles, and cites the customs and practices of a church fair as an excuse for him, he knows that it is no excuse, he knows that the cases are not parallel.

There is something about these games and devices for raising money at church fairs that borders so closely upon the questionable that it is easy to go over the edge. I do not quite know what it is about cards — I am very fond of them — that leads people to come so near being not quite honest in playing a game. I know in some cases, of playing drive whist or euchre for a prize, there is a terrible temptation for people to be not quite fair. I have known ladies who were above reproach, noble, intellectual, fine, sweet, helpful, unselfish, who would cheat for the sake of a prize. They would not steal a pin. I do not know what it means; but I have known such cases.

I have known of a good, honest, earnest, religious deacon in the church who would — accidentally — look over the cards of his opponent if he had an opportunity. There is something in these matters that leads us so near the edge of the questionable that one needs to be on guard with himself all the time.

Now I wish to come to another matter for the sake of two things: one is for the sake of getting a clear-cut definition of what gambling means, and the other is to touch this constantly recurring question of example. Young men are perpetually excusing certain things they do which they know are wrong because somebody has set an example. I think myself that that is one of the most babyish and despicable things that I know of in the world. If a man has done any-

thing that is wrong, let him own up to it fair and square, and not try to excuse himself by saying that somebody else did something that was almost like it.

And half the time the thing that is cited as an excuse lacks the essential quality that made the thing he did wrong. For example, I am perpetually hearing it urged that people ought to set an example in regard to Sunday observance, or in regard to drinking a glass of wine, or in regard to this or that or the other of a hundred things; and I know of young men who have drunk to excess, and then have tried to excuse themselves because some man in respectable society takes a glass of sherry with his dinner, and I have had these people held up as examples of evil because they did this. I repudiate and repel with indignation any responsibility for that kind of setting an example.

If I never drank until I felt the effect of it in my head or my limbs, then I never set the example for anybody else to get drunk. I know men who cannot drink half a glass of champagne without being upset by it. Are they to be the standards, when there are thousands of people that are not influenced by it in the least? And shall they become intoxicated and then hold as responsible for it the example of somebody who did not get intoxicated? It strikes me that the essential difference in the two cases is that one *did* get intoxicated and the other *did not;* and it is the intoxication that is evil. I get very tired sometimes of this talk about example. Let us have a little clearing of the air in regard to the matter.

I wish, then, for the sake of clearing up this matter of example, and for the sake of the definition as to what constitutes gambling, to venture to talk a little about Wall Street. I feel sure that the business men in the audience will think I had better let the matter alone, lest I make some terrible blunder in regard to business methods in vogue there. I shall, however, take the chance for the purpose I have in mind, and try to make myself accurate as far as I go.

I hear Wall Street referred to constantly as a place of indiscriminate and universal gambling. In a newspaper within a week I saw it spoken of in a general way as gambling. I have heard it all my life, until you would suppose there was nothing else going on in Wall Street but gambling. And the danger is that young men will cite Wall Street as an example and excuse for their gambling.

What is Wall Street? It is an absolutely essential thing in a great commercial civilization. The work of the modern world could not go on without a Wall Street. It is the great measurer of values. Properties all over the world are listed in a centre like that; and they are measured against each other and their actual value ascertained. Then it is a great market, an essential market, in order that the world's work may be carried on. Property in Oregon, property in Central America, property in South Africa that could find no market in Oregon, Central America, or South Africa, may find a market in Wall Street; and so the world becomes open to the great beneficent transactions and exchanges which make up the commerce of the civilized world.

And another point I will venture to make: Through the great combinations of capital which are possible in Wall Street, enterprises are entered upon and carried out that it would be impossible to put through in any other way; and the brokers that carry on these enterprises are invaluable public servants. To illustrate what I mean: —

Suppose in some part of the country a great railroad needs to be built. A company is organized, but it does not possess the necessary capital. It comes to Wall Street. A broker undertakes to furnish the money: the work is done, and he receives a commission for his services. Everybody is benefited, the country is richer, the railroad is built, this new part of the country is opened to commerce; and these things, and such things as these, are being done all the time through the ministry of Wall Street. The great things for which Wall Street exists are not gambling. They

are legitimate, and in every way necessary to carry on the processes of modern civilization.

Stock-watering, that we hear talked about so much, may be good or bad. It depends entirely upon the stock that is watered, the extent to which it is watered, and why it is watered. Stock-watering is not necessarily evil. There are gambling operations, however, constantly going on in Wall Street and in connection with it, merely because it furnishes an opportunity for this illegitimate way of dealing with values; but much that is called gambling is not gambling at all. If a man foists upon the market a worthless stock, a mine that has been salted or something that does not represent value, that is not gambling: it is lying and fraud and stealing. There is any quantity of that sort of thing going on in Wall Street; but wise and conservative and faithful men need not be caught by these things. The man who buys a thing without trying to find out whether it is of any value takes a chance that only a foolish person ever runs the risk of. The man who plays with these values, and buys and sells merely on guess-work, and for the chances of the trade, may be called a gambler.

But there is another distinction which I wish to draw: Is it always wrong to speculate? Is speculation always gambling? I know perfectly well there is an element that looks like gambling in speculation; but here there needs to be a careful distinction drawn; for speculation that may be wrong for one man may be at least excusable in another.

I have in mind the case of a friend of mine in the West who is a millionaire. He speculates in mines and in other properties; that is, he buys without knowing certainly how the venture is going to turn out. He thinks, so far as he can find out, that it will be a good thing; and he takes the chances. But he said to me, "I never speculate with a dollar that I cannot perfectly well afford to lose."

Now suppose a young man should do precisely the same thing with money which he could not afford to lose. Would

the two cases be alike? I think not. A young man has no right to risk what he cannot afford to lose. A man has no right to risk that on which wife and children are dependent. A man has no right to risk that which will so impoverish himself that he is likely to become a public charge. There is a difference here, it seems to me,— a very important difference.

Let me take another case. I may raise a serious question in the minds of some of you by this. Suppose men have made their way in the world: they have practically retired from business; they wish to amuse themselves when they are tired; they are not able any longer to carry the burdens of the world's work; and they sit down, as a great many men in England do, and play whist for five or ten or twenty-five cents. Is that gambling? Yes, in a sense; but not in the way that it would be for a young man who is risking money he cannot afford to lose. The cases are not parallel; and I do not think that a sensible young man would point to a case like this as an excuse for what these men are not doing in reality, however it looks.

There are legitimate ways of coming into possession of money: by inheritance, gift, legitimate exchanges and profits that accrue from them; the holding of property that increases in value; the doing something for the world that the world wants done and is willing to pay for, no matter whether it be little or great. These are legitimate ways of getting money. Gambling is an illegitimate way; and the illegitimacy of it lies — where? What is the harm of gambling? What is the evil of it to a young man? Why ought it to be tabooed and put one side?

Before coming directly to answer that question, I wish to speak of one other phase of gambling which I have no personal knowledge of, but which, I am sure, does exist, and is perhaps growing and spreading in the city of New York. I refer to social gambling,— gambling in high places, gambling on the part of society leaders and women. I am credibly

informed, for example, that there are cases like this. When Saturday night comes, a lady dismisses her servants, lets them go on a vacation. She has her meals sent in from Delmonico's or Sherry's or some hotel. She devotes Saturday night and Sunday and Sunday night to dissipation in the form of gambling, accompanied, as almost always these dissipations are, with at least too much drinking, whatever too much may be. So that the result of it is not recreation, not rest nor legitimate pleasure, but deterioration, demoralization of everybody concerned.

I have known of cases where a lady has invited a young man to come as a guest to dinner, and then invited him, in such a way that he was not at liberty to refuse, to a game of bridge whist. I have known of a case where a young man lost in one evening, to the ladies concerned, all his little accumulation, all he had in the world; and he went away robbed; not only robbed of his money, but robbed of something which perhaps he can never get back,— a part of his reverence and respect for womanhood, without which a man is not fit to live a high and sweet human life.

These things, I am told, exist. I believe they exist within certain limits, at any rate; and they are unspeakably worse than a licensed gambling house that is labelled "Gambling," and known to be gambling, and devoted to that, and that alone. If a man goes into that kind of place, he goes with his eyes open. He is not led into it under the guise of courtesy and as a part of his social life.

Now what is the evil of gambling? I wish, if I may, to put my finger on the essential, central things in it which make it wrong, which make it something that every young man ought sedulously to avoid.

In the first place, whatever may be true of older men, for a young man — and this is no light matter — it is a waste of time and strength and opportunity. A young man has his way to make in the world. He has no right to do things that may be perfectly right for him to do twenty, thirty, or

forty years later in his life. If he wishes to win his way, he must devote all his time and talent and strength to winning his way. As an illustration of what I mean: Any quantity of clerks or young men in employment here and there seem to feel that the one thing for them to do is to get as much pay as they can for as little work as possible. Then they wonder that they do not get on; and in later life, after they have failed, as that kind of spirit and method of service are sure to fail, they wonder that some of their friends have succeeded, and they talk about luck. There is no luck about it. As Shakespeare says,—

"... It is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

I know of a case of a young man in Boston who, while his friends were playing billiards, cards, and every sort of thing, went to work and learned French. By and by an exigency came in the house, and somebody was wanted to go abroad. As he could speak French, this young man was selected; and the upshot of it was that he died a member of the firm a few years ago, immensely rich. That shows the difference between him and other young men. He tried to fit himself for a better position than the one he was filling. There was no luck in his being chosen and some one else left. A young man is a fool to waste his time in these things until he has won the right to leisure.

Then there is another evil about it. It is almost impossible for a young man to gamble without getting drawn into other vices that are almost inevitably associated with it. There are few cases where a lot of young men will sit down and gamble without drinking in connection with it. I am not a teetotaler. I do not believe in teetotalism. There is no harm, in my judgment, in a proper use of these things. But does a young man of twenty-five need the stimulus that may be of inestimable use for a man of fifty or sixty? He knows perfectly well that this means flushing, excitement,

derangement of his nervous system instead of buoyancy and health, as it may to one who is older.

And how many times are you sure of such associations being with honest people? I had a friend, a few years ago, who told me he loved to play poker, but had given it up. He said, "As I travel around the world, I find it almost practically impossible to find four men with whom I can sit down and play, one of whom is not a cheat." It lends itself so readily to these things.

And, perhaps the most essential point of all, gambling is coming into the possession of money or value without returning any equivalent for it. All legitimate business means an exchange of values, so that both parties to the transaction are benefited by it. There is no business that is legitimate that is an exception to this rule. But gambling is coming into possession of money that is not yours and without your paying for it: it is perilously near stealing. At any rate, the man who takes out of the accumulated sums of the world's values that have been wrought out as the result of the world's labor and struggle in all these centuries, and puts in nothing, no return, what shall I call it? If it is not stealing, the distinction is so fine it is difficult to discover where it lies.

Then there is another thing: The man who indulges in gambling creates in himself a state of mind, a habit of life, which makes it practically impossible for him to be a good citizen, a good, conservative, safe business man. He gets in the habit of receiving things that he has not paid for, and he begins to look in every direction for short cuts to the attainment of the things which he desires. It destroys, dissipates completely, undermines those qualities of patient, persistent effort on which all the success of the world depends.

I remember some years ago in Paris having a young man on the steps of the Continental Hotel pointed out to me, and I was told that in the last two weeks he had won and lost two hundred thousand francs at baccarat.

What are the chances of a man like that ever settling down to fill his real place in the world, to carry on patiently legitimate business, to do his share of the world's work? It destroys the very qualities of mind that make a man a patient, faithful citizen, accomplishing earnestly, sincerely, and simply his part of the labor on which civilization depends.

And I hold it to be one of the prime duties of every man to remember that he is in the long line of human succession that leads from the beginning of life on this earth on to the unforeseen and incalculable end. All that he has, all that he is, he has received from humanity. It is his business, then, as a man, not to waste, not to dissipate this slowly and painfully accumulated result of good, but to carefully nourish it, to add to it what he may, and to transmit it improved, better, to his successor.

And this spirit of gambling is antagonistic to all this. It is unsocial, it is anti-human: it makes a man live with his hand against every other man. There is hardly any other vice, it seems to me, so utterly and hopelessly inhuman as gambling. Most vices you share with somebody. Even if you injure them by so doing, you at least share a momentary satisfaction with them; but in gambling everybody is your enemy, and you are seeking to get out of them what they possess without doing them any good.

It is not social, it is opposed to the world's business, to the world's prosperity in every direction; and it dries up in a man the fountains of love and tenderness that bind him to his fellows, and so makes him the enemy of mankind.

Let us, in view of what we have received from the past, be ready to settle the weight of the burden we ought to carry upon our shoulders, to bear it patiently, to fulfil the duty that devolves upon us, to carry our load, to do our share of the work, to co-operate with humanity in attaining the better things that wait for it in the future, and to co-operate with God in helping on the better time when the evils that spring

out of selfishness shall have passed away and the long-waited-for era of joy and peace shall have come.

Father, we consecrate ourselves this morning to Thee. Let us be glad we can share with Thee the service of our fellow-men. Let us be glad that we can do something to add to the welfare of our time; and let us put away from our hearts and our lives all that which is selfish, all that which hurts, all that which degrades, and try to lift up and bless the world. Amen.

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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# V. What to Read, and Why

GEORGE H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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# WHAT TO READ, AND WHY.

My text may be found in the eighth chapter of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, the thirtieth and thirty-first verses: "And Philip ran to him,"— that is, the messenger of Candace, the Queen of Ethiopia,—" and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some one shall guide me?"

I take a book in my hand, and open it; and straightway I am in a world beside the wonder of which the stories of the Arabian Nights are tame. This is a general truth, and true of any book; for what does it mean? Here are white leaves bound together. On these leaves are stamped certain black marks: they would mean nothing to one who did not know how to read. But one who does finds himself, according to the particular book which he may be looking upon, in this part of the world or that, in this century or some one away towards the dim beginning of things.

I read: I am in King Arthur's court. I am surrounded by the knights of the Round Table. I read: I am with Sir Walter Scott in some Middle Age castle. I read: I am with Shakspere, more intimately associated with him than were any of those that touched shoulders as they ate and drank together in some London coffee-house. I read; and I am hearing the chant of the blind old poet who sang of the conflicts that took place under the walls of Troy. I read; and I hear again the echoes of the prophets' voices as they preached of righteousness and judgment to come. I read; and I walk the fields of Galilee by the side of the gentle Nazarene, and hear the gracious words that fall from his

lips. I read; and I am away back and down with the primeval man, fighting the wild beasts for a place to live, hiding in caves, sketching on the walls of these caves the first rude outlines of pictures that were the beginning of the world's art. I read; and I wander amid the trackless spaces of the stars. I read; and the leaves that the ages have laid down are open to me, while I study the growth of the planet underneath my feet. I read; and whatever man has thought, whatever he has dreamed, whatever he has sung, whatever he has prophesied, becomes mine.

This is the wonder of the printed page. The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes — we have no idea who he was — said that even in his time "of the making of many books there was no end," and that much study was even then a weariness to the flesh. But, as we look off to that far-away time, it seems to us that it would have been a very easy and simple matter to read every book that could have been produced up to that period in the history of the world.

During the Middle Ages, in the times that we think of as chivalric, during the reign of the feudal system, there were comparatively few books, and very few readers. It was only the man who was not considered fit to be a warrior, or to take part in the active life of the world, who became a clerk, and knew how to read; and these active men, who, as they thought, were making history, looked down upon the writers and readers with a sort of compassionate contempt.

But by and by movable type is invented, and then long after that period the printing-press; and to-day the world is flooded, and life sometimes is threatened with being drowned, under the floods that pour from the printing-presses,— books, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, leaflets of every kind. And so many are they that indeed we may say that of making them there is no end, and that the reading them becomes a weariness to the flesh.

And, as we look forward towards the future, we know that this condition of things is to grow: there are to be more

books, not less,— more newspapers, magazines, leaflets, pamphlets of every kind. So that it is no wonder if people sometimes become a little bewildered and troubled. It seems as though it would take one man's time and strength to catalogue and keep the run of the names of all these without attempting to read them.

Let us glance over the face of the world for a moment, and note the attitude of certain classes of people towards the matter of reading. I said that during the Middle Ages there were great classes of people who did not read at all. So there are to-day large numbers of people who read only under a sort of compulsion, if they ever read. They do not like reading. They do not choose to read. They read if they have an hour when they have to wait for something, and they think they can pass the time more comfortably in that way than in any other; but they do not love to read, they do not care for books or pamphlets or papers of any kind.

It is hardly worth our while to deal with them. I merely note that such people exist; and possibly here and there one — and the number will increase — may stumble by accident on something that interests him, and so will become an earnest reader after a while.

There is another large class of people who read merely for amusement, newspapers, stories, whatever comes in their way; but they have no purpose in it. It means nothing to them. There is no intellectual quality about their reading, or hardly any more than there is about whittling or whistling or smoking. It is merely the easiest way to get through with the time that otherwise would hang heavy on their hands.

Then there is another large and increasing class of people who would like to read with some intelligent purpose, who desire to know what there is to read and why, who would like some sort of guidance in the midst of this trackless wilderness that surrounds them on every hand. People

come to me every little while, and say: "I would like to follow some course of reading; but I do not know where to begin. I do not know quite why I should read this thing rather than another, or what I should do about it." These people are in the condition of the man whose story is told in our text. When he was asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He said, "How can I, unless some man shall guide me?"

I propose, then, for the time that is at my disposal this morning to consider some of the reasons for reading and some of the directions in which we ought to read; and, first, to take up what lies nearest at hand,—

Every man ought to read some newspaper every day. I do not mean by that that he should read all of the newspaper. I see people who, after they have paid one or two or three cents for a newspaper, seem to feel that, in order to make it an economical operation, they must read the whole paper through. There is no greater waste of time. I would as soon sit down at a hotel table, and, because I was going to pay for my dinner, think I must eat everything on the bill of fare. Two-thirds or nine-tenths of all in the paper it would be a waste of time and strength for you to read.

Yet here is the making of history going on, the making of contemporary humanity,—great questions of war and peace, of government, of sociology, of industry, matters of importance in every direction; and you need to keep in touch with them. You need to know what is going on.

And here, if I may, let me suggest one thing. I find, as I look at the world, that most of the people take one newspaper, which they believe in, and read that religiously and thoroughly, so that you can almost tell what a man's beliefs are if you know what newspaper he reads. By this he fashions his opinions of war, peace, and everything of the sort.

Now it does not seem to me that this is intelligent or fair. Have one paper, if you prefer. Perhaps you cannot help it;

but read some other paper that teaches diametrically opposite doctrines. Do not become a bigot over your newspaper, your party affiliations, the great questions that are coming up constantly for consideration. Hear both sides.

I read, or try to two papers every day; and my evening paper contradicts the morning one at almost every point. There is a great advantage about this. It compels me to do a little thinking on my own part, and try to have opinions which are not merely borrowed, but which are my own.

Another thing that I want to warn you against in regard to newspaper reading: We have not yet gotten over the superstition of thinking that there is a certain authority about a thing after it gets into print. Now I meet John Smith on the street, and he expresses his opinion about money or the tariff or the war in the Philippines or the last acts of the President; and I do not care a snap of my finger for his opinion. He writes an article, it gets into print, and people say the *Herald* or the *Sun* or the *Times* says so and so; and it gets the dignity of being a voice out of some great mystery, as though there were the concentrated wisdom of an organization back of it. And yet it is only John Smith, the man with whom I was talking on the sidewalk, who wrote the article. Learn, then, to consider what is said on its merits, not because it appears in this organ of opinion or that.

There is another reason for reading. You ought to read in the line of your business. Here is a banker, for example, a farmer, a manufacturer, a worker in metals, a lawyer, a minister,—no matter what his business. The practical work of that business is that which engages the great body of his time; and it is from that which he derives his income, by means of which he supports his family. This is the work, you say, of his life; and this, if this is all, is apt to become drudgery. It is hard, it is wearing. But every business, it makes no difference what it is, has not only its practical side. It has its historical side, it has its theoretical

side, its ideal side. It reaches out, and opens a doorway into the infinite.

Pick up a grass-blade and ask questions about it, and trace it, and you are face to face with the Infinite; and, if you appreciate what it means, you are on your knees in the presence of God. So, if you study a piece of cotton, or pig iron, or wood fibre that you make into pulp or paper; or the farmer studies his work, soil, climate, draining; the banker studies the origin of his profession; another man studies where his work came from, and finds himself in a romance world,— and, by entering this and seeing the implications of your daily drudgery, you find yourself in human relations, you find yourself in relations with the Infinite, with all the past, with the progress of man, with the growth of his morals and his religion, and all the things that make up civilization; for all the businesses of the world are in living contact with all these other human interests. Read, then, until you understand this wider meaning of the business in which you are engaged.

There is another reason for reading. Every man ought to read for the sake of general cultivation, general information. That wise and witty woman who a few years ago was attracting attention all over the country, and who wrote over the pen-name Gail Hamilton, said that the next best thing to being well read was being well smattered. If you have not time to be well read, at least, in regard to this matter of general information, it is important that you be well smattered.

You go out of an evening to dine with a friend. You do not know what topic may come up for conversation. It will be perhaps music, or art, or literature; it may be some practical matter of government or tariff: no matter what, you feel one side, left out in the cold, unless you at least know what it is that they are talking about. You have to become familiar with the great things of the world.

You need to read the Bible a good deal more than most people do, in order that you may be familiar with the world's

literature and art. They are full of references to the Bible; and yet there are probably some hundreds of people here this morning who, if I should quote several familiar sayings, would hardly be able to tell whether they were from the Bible or from Shakespeare or from some other writing. I have been with people in picture galleries in Europe where there was some subject represented on the canvas that was taken from the Bible; and they were completely lost. They had never heard of it: they did not know what it meant.

If a man is at an evening party, and the question of Hamlet is raised, and he should not know who Hamlet was, he would be considered outside the pale of civilization, almost. We need to know enough of the great writers of the world, the great pictures, the great statues, the great singers, the great poets, so that, if there is a commonplace reference to them, we understand where we are. And this means a good deal of reading: it means a good deal of thinking.

Possibly you think I am laying out a large task for you. I shall come to that in a moment. You need to read, above all things, in order that you may place yourself in the history of the world, in order that you may know what the world has done up to the present time, that you may know where you are, which way you are facing, which way you ought to face, what cause you ought to help on, what you ought to oppose. In other words, you need to read for the sake of deciding great life questions.

I said a moment ago that you would think I was laying out a large and perhaps impracticable task for you. You say, We have not time to read so much. Before going any further in regard to this most important phase of reading which I shall present to you this morning, I wish to consider with you carefully for a minute this matter of time.

How much time have you for reading? I am speaking now not to the people who do nothing, but those who are very busy. Let us see. There is not a man who is in fairly

good health, I do not care how busy he may be, who could not read at least ten pages a day. I shall assume that all of you can read at least ten pages a day. Now let us see what that means. That means three thousand six hundred and fifty pages a year. Now the average size of a book, we will say, is five hundred pages: a great many are less than that. You can, then, by reading ten pages a day, read at least seven books in the course of a year. In ten years that means seventy books: in forty years it means nearly three hundred books. And the person who can read ten pages a day in the average of his busy life can read everything in the world that is worth reading.

Tennyson had six favorite poets: they were Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Dante, Goethe. Now suppose you were familiar with those six authors, with the best things that they have written, you would be at home in any cultured society. You would know more about the world's literature than any man in ten thousand to-day in the city of New York. And yet that is only six authors to become familiar with.

Saint Thomas Aquinas, the famous schoolman and philosopher of the Middle Ages, when somebody asked him how a man could become learned, said by "reading one book." There is a saying, "Beware of the man of one book." The man who knows one great book, and knows it well, knows more than the man who knows superficially twenty or a hundred. If you would become fairly well acquainted with ten of the great writers of the world, as you might easily do by reading ten pages a day, you would be a learned man. You would be a master in literature, a master in philosophy, a master in art, in poetry, a master of all the best thinkers of the world.

You can read, then, by mastering only ten pages a day, what, for example? You can become familiar with English history and American history. You can become familiar with some outline of the history of civilization, sufficiently

so that you will know the trend and drift of the world's progress. You can read a few of the best novels of the world, you can read a few of the world's best poets, you can read about some of the world's greatest artists: you can become familiar in a general way with the best cultivated thought of the civilized world.

But I have something more definite than that, something that seems to me unspeakably more important than anything I have yet referred to. If you cannot do any of these things, at least you ought to try to do those which I am about to suggest. If a man is to play his part as a man in the history of the world, if he is by his thinking and his efforts to count even a litt'e for the betterment of the world, he needs to place himself so that he knows where he is.

How can you do that? In the first place, every young man ought to begin by reading some good account of the nebular hypothesis. Why? Because that is the generally accepted scientific account to-day of the origin of the universe around us as we see it. I do not mean the ultimate origin: I mean the processes by which it has come into its present condition.

You look out over the stars at night. You see the moon in her beauty; and you cannot help asking the question, How were all these led forth and marshalled in their present order? You do not want to look upon this as an inexplicable and incomprehensible wilderness. You want to place yourselves amid the stars and the planets.

How can you do it? If you can do no more, you can read the article "Nebular Hypothesis" in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, one of the finest on that subject to be found anywhere. You can understand then how the worlds have come to be arranged as they are.

Then next you want to place this little planet under your feet intelligently. Read some work on geology. Learn how the world grew into its present shape, so that, as you

look out over the hills or across a valley or read about an earthquake in Mexico or the subsidence of the line of the seacoast on some one of the great continents, or as you see a brook tumbling down a hillside, you may know you are in the midst of the process of creation, that you are seeing God at work to-day making his world, just as much as any angel ever saw him when the morning stars sang together, just as much as any supernal intelligence might have discerned the processes going on at any epoch of the past.

You need to know how the world grew to be what it is. Then, in a certain sense, you are at home in the universe, you are at home on this little planet of ours.

Then, next, what do you need to know? You need to know all that the past knowledge of the world can give you as to the origin and nature of man. Read, if you will, the creation myths and stories as told in connection with the world's religions; but read, at any rate, the story of evolution, how man came to be on this planet, the steps by which the life climbed from the lowest primeval form until humanity appeared standing upon its feet, looking into the heavens and asking questions of the universe.

Then what next? In order that you may understand such problems as Professor Felix Adler is discussing in his present course of lectures, you need to know how the family has grown, the progress of human society, the experiments which men and women tried in those far-off ages in the matter of living together, and the results of those experiments as they are to be found all over the world to-day. If you are to discuss intelligently any great matter touching the family or society you need to know what has been done in the past, the steps that have been taken by which humanity has reached its present position; and all this you can learn in outline and intelligently in a book of four or five hundred pages.

Then you need to know the origin and growth of man's experiments in the way of government. These problems are

coming up continually. You are asked to play your part, to give your opinion, to use your influence, and to cast your vote. You cannot do it as an intelligent man unless you know the steps by which humanity has come from that far-off beginning until to-day. Study, then, the origin and development of government.

Study the origin and growth of discovery, of invention, so that you may take part in the great discussions that are taking place to-day in these directions, so that you can intelligently use your influence in favor of that which ought to be done, that which looks towards the future, that which leads man to some higher level of civilization.

Another thing, which also you can find outlined and summarized in very readable and not large books, the growth of the world in morality. The ideas of right and wrong were not spoken from out the sky to man: the ten commandments were the wrought out results of human experiments. Men found out by trying what was good for them in conduct, just as really as they did what was good for them to eat and what was poison. You need them to become familiar with the world's experiments in the matter of right and wrong, that you may know how the one conduces not only to social order, but know that it is bound up with the happiness, the welfare, the prosperity of the world. Men need to learn that, when they do wrong, they are not only in the old sense offending God, not only injuring somebody else, but that they are injuring themselves; that all life, welfare, prosperity, happiness, are conditioned upon our keeping the laws of right and wrong, because these are the constituent laws of things, not something imposed arbitrarily, not something that God said you have got to do, or he will punish you. They are wrought into the very fibre, the web and the woof of life itself. These things one needs to learn.

And, then, you need to know the history of religion. Look over the world to-day, and it is no wonder that people are confused. Almost every morning's paper will have some

discussion touching the question of the relation of the Catholic Church to the Protestant. Is the Catholic Church increasing in the modern world? Is Protestantism growing in influence and power? If one or the other is increasing, is it a good thing or a bad thing? These are practical questions of every day. Here is somebody who claims that the Bible is an absolutely infallible book. Here is somebody else who says that it is full of mistakes and errors, that it is manifestly a human production, having all over it the finger-marks of the times that produced it.

I notice in the morning paper a discussion touching the matter of our immortal hope. Is there any reason to believe that death is not the end? May we hope to continue beyond and through the mystery, carrying our individuality with us, being just ourselves over there? This is being discussed; and it is being discussed, too, as though it were a matter of adherence to one branch of the Christian Church or another, as though it were a question of belief in the infallibility of the Bible or the belief in the possibility of its having many makers. One writer seems to suppose that, if you only make up your mind to believe hard enough, you can settle the matter,— as though your belief had anything to do with it one way or the other.

Here is the Baptist Church claiming that every man ought to be immersed. Here are other churches saying that it is not an obligation binding upon anybody. Here are churches claiming the authority of the apostles, others that say there is no trace of any apostolic authority in the world. Here is our great Christendom; and most Christians have been taught to believe that Christianity is the one revealed and supernatural religion, and that all the others are impostures or mistakes. You visit the centres of Buddhism; and they believe that they have the one great and true religion of the world. You talk with a Mohammedan doctor; and he makes the same claim in regard to his religion. No wonder that people who do not study are bewildered.

You read a discussion. Understandest thou what thou readest? How should you, unless you have read, unless you have thought, unless you have informed yourself? How can you do it? Is it an impossible task? It is a perfectly practicable task for every intelligent man. If you will, you can, under the guidance of competent men, go down to the far-off beginnings of human thought on this subject. You can trace the beginnings of the religious thought and feeling and life on the part of primitive man; you can see what their elements were, out of what they have grown, what shapes they have taken, and why; and you can trace the steady development of the religious feeling and thought and life of humanity. You can see Bibles growing and find out the roots of them, out of what they have grown, why they have taken the shapes that they have.

You can see the origin of sacrifices, of priesthoods, of rituals: you can trace the evolution of the great religions of the world; and then, when you come to Christianity, under the guidance of competent scholarship to-day, you can get back to the words of the prophet of Nazareth, you can hear him speak, you can find what were the essential things which he taught. You can trace the growth of doctrine until those things which have come to be regarded as orthodox took their final shape, after centuries of change and discussion and speculation.

You can trace the origins of church government, the presbyter, the bishop, you can see what authority attaches to that office, to that position. You can find the growth of rituals and ceremonies, see out of what they have sprung, whether they are divine or human, how much they have done for the world, whether they have helped the world or hindered it. All these things you can learn.

You can study the growth of the Catholic Church. You can find out for yourselves, make up your own minds, whether it stands and speaks exclusively and authoritatively for God or whether it does not. You can study the great

Protestant revolution, see out of what it sprung, why it came just then, and what it means. You can study the growth of modern thought, freedom in thinking, in speculation. You can see the evolution of liberty in the churches. You can find out where this Unitarianism of ours came from, and why.

And when you have traversed this road, traced the religious growth of man, you will know where you are, and why you are where you are; and you will know which way to face. You will know what not one man in twenty thousand in New York to-day apparently does know, whether a certain proposed step is a step ahead or a step backward.

If you trace the origin of the religious life of the world, and see which way light and truth and civilization and human advancement lead, then you know where you, as one element of this life and progress, ought to be. Has a man a right to choose any religion that happens to please his fancy? Has he a right to go to a church because he likes the color of the windows or the atmosphere of the building? Has he a right to go to a church because he happens to like the minister, or the music, or the ritual? Has he a right, because he is pleased with the glamour of antiquity, to go back and hinder the progress of mankind?

You love to see a church covered with ivy. You love to see it with the flavor of the ages hanging about it. There is something beautiful about it that appeals to you. But the last new step of the world's growth cannot be ivy-covered and surrounded by the glamour of sentiment. For these things mean time; and the last step of progress must be new. It must carry with it the penalty of newness, and the lack of these things that appeal to the poetic and historic imagination.

But if you care for God, truth, human progress, the life of the next century and the next, where ought you to stand? Stand with your back to the past, loving it, revering it, being grateful to it, appreciating all that it has done for you and the

world, casting no slurs upon it, never minimizing it; but stand with your back to the past and your face to the future. You have some little influence, some little power. What does the trend of the world's progress mean? It means the sum total, the majority of the feeling, thinking, effort, aspiration, on-reaching of the world.

Do not dare, then, by as much as you love God and revere him, by as much as you recognize your obligation to humanity,— do not dare, then, to cast what little influence you have against the growth of the world. If you wish to know where you are, and why you are where you are, and which way you ought to face and which way to cast your influence, then read until you have discovered; and by reading ten pages a day you can read in clear-cut outline all I have suggested and more.

Do not, then, excuse yourselves for running this way or that aimlessly, for leading a useless or a reactionary life, by saying, I have not time to find which way the truth leads. Understandest thou what thou readest? Learn to understand; and learn to read with a purpose that looks God-ward and that promises to help you lift up and lead on the world.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we can think, that we can remember, that we can read, that we can find out how Thou hast led humanity in the past, that we can think over again Thy thoughts after Thee, and can place our feet in the tracks where Thou hast led and so humbly and simply follow after Thee. Amen.

# UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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### INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

## VI. The Place of Religion in Life

GEORGE H. ELLIS
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# THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN LIFE.

For a text I have chosen the thirty-third verse of the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew,—"Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Young people, as they start out in life, instead of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, are apt to think very little about these things. The ordinary life of the senses, of the external world, is too attractive: the deepest, highest things do not at first appeal to them. It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. There is a joy in merely looking abroad over the beautiful face of the earth. There is an ecstasy in breathing, in the exercise of the limbs, in the fulfilling of all the natural functions of a healthy, vigorous youth.

There is an attraction along the pathways of ambition. Young people think they will like to conquer the world, find society at their feet, win wealth, power, a name. And all these things are perfectly natural, and in their place very well.

A young person reads Shakespeare: he finds delight, perhaps, in the story of Hamlet or Othello or Lear. He rejoices in the literary perfection of the work. But ten years later he reads one of these plays again, and he is astonished to find that it means so many things that he never thought of before. Ten years later still new meanings are discovered; and so as life goes on, as experience opens the eyes more and more, new things are discovered.

Lowell tells us in one of his "Biglow Papers" that he found, as he got on in years, that what he calls the "Par-

son's books "— Life, Death, and Time — have been taking a good deal of trouble with his schooling. This is the experience of all of us. As we get on in life, sorrow, disappointment, the loss of friends, the inevitable accidents of human experience, teach us to put new values upon things, to lay our emphasis in new places, to appreciate things we did not care for, and to put one side, as of little value, some of the things that seemed to us of chief importance.

Young people, then, to-day, as it has always been in the past, are not apt to think very much about religion at first or to try to estimate where it ought to be placed in their lives, how much of the life it ought to interest or absorb. There are other influences at work in society to-day to emphasize this waving one side of the practical religious problems of the world.

It is a characteristic of this age, as you have been told, perhaps, too many times already, that everything is called in question. It is an age of doubt, an age of scepticism. It is a scientific age; and the characteristic of a scientific age is that things are being reconsidered. The true scientific mind does not take things for granted: it wants evidence, it wants to be sure of its facts. And so it asks questions, and questions lead to doubt, and doubt leads to suspense of judgment, and suspense of judgment paralyzes action. And so it comes to be, in a perfectly natural way, that the young people at the present time do not embrace religion with the same earnestness, perhaps, which has been true of them in some ages of the past.

The newspapers almost every morning are full of discussions as to whether man has a soul. There are scientific treatises which have analyzed human life, and have told us that there is no reason any longer why we should trouble ourselves about God or a future life or any deeper thing in us than our inherited tendencies and sensations.

And so there are thousands of young people who are in suspense, they are bewildered, they are questioning, they are

waiting, they do not quite know whether it is reasonable any longer to be religious, whether it may not be that, while it was a thing considered of chief importance a thousand or five hundred years ago, to-day it has turned out to be a superstition, something that is going to be outgrown and left behind.

I say that these questions, these impressions, are in all the air. There is hardly one single position which was considered settled a hundred or five hundred years ago that to-day is not seriously called in question; not flippantly, not by shallow men, but seriously, earnestly, by students, thinkers, and investigators.

Let us then for a little while this morning face this situation, see if we can find out what it means, see if we can discover where we are, see if there is any reason why religion should not occupy the place with us that it did in the thought, the heart and the life of Jesus. He said, with simple, firm conviction, not wrought out after struggle, but as if based in a clear-sighted consciousness of his soul, "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness." This was his attitude.

I wish, if I may, to lead you to a point where you can decide for yourselves as to whether this is rational, whether religion ought to be with us the first thing, or as to whether it ought to be waived aside as of secondary importance or no importance at all.

Glance backward with me down the pathway of human history up which the race has toiled and struggled with so much difficulty for thousands of years, and you will find that in all that past religion was regarded as the most important thing of all. Go back and study Egypt. What is there left of it, that great civilization, one of the first great civilizations of the world? There are monuments and ecords, and every one of those monuments and all those records that are of any importance are connected with the religious conviction of the people of that time.

The oldest book, perhaps, in the world is the Egyptian Book of the Dead,— a book concerning itself throughout with the religious ideas and hopes and fears of the people. And this is true of all the old civilizations. Religion was the one thing of chief importance with them; religion shaped their lives; the kings ruled in the name of the gods. This was the source and secret of their power. Religion ruled over every phase and incident of human life. It presided over the birth of the child, it named, it consecrated the newly born. It guided and guarded the footsteps of the growing youth. It met him as he entered the responsibilities of manhood, and dedicated him to the idea of life which it had shaped. It presided over marriage; it decided who should be married and how; gave point and motive to the ideals that dominated it. And so the whole of life was shaped by religion.

And this is true of all the past. The entire human race has been governed, dominated, moulded by religion more than by any other power that has ever been known.

Now has this all been a mistake? Has it all been a delusion, a superstition that is to be outgrown? Mr. John Fiske, whose too early death all of us who knew him, either personally or through his books, so sadly mourn, in one of his discussions quotes Herbert Spencer's definition of life. Spencer says that it is "a continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." Think that over when you get home: you will find that it is the profoundest definition of life that has ever been given. Whatever is living is continuously adjusting its inner relations to its outer relations.

Now the world from the beginning, Mr. Fiske tells us, has been supposing that it was acted upon by an all-surrounding spiritual universe. It has been touched, pressed upon, shaped, moulded, or has supposed that it has, by this spiritual universe that environs it; and the largest and most serious part of human life up to the present time has been a series of reactions on this supposed spiritual universe.

Now, then, Mr. Fiske goes on to point out that, if this is all mistake, then here is something the like of which cannot be found anywhere in the history of the evolution of the universe outside. It is a huge delusion if it is not true; and if there is a fundamental delusion of this sort at the very heart of things, so that humanity has been acting on a mistake from the beginning, then how are we to be sure of anything? It seems to put a question as to the reality and sanity of the universe at the very centre of things.

Let us note now for a few moments what it is that has been taking place. Religions have died,—a great many of them: theologies have died,—a great many of them. Religions are in process of dying to-day: a good many theologies are in process of dying. But—and here is the point I wish you seriously to consider and weigh with yourselves—does this mean at all or of necessity that religion is dying, or is in any danger of dying?

For what is it, after all, that has been taking place? Nothing but the very hopeful thing that humanity has been growing, has been learning. The first men thought about the universe, and interpreted the infinite and invisible power manifested in the universe just as well as they knew how to; but of necessity their interpretations were partial, were erroneous, were mistaken in a hundred different ways. Their religious conceptions were bound up with their partial views. When they learned better, those religious conceptions were outgrown, their theoretical ideas were left behind; and very likely the people who lived at that time thought that religion was dying because those old ideas were dying.

Indeed, we know that this is true. You can study the history of crisis after crisis in the progress of mankind, and you will find that the people who taught the newer and higher ideas and who led the religious advance of the race were looked upon as atheists and enemies of religion, and enemies of their kind; and they were put to death as the reward of their services. There has never been an advance

from the beginning when this or something akin to this has not been true.

Look at ancient Athens. Socrates appeared, teaching a higher and nobler thought of the gods, a nobler, humanitarian system of ethics, a nobler hope for the future; and they made him drink the hemlock as a penalty for it. He was treated as an enemy of his country's religion and of his time.

The same thing, you know, was true in the case of Jesus. Jesus was looked upon by the Pharisees and leaders of his age as an enemy of God, a foe to the temple, a destroyer of his country's religion, as everything that was bad; and he was hung on a tree outside the walls of Jerusalem as the reward of his bringing to the world this newer and higher and finer truth.

Now what has really been going on in the past has been the outgrowing of old and crude conceptions of religion and the putting in their place of new and high and fine thoughts about the universe, about God, about man, about human destiny. It is not, then, you will see, a bad thing that has been taking place. It is not a hopeless thing, it is not a process of destruction. Jesus said, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill."

But the process of growing, as I have said more than once, is always, and of necessity, a process of outgrowing; and the advocates and adherents of the things that are being outgrown must always look upon the process as one of iconoclasm and destruction, and must think that the universe is coming to an end. Now it is just this which is taking place again to-day. Nothing has happened to threaten the reality of religion, nothing has happened to threaten its permanence, nothing has happened to dethrone it from its position of dominance and supremacy in every human life. It is just as important to-day as it ever was; and it claims the entire allegiance of every soul to-day just as really as it ever did in the history of the world.

And let me now, by one or two illustrations, show you the necessity of this. It is not my dictum, it is not my opinion. If you will follow me for a moment, you will see that the position is inevitable and inpregnable. What was it that the early men were trying to do? They were trying to get into right relations with the invisible powers that they thought of as controlling the world and ruling human life. They had certain ideas of what kind of beings these powers were. They supposed these powers wanted them to do certain things; and religion meant to them doing these things, obeying these powers, and so getting into right relations with them, getting them to be friends and helpers and guides of human life.

Now right in there is the essence and the heart of all the religions of the world: it cannot change, it cannot pass away. For now, suppose instead of many gods, many invisible beings, as the first men were obliged to think, we have taken a step forward, we have found out that this is a universe, a cosmos, an order, the manifestation of one intelligence; and so we are monotheists, we have to be, we cannot think of divers powers: it is one power. And what is religion to us, to those of us who believe in God? It is trying to find out just as nearly as we can the kind of being that God is, the nature of his laws, what they are, and loyally and lovingly come into obedience to those laws. That is, we are trying, just as the first men of the world were, to get into right relations with God. That is what our religion means, it is what every religion has meant in the past, it is what every religion must mean.

But there are a good many people at the present time who cannot affirm their belief in God. I hear young men say, I am an agnostic. I have no objection to a young man's saying that he is an agnostic if he says it as the result of serious thinking, if he really is trying to find the truth and has gotten no farther than the necessity of saying, I do not know. If that means the serious humility of an inquirer, I

have no fault to find with him. The only trouble is that so many times the agnostic does not take that attitude. He assumes a little air of superiority over people that believe much, seems to think that it is an evidence of wisdom for him to confess his ignorance. It is, if he really is ignorant; but, if that ignorance merely means a supercilious conceit of knowledge, means that he does not know, thinks nobody else does and that nobody else can, then it is conceit and ignorance, indeed, and not the attitude of the real, serious, thoughtful, studying agnostic at all.

But, if you are a genuine agnostic, then face this fact. You do not escape the relation which is the centre and soul and heart of religion by being an agnostic. If you say you do not know what the nature of the Power is that is behind the phenomena, still you must say with Herbert Spencer, the greatest agnostic of the world, that the one most certain item of all our knowledge is the existence of an infinite and eternal Power that is behind phenomena, and of which all phenomena are only changing and passing manifestations.

The laws of this universe, then, are the manifestation of that infinite and eternal Power; and those laws are the constituent laws of my being, my body, my mind, my moral nature, my æsthetic nature, my spiritual nature, or whatever I call my soul. Now, if you are an agnostic, it is just as important as it is for the man who believes in God that you find out the nature of the laws of this infinite and eternal Power, and that you loyally obey those laws. Your life hangs on this knowledge and obedience, your health hangs on it, your mental sanity hangs on it, your moral nature and development hang on it. All you are depends on just so much as you know about this infinite and eternal power and the degree of your obedience to it. So here you are face to face with the facts, the unescapable facts. All you have done is to change the name of them.

Suppose you are an atheist. Do you escape the great

relation which is at the heart of the religious life in that way? I have never seen more than two or three sensible and convinced atheists in my life; but there are some. Suppose you are one, and an honest one. Still you are face to face with this infinite and eternal Power, you are the child of that Power. The universe, even if it is godless, is your father just the same. It has produced you, and you stand in vital relation to this Power; and your life, health, prosperity, and welfare depend upon your coming into loyal obedience to that Power.

So this relation, which is the essence, the centre, the heart of the religious life, is something that cannot by any possibility be waived aside or escaped. So that life is just as serious a matter to you, whatever your theory may be. It is just as important that you recognize these ultimate facts and relations, whatever your theory may be. It is just as important that you help other people to recognize these ultimate facts and relationships, whatever your theory may be.

I have here what I would like to read to you now, four or five verses written by the Rev. Washington Gladden, a liberal Congregationalist preacher now living in Columbus, Ohio. They indicate what is wise for a person to do who is temporarily bewildered and who cannot quite see his way. The title is "Things that cannot Fail": —

When the anchors that faith has cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
  That it isn't good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find

That the rulers must obey,
  That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of peace;

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
  Have the universe on their side.

That is a good position for a man who cannot go any farther. But now I wish to invite you to take another step with me. Let us consider for a few moments together the attitude of Jesus, what kind of religious man Jesus was, and see if it appeals to us, see if it does not so appeal to us as to make it seem the only rational thing for us to do to follow him.

What did he teach? He taught that he was the son of God. Did he stop there? No. He told his disciples that they were sons of God. He told them that all the Jewish people were sons of God. Did he stop there? No. He told them that all men — and he shocked them by telling them this — were sons of God, that all women were daughters of God. Not only all the good people in heathen lands and all over the world, but all the bad people, he said, were children of God, too, and that God loved them all with equal and impartial love; that he sent his rain on the good and the evil, on the just and the unjust; that he offered his favors to them on equal terms; that he stood ready to offer himself to them all on equal terms.

God, then, in the religious life of Jesus, was the infinite, the all-wise, the perfectly good, the all-loving Father of all people. Now think what that means. It means the infinite worth of every human soul, no matter where that soul may

be, in heaven or in hell, ignorant or educated, rich or poor, wise or foolish, obedient to God or disobedient, living lovingly in the home or wandering like the prodigal in some far country and wasting his substance in riotous living,— every soul the child of God and of infinite value! This is what Jesus teaches. This is the kind of God in which he simply, implicitly, unwaveringly believed, and the existence of which he always not so much asserted as assumed.

In this he agreed with all the profoundest thinkers of the world. Perhaps you will remember that Robert Browning, in his introduction to the poem of "Sordello," says that he is concerning himself there with "the development of a soul"; and he adds that "little else is worth study." This was the attitude of Jesus; and he said to the people to whom he spoke, If you gain the whole world, all the wealth, all the honors, all the power, all the pleasures,— everything,— at the cost of your soul, you have made a mistake, it is a poor bargain, for the soul is of infinite value.

What, next, does this perfect fatherhood mean? What does it do for the individual life? It lifts up that life into dignity and meaning and power, and puts a purpose in it that keeps us steadily on our track across the wild waste of the waters of the world. What is the trouble with the human lives that are going to pieces, that are being wrecked on every hand? Here is a man who commits suicide; and he leaves word behind him that he had simply gotten tired of the commonplace routine of dressing and undressing, of sleeping and waking, eating and hungering, working and resting. He had become tired of it all.

No wonder, no wonder, if there was no purpose in it. Every little while I see in the newspapers records like this. A man or a woman has flung life away because it had no meaning to them. They had lost interest in it. They had tried for something on which they had set their hearts: they had failed to attain that. They had learned to appreciate nothing else; and now they wanted no more of it. And so you will

find people all over the world, in society, everywhere, sour, disappointed, with no heart, no purpose, no high meaning, nothing to live for, nothing to rouse enthusiasm, nothing to give purpose, nothing to make them steady, to hold them on their course.

If you could be in a balloon, suspended over mid-ocean, and see a ship that had lost her rudder and her compass, in a storm, you would see an illustration of thousands and thousands of human lives. The ship is drifting: it dreams of this port, of that, but it can head towards none of them. It is at the mercy of the elemental forces. Every current sweeps it this way: the winds as they change blow it whithersoever they will.

But a great ocean liner, in perfect order, with a compass, with a chart, with intelligent strength at the wheel, laughs at the waves, at the storms, at the sea perils, and ploughs its course toward some definite harbor. This indicates the distinction between the different kinds of human lives.

If a man like Jesus believes in God, loves him, is conscious of him, trusts in him, then across the waste of life he steadily sails without fear, with courage, with hope, with a purpose that makes even the storm a joy. This is what this great faith did for Jesus. I am not saying it has done that for me. I may be preaching to myself this morning as much as to you. It did this for Jesus. It has done this for thousands of men and women from that day to this. It has lifted up life, given it a meaning, a purpose, and made men strong to hold on their way. No matter what happened, they were living for an end that was able to justify it all.

Another thing this faith did for Jesus. It gave him power of conquest over himself and over the world. It made him victor in spite of all defeats. If a man has this kind of religion, a young man has it, a young woman has it, if any one has this kind of religion, then there is no such thing as defeat or despair. There is assured victory. Why? Because we have linked our lives with God; and

that means absolute certainty, some time, of conquest, of deliverance from all evil, of final triumph.

William Henry Channing, in a beautiful line expressing this kind of trust, says of himself,—

"If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

He had such faith in God, such belief in the power of victory, that even the sinking of his ship had no terrors for him. He believed there were other seas on which the same ship might sail.

Take the case of a soldier in a battle. He may for an hour not know which way the tide is going. He may be wounded, his uniform may be muddied, blood-stained, in shreds. He may be struggling to do what he can, but waiting and wondering what the outcome is to be. But by and by, perhaps on his dying ear, there comes a cry that tells him that the battle is won; and then he is lifted up in spite of his own personal defeat and death, because he is a part of the victory, he is a part of the battle, he is a part of the cause, and in the cause's triumph he, too, wins.

And so, if we can have this faith in God, personal defeat, the loss of health, the loss of things we specially desire, disappointments, the death of friends, no matter what, you can say with Paul, "None of these things move me." You are linked in with God, your life is a part of his; and the final victory must be yours.

And this love for God, when it has been in the hearts of devotees, has meant loving service and helpful relations toward all mankind of necessity, because all mankind are children of God. So the manifestation of our love for God is in serving and helping his children. Thus the grandest life of service is the natural and necessary outcome of this trust in and love for God.

Now I appeal to you at the end with this one consideration: A theory, scientifically considered, is demonstrated to be true when it best answers and explains all the facts.

Now this theory of life, which was the theory of Jesus, that we are God's children, and that loving him with our whole souls is our first duty, issues in what? Issues in the noblest conceivable kind of life; not in mere sanctimony, not in mere perfunctory service, not in pietism. It issues in the healthy, sane life, the life that helps the world, the life that has a purpose in it, a power of victory, a control over circumstances, deliverance at the end, and that has in it the supreme joy of those who feel sure that their lives are linked in with the Eternal Goodness and the Eternal Love.

If you make this kind of religion first, then, if you accept it, if you cast your souls upon it in perfect trust, you will be perfectly certain to live the noblest conceivable kind of life; and I do not believe that it can be an error or mistake which has an issue like that.

Father, we do believe that Thou art our Father, our friend, that Thou dost love us, that we can love Thee, that we can take hold of Thy hand and be led, and that through Thee and by Thee we may find victory over all doubt, over all sorrow, over all evil, over all pain. Amen.

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# MAN AND WOMAN.

I TAKE as my text from the first chapter of Genesis a part of the twenty-sixth verse and the twenty-seventh,— "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

There is a curious old tradition, some variant of which is found among a good many different peoples, to the effect that originally man and woman were one being, but that God decided after a while to cleave them asunder. After that they were restless and discontented until they found each other again. The restlessness and the discontent until man finds his true mate, until woman finds her true mate, are at any rate eternal truth, whatever we may think of the tradition.

I propose, in half a dozen sermons, to consider some of the great moral and religious problems which spring out of the relations between men and women. And, since these problems, for bad or good, depend upon the action and reaction of men and women upon each other, they, of course, are largely determined by the peculiar characteristics of men and women; and it seemed to me that we should understand the later problems more easily if at the outset we tried to get in mind with some clearness certain distinct peculiarities of men and women, because, as I have intimated, it is on the action and reaction of these peculiarities that the problems depend.

In trying to find out, then, what men are and what women are, I shall not treat much this morning of the ideal, as to

what they ought to be. This I shall refer to only incidentally. It is what they have been and what they are that we need to understand; and we must, in order to get at the central truths, leave one side the wide range of variations. Of course there are a great many men who possess womanly qualities, and are the finer and the better for it. There are many women who possess manly qualities, and a similar thing is true of them. But it is not these variations that we need at present to fix our attention upon. It is rather the central, essential characteristics that have been peculiar in the past.

The evolution of men and women in relation to each other has been largely determined by three factors, to which I need briefly to refer. In the first place, each man and each woman feels certain impulses, certain tendencies, certain desires; and each one tries, of course, to live these out. They try to express themselves, to realize their desires, to attain the things towards which they naturally aim. This is the first thing that determines action.

Then the impulses of the man, the impulses of the woman, are limited and shaped, modified this way and that, by the relations in which they stand to each other, so that this element in both must be taken into account. And both of them have come to what they are by reason of what is spoken of as environment. That is, men and women have lived their lives in the midst of certain conditions. These conditions have been physical, determined by the part of the earth in which they have lived,— the land, water, air, vegetable growths, climate, all sorts of things. All these have changed and modified the development of society.

I shall leave out of account, as I have said, the fact that man of necessity, if the necessity arises, rather, can assume many of the womanly functions, and lead a life alone and do the woman's work in certain directions as well as the man's; and the woman, if she has to, can also live alone and do what is ordinarily looked upon as a man's work. But these

are exceptions which we wish, for the present, to leave out of account.

Now I wish to ask your attention for a little to the part that the man, the typical, the average, normal man, has played in the evolution of human life. What has been his function? And let me say here again that for this morning I shall not consider, except indirectly, the great central, eternal functions of fatherhood or motherhood. I shall leave these out of account for the present.

What, then, has been the part which man has played in the history of the world? In the first place he has been the fighter. If you find the average of men over the world to-day inclined to be pugnacious, easily stirred to deeds of violence, let us do him the justice to say that these are only the excesses of the part which he has had to play from the beginning of the world. Man had to start by being a fighter against the wild beasts of the world. He had to fight for standing ground, for a place to make a home; and then he had to fight with the wild conditions of nature,— level the forests, ford the rivers and streams, brave the storms. All the conditions of the earth that were apparently antagonistic to his peace and his life he had to subdue, to conquer, — at any rate to control them, so that they should not harm him; and he has more and more become master of them, so that they are beginning to be his servants.

And beyond this he has had to fight other men,— *had* to fight other men, remember,— fight for his life, for his home, his religion, for any higher degree of civilization which he has attained. He has *had* in the past, whatever is true of to-day, to be a fighter; and we must remember, in estimating his characteristics, his faults, and his virtues, the conditions which have determined this.

In the next place, another great function of the man has been that of the explorer. He is the one, not the woman, who has started out to find a place for a larger and a better life, to find a new home, to seek new pasturage for his

cattle, new opportunities for life. He is the one who has discovered new countries, the one who has gone to seek his fortune in different lands, to find new continents and new worlds, to make a place where a home should be founded later, after he had made the conquest of the bare opportunity.

And we shall find this characteristic of man manifested in all the higher ranges of life. It is man who has been the intellectual explorer; it is man who has been the discoverer in realms of thought,— he has found new worlds of ideas; it is man who goes out into new and untried fields of religious thought first, and makes a place where the woman can follow. This has been the general characteristic: there are exceptions; but this is the normal.

In the third place, man has been a builder, a creator, a maker. He has built the outside of the home, the shelter, the place in which he could live. He has built in the realms of thought. He has been a creator in all departments of human life.

I am not, understand, in making these statements, claiming any superiority for man. These whole questions of more or less, of better or worse, of superior or inferior, are waived aside: they have no place in a discussion of this sort. To discuss as to which is the better, the man or the woman, which is the superior, the greater, which has done more for the world,— all these questions seem to me simply absurd. We are not discussing these questions: we are simply trying to define matters and see where we are.

No woman, for example, so far as I know, with a very few exceptions, has ever done any great creative work in any department of human thought or life. Man, then, is not only the fighter and the explorer, but he is the builder.

Now what are the virtues that go along with such functions as these? If I do not put my finger on what any of you think ought to be the chief virtues of the man this morning, you will understand that I am passing them by

deliberately, that I am trying to select those things that have been the most important in the development of the world, the development of society, of civilization, and which, therefore, the conditions of human life have called out and emphasized.

The first great virtue of a man in all the past — and it is just as true to-day as it ever has been — is strength, power. He has been able to play his part as a fighter, as an explorer, as a builder, only as he has been strong. It is not always physical strength, I would have you understand. Some of the noblest and greatest men of the world have been physical weaklings, cripples, invalids all their lives long. But they have been mighty of brain, or they have been stout of heart, or they have been grand, gigantic, in their spiritual nature. The men who have played a great part in the history of the world have been the strong men, strong in some direction. This is the first virtue of manhood.

The next is the accompaniment of this, or ought to be; that is, courage. This is something a little different from strength: for, if a man knows he is strong and knows that he can master the difficulty that confronts him, there is no special call for courage. Courage is that quality of a man that leads him to face danger, a difficulty that he does not feel sure he can cope with, to attempt to overcome an obstacle that he knows may be too much for him,— courage in physical warfare, courage in facing intellectual difficulties, the courage that leads the martyr to stand firmly by his convictions, even when the flames are burning his flesh to crisp; the courage that makes a man go to prison and endure what perhaps is worse than martyrdom, years of loneliness, with only his high thoughts and his God for companionship. The next great quality of a man, then, is courage.

Next, after that, is honor; because in the case of force, power, where there is not superior power to shape and mould it, it must find shaping and moulding to high issues and noble ends in the resources of the man himself. And

so, along with the noblest characters of the world there has been developed this quality of honor; and it manifests itself in the most unexpected places. We see it in the ages of chivalry; we see it on many a battlefield; we see it in all the past. Men at the bidding of honor have faced death, faced every kind of hardship. They have refused to strike a dishonorable blow, perhaps in a duel, when they knew that meant the possibility of the loss of their own lives. And yet honor has been more than life to them. In men that we do not think of as particularly good at all, we are astonished to find in their cases this development of honor. Curiously enough, you can read of such a case in the morning papers,— a man who had just escaped from prison, where he had been held for murder, a man, according to all our standards, regarded as every way bad, yet taking the risk of the loss of his liberty and his life, because of the sense of honor towards the woman — whose character we cannot regard with any respect, either — who had been instrumental in his escape. They tell us that they might have gone free if it had not been for this overmastering sense of honor, even in the desperado's heart.

The next great virtue is chivalry, courtesy, that which makes the strong gentle, kindly. As I look over the movements of society to-day, though I am in favor of every step in advance taken by women, I shrink from seeing that there is danger on the part of the average man of his misinterpreting these movements to such an extent that his courtesy may become less. He is apt to say: These women want to stand alone, compete with me in business, take their place independently in the world. Then let them go alone and take care of themselves. It is a pity: I can only say this in passing. The movements of the modern world are apt to be misunderstood on one side or the other; and it is a pity that there should be any decay of the chivalry, the courtesy, which is the crowning glory and beauty of the strength of man.

Let us turn now sharply, and see what part the woman has played in the evolution of the world. She has been first the inspirer, the inspiration of all the highest, finest, sweetest, noblest, truest things that man has done. If you analyze a man's actions, be they good or bad, the chances are a thousand to one that you will find the thought or the love or the memory or the hope connected with some woman, which is the mainspring and motive force of it all. Woman, then, has been in the first place the inspirer of life.

Next she has been the home-maker. A man can build a house, but he cannot make a home. A man can furnish for himself bachelor quarters; but, if you visit them, you will know in a moment whether a woman's touch has ever been felt there. Let a woman pass through a home, a house,— it may have all that goes to make up a home before she has passed through it except herself, but let her pass through it, and in twenty-four hours the whole thing is transformed,— nothing is what it was before, all is softened, beautified, glorified by her taste, her skill, her presence. She gives it atmosphere, beauty, all that makes up what we mean when we say "home."

A man goes to foreign countries, makes a conquest of new regions, clears the forests, raises harvests, and then builds a house; and then the woman comes and makes the home, and civilization begins.

And, in the next place, woman has been the comfort, the comforter. Jesus, you know, tells us that the crowning thing in Christianity is to be the fact that the Comforter is to come, to be in the hearts and lives of men, assuring them of the love of the Father, the guide and inspiration, the bestower of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. So, as far as this world is concerned, woman has played the part of the comforter. I have not time, and I do not need to go into detail by way of illustration. Read the history of the past, and see the lesson written in letters of gratitude and tenderness everywhere,— woman on the

battlefields, woman in the hospitals, woman in sick chambers, woman in the hours of man's depression and despair, woman at the crisis points of human life, everywhere bringing balm and help.

Jesus, in his hours of deepest agony, when the shadow of Gethsemane was over him, loved to go to the home of Martha and Mary and in the atmosphere of their sympathy find comfort.

Now, as woman has played this rôle in the history of the world, what in her case are the special, peculiar virtues which have developed and given her her power? You may be a little surprised to hear me say it; but the first virtue of a woman, as it has been in the past, as it is now and ever will be, is beauty,— beauty, if she can have it, of face, of form, of adornment. Beauty does not mean extravagance or display, but real beauty. If she cannot have these, she can have something better than these,— beauty of mind, of character, of heart, of soul, that quality which culminates in charm, which draws, which attracts. This is the first great virtue of woman, has been in all the past, is to-day, and must be always. This is her peculiar power: it is a power greater than the man's muscle, greater than the man's intellect, greater than the man's courage. It has proved itself from the beginning of the world to be the mightiest power that humanity has ever known,— the charm of woman.

Her next great virtue, developed by the peculiar conditions of her life, is endurance, patience. A woman will endure a thousand times more than a man can; for her life from the beginning has been one of waiting, of patience, of bearing. From the old savage times, when the man went out on the war-path or to hunt, and she stayed behind and waited, wondering if he would ever come back, through an experience like that of the mother of the Nazarene when he goes out on his career and she watches and wonders and waits, she waits by the cross. All through the history

of the world — take it in our wars — the sweetheart, the mother, the wife, waiting, wondering whether she will ever hear that footstep again, whether she will ever look in that face again, whether she will ever listen to the sweet tones of that voice again,— woman has been waiting, patient, enduring. And how much she endures as she loves and trains the child! Endurance is the signet of her life from the beginning to the end.

And the next great virtue of the woman is fidelity, faithfulness. I may be misunderstood; but I must interject one word right here. Do not misinterpret it. If I have not placed faithfulness among the virtues of man in the past, I have omitted it for a purpose. Fidelity has been one of the great crowning virtues of woman; for she has held in her hand and carried by her faithfulness the safety of the family, the lines of the world's descent, all the fine and high things that need to be carried on into the future. Fidelity, then, is the next great virtue of woman.

And, last, gentleness. There is a story in one of the classical writers to the effect that the god of the winds is blowing the ocean into great breakers and disturbing the serenity of the earth, when suddenly Venus appears; and all things at her presence are calm again, the ocean lies placid and reflects the blueness of the heavens. This is typical of what is true in human life everywhere.

Now I must turn from these characteristics of men and women, and put my finger a moment — I cannot do more — on the two great typical characteristics of manhood and womanhood summed up in a phrase. The vices of the world, the evils of the world, are always either the defects, the excesses, or the perversions of its virtues. That is, if a man does wrong, he can do it only in three ways,— either in the defective, the excessive, or perverted use of some power that is right,— so that there is a close kinship always between the virtues and the vices of men and women.

I have said that man's great characteristic has been

strength, power; and the vices of man have almost always been connected with it. Woman's has been the sentimental, the emotional side; and her defects and the evils that have resulted from them have almost always been along these lines. Now scientists tell us that in the evolution of the world there are two tendencies at work always. One is the tendency to produce some new thing, branch out in some new direction. The other is the hereditary tendency, which tends always and only to repeat the past. There are scientists — and I am inclined to agree with them so far as my investigations have extended — who tell us that from the lowest forms of life clear up to man it is the masculine that is the source of the tendency to vary always, and it is the feminine which is the source of the tendency to conserve and keep what has been already attained.

You can think of this illustration always in every direction. In religion you will find it very manifest. The men are almost always the first heretics. The men are the ones who break away from the past in the first place, who think new thoughts, who evolve new philosophical theories; and the women are the ones who cling to the forms and traditions, the associations, of the past. Of course there are exceptions. This seems to me to be the general truth.

And it is just as it should be. I am speaking of it merely to note it as a truth; for, as you see, if man had his way, if the tendency to vary were carried too far, we should break our connection with the past, growth would cease, revolution would take the place of evolution, and all the fine, sweet, gentle, noble things that the world has wrought out would be lost. But if the womanly tendency, to care chiefly in a sentimental way for the past, should be altogether dominant, then there would be no more growth, there would be an end of evolution, and the world would stay as it is.

So man needs to qualify his instinctive contempt for sentiment, for the conservative tendency, for that which

loves the old, the accustomed, the associations with which one has been familiar; and woman needs to modify her desire to keep in the quiet nest which the past has established, and become brave enough to follow the man as he goes out into something new, wider, and better. For the progress of the world depends upon the combination of these two, the man and the woman. Again, you see, there must be the evolution of new ideas, the reaching out into new fields, or the world would stand still, and there would be no progress.

But there must be a conserving of the fine and sweet things already attained, or else we lose our connection with the past; and all the rich heritage that has been gained would be lost. I have time only to hint these two ideas: you can trace them out not only in religion, but in government, in science, in art, in society,— everywhere these two forces have played their part, in every department of life and thought.

I turn now to another great phase of my theme. All the tragedies of the world, I suppose,— almost all of them,— have been connected with the relations of men and women. The evils, the crimes, the heartaches and heart-breaks, the immoralities of the world, are all, or almost all, to be found in this direction. But let us note here that morality itself finds its root, the possibility of its existence, in the fact of sex. Let me show you how plain, how self-evident this is. And let me show you another thing.

I think it is a common idea that, when a man ceases to be selfish and becomes unselfish, he has somehow achieved a right-about-face; that the two are contradictory the one to the other. I do not believe it: one naturally and necessarily grows out of the other. What we call unselfishness is an evolution from what we call selfishness. Let me show you how true this is, while at the same time I show you that morality finds its root in the fact of sex.

Go back to the beginning, and here is a man. He has

fallen in love, we will say, with a woman. What does that mean? It means simply a great, overmastering, selfish passion: he desires to possess the woman. She returns his love; and what has happened? Suddenly his great, selfish love has become the most unselfish thing in the world: he loves her so much — grant that at first he thinks of her only as an extension of himself — that he is ready to suffer, to sacrifice himself, even to die for that love; ready to extinguish self, almost at the first step.

A child is born. Then what? Both the father and the mother love the child; and in thousands of cases it is true — and this is what it tends to always — they love the child better than they love themselves. At any rate, they love it so that they will take all sorts of chances, risk their health, their property, their lives, for the sake of the child. Selfishness again on both sides turned into the most magnificent devotion, and no right-about-face at all, only a natural and normal development.

Then what? The love of the father and the mother for the child expands, and takes in the wider circle of the patriarchal family. They hate people beyond the limits of the family; but they love the family, and regard the members as themselves. This expands to the tribe, the tribe expands to the nation. We have reached this point to-day. We love our own people, no matter how much we may hate an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian. We are proud of our own country and love our own people.

In certain typical cases this love has broadened until it has taken in humanity; and there have been magnificent examples in the past of men who have loved humanity more than they loved their own people, if possible. At any rate they have been ready to sacrifice themselves and die for man.

And it does not stop there. We are learning — and Darwinism has helped us to learn — the grand lesson that all living creatures are akin to us, and so there is this great

manifestation of tenderness and love for whatever can feel, whatever can suffer; and it does not even end there.

Lowell, in his "Under the Willows," says,—

> "I in June am midway to believe
> A tree among my far progenitors."

There are people who begin to feel the presence of a mysterious, divine life in all nature. Wordsworth has embodied it perhaps better than any one. Read over again "Tintern Abbey." You remember there, after telling how he feels

> "A presence that disturbs him with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts,"

he goes on,—

> ". . . Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth. . . ."

He feels the divine life in all things, and his love expands until it takes in the universe.

This, then, is what has grown out of the love of man for woman, and of the man and the woman for their child. No matter how many crimes or tragedies are connected with it, with it also are connected all the finest and sweetest things that the world has known. It is the love of man and woman that has made this world a world of romance instead of a bare world of isolated and hard facts. It is this love that has covered the rough outlines of mountains and trees and seashores with an atmosphere softened, beautifying, glorifying it all.

What great poem has the world produced which has not been inspired by the love of man for woman or woman for man? What great music has been written that is not the attempt to express the inexpressible, deep love of the human heart? What are all the great novels of the world but attempts to embody the love of man and woman? What are

all the great dramas? What has been done in the direction of art, sculpture, pictures? Take this one thing away, and all the mighty fabric of the world's beauty and glory and romance and poetry and song would shiver into atoms or dissipate into air.

It is the one thing that we all dream of on this earth: it is the one thing, is it not, which makes the attraction and glory of heaven? If there were no love, who would care for immortality? If there were no human love, who would care? We love God as the giver of human love, as the ideal of human love, as the summed-up fulness of all love; but we climb to the throne of God, to the footstool of the Father, up the stairways of love for mother, sister, sweetheart, wife, child. These are the steps by which we rise to the highest.

And, as we look forward towards the immortal life, what is it that we think of first? Is it not that mother is over there waiting, or the wife, if she has preceded us? Is it not this dream of the ideal love that we hope to find again? or, if we have not found it here, that we hope to discover there?

At the close of one of his poems, Browning, it seems to me, has summed it up, and has spoken the truth which is at the secret heart of us all: —

> "O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest."

Father, we thank Thee for this great, wonderful love that Thou hast given us. We thank Thee that we are bound together by such sacred ties. Let them lift us, let them make us true, let them make us noble, until by following the vision of our human love we come to the ecstasy of the beatific vision of Thyself. Amen.

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*"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"*

# MESSIAH PULPIT

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# FATHERS AND SONS

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1902

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# FATHERS AND SONS.

"A certain man had two sons."— LUKE XV. 11.

THE purely human touches in the parable of the Prodigal Son make us feel sure of its essential reality, and that Jesus must have known the family or heard of it in some near and neighborly way, so that, I suppose, all he had to do was to take this bit of nature and life as a key to open the holy truth he had in his mind, and to urge home its lessons on those who would hear them.

The young man about whose life the main interest of the story centres lives in a kindly country home with his father and an elder brother of quite another turn. There is no sign of a mother or sisters about the place; and this, at the first glance, seems to be a great pity, and stirs us to wonder whether the story might not have taken another turn, had the lad's life found this sweet and pure enfolding. I think it might; but, then, it might not, because, if I want to have my fling at the swine troughs, I shall either get it by breaking away openly from the pure and good women of my household or by trying to live two lives, one clean and good in my home and the other unclean and evil in the haunts of sin and shame, — for this is what many young men do, with as fair and true a womanhood to guard and guide them as the world ever saw. So it is fair to infer that, if this young fellow had once made up his mind to do it, he would put himself down on the devil's books, and go to his place and purpose in despite of the best woman who ever blessed and sanctified a home.

The old father of the boys is clearly as good a man, in his own way, as you could well find, and is bound up in this younger lad, as Jacob was in Joseph. We can see this as

we watch him open his heart to the poor wretch when he comes back, to take him in again without question or condition. Nothing, you will notice, can be more sweet and tender than his joy.

There is no room now for even a glance of reproof. The best he has is poured out on him without stint. The wardrobe is ransacked, and the jewel box, the cellar, and the fold, to set forth the old father's gladness; while the neighbors and friends are called in, and music and dancing crown the holiday on which the dead has come to life again and the lost is found. So, as I watch him standing there trembling all over with delight, I think I can hear him say across the silence of all these centuries: What a fool I have been, to be sure! Why, if I had made the old farm-house as bright and attractive as this for my boy before he went away to shame his upbringing, he might never have been tempted to leave me. I wish I had thought of that before, and tried it, at any rate, for his sake and my own.

Because I think we can infer again from the elder brother's wonder over the music and the dancing, as he draws near the house, that this was quite a new thing at the old farmstead, and set no value on his reproach, "Thou never gavest me a kid even that I might make merry with *my* friends," because, I conclude, the last thing this elder son would have thought of would be a feast and a dance. He was not that sort of young man at all,— not he, indeed; for I suppose that from the day he began to do chores about the place to this day, when he flings the bitter word at the old man, never thinking how it will hurt, father and son have plodded along quite of one mind, prudent, careful, always on the watch for the main chance, and never thinking of fooling away their money in any such nonsense as a feast and a frolic, so that the young man of twenty-five was just as well fitted to be a deacon or an elder in the synagogue as the old man of sixty, being, indeed, what we call a chip from the old block.

So it is here we come across the first germ of the trouble and shame, so far as the father and the home in which the boy had lived are to blame for it. It was a good home, no doubt, in its own way, and he was a good father; but the trouble, as I think, was this,—that he made the mistake we can make now of training two natures, quite unlike each other, under one rule and concluding that what had answered so well with the elder boy would answer equally well with the younger. There would be a picnic now and then with the members of his synagogue of the very best standing, a dinner between hay time and harvest to the rabbi and his wife, at which they would talk over church matters, and the last Sunday's sermon, if they had one, and then sing the Psalms of David for diversion. These, I suspect, were about all the pleasures the old place ever knew, the sugar to the senna in the cup of the young man's life; while all the time he would feel that the senna was the main ingredient, and that this with all the rest was meant, as the old father would tell him, for his good. So, if the father had not been quite so good in one sense, he might have been better in another, because he would have said: This boy of mine is not at all like his elder brother. He wants more life and motion, and he shall have them. He prefers a ballad to a psalm: he shall sing ballads to his heart's content. He is fond of the grace and glamour of the dance and the company of young people, who are of his own turn. I will flood the place with music for him now and then. He shall meet all the bright and wholesome young men and women I can bring together in his own home, and I will make it worth their while to come. Something like this the fine old father might have thought of and done, and then he would have had some chances he threw away of keeping his boy clean and good. The first man is of the earth earthy, he should have remembered, and then taken care, so far as it lay in his power, it was *good*, *clean* earth the boy would take to, and not the gutters or the marsh.

Nor was it to be expected that in doing this he would have either help or sympathy from his elder son, who had nothing in common with the young mischief who from his childhood, I suppose, had never been on hand when you wanted him, and was forever upsetting the fine order of the place,— leaving the gates open, badgering the beasts and fowls, and tumbling out of fruit-trees to the peril of his bones. And I know how those boys would get along together. Their life would be one long fight. But the father should have had more sense, and made due allowance for this ingrain difference in his sons. He should have said in his heart: There may be something very good, after all, in this wild boy of mine. I will try to find it, and bring it out. I will begin by winning his confidence, and all I have shall be his also. We will be lads together. I will try to brighten my old rusty, work-worn faculties for his sake, and enter into the spirit of the play. The devil is waiting to take him with the guile of evil. I will be first in the field, please God, and take him with the guile of good.

If the man's estate had been in peril, he would have bent all his powers to save it, racked his brains, sat up nights, called on his friends to give him a lift, done everything a true man may do, and no care would have seemed too heavy night or day. Yet here was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, a bright young soul, indeed, in the sorest peril we can imagine; and yet, it seems, he could not leave these old ruts in which he had plodded so long, to pluck this soul as a brand from the burning.

And so it is that to my mind the old parable fits forever into the new time, and the home in Syria may open into yours and mine. Because my observation of life in all these years is not worth much, if this is not the truth: that there are hosts of fathers still who watch and tend their investments in stocks or stores with a great deal more care than they watch and tend their sons, and think vastly more of making a fortune than they do of making a man.

Fathers who came into our great cities from the austere and hard life of the hills or by the sea bring with them great brains and strong bodies, plunge into the great tides of business which surge and swell about us, and make a grand success, bring a wife from the home they have left, who has had to wait a little too long, perhaps, while they were getting well started on the way to fortune, and have about the average we strike in the parable for a family. They send the boy with a wild tang in him to a school away from home, with ten dollars for pocket money where he ought to have one, never weigh the difference between his nature and their own or between their hardy boyhood on the farm and his in the luxurious home, or lay themselves out wisely to win his confidence, trying to be about fifteen to his ten or twenty to his fifteen, never go rambling away with him for a long day in the country, or walk with their arm over his shoulder, opening their own boyhood to him, with its scrapes and adventures, counting no day perfect wnich has not brought them a little closer together, and no gain in the ledger equal to this gain in the book of their life.

Or very good and true fathers may try to do their best for such a boy, and yet fail in their purpose because they cannot quite understand how he can have such a keen hunger for what boys call a good time and still be a very good fellow. So they count that sinful which may only be perfectly natural and in no sense sinful, until it heads out into sin through the want of a certain wisdom in the father to guide the lad with silken strings.

So the home may be as good in its own way as any you shall find, the best there is in the market on the table, all the standard books in the library, and the magazines, and a room to himself fit for a prince. But does the lad want to hunt or fish or go to the theatre or the opera, as some boys will, no matter how carefully you raise them in the fear of the Lord, as you say? He must steal away to do it, and then

tell a lie, perhaps, to cover his tracks. Or does he want to go to a ball? He must feel that this would be about the same in his father's eyes as going to a burglary. And we can make no greater blunder than that we make in crowding our boys, who have this turn in them, down to our idea of what it is right or wrong for them to do, and so try to put old heads on young shoulders.

Some things are eternally right, and some are eternally wrong. You cannot argue about them. There they are, and we must conform to them or look out; but things of this sort are not of that number. They are right or wrong as we make them so in our own minds; and the great cardinal was right who, when a friend found him playing billiards once, and said to him, "Suppose the angel of death should come while your eminence is at this game and summon you away, how would you face him?" "If I had time," the cardinal answered, "I would try to make the very best stroke I ever made in my life, and then go like a man where the angel should guide me." I like the answer. The great man had work to do. This was his play, his recreation; and so good fathers should say of these sons who perplex them so by not being just the old man over again. We ought to say: This son of mine is not after my own mind at all; but he may be good for all that, and true in his own way, which is not mine. He wants life and motion, stirring adventure, and free play for all his powers. I will see that he has the good without the evil. He shall hunt, fish, and play games, if he will, in good company. I will get a billiard table into my own house, his own home, have him invite bright, wholesome young men to play with him. I will learn how to play myself, and beat him, if I can. I like the old books. He likes the new books. He shall have them. He loves the drama. He shall see the best plays and players in the best company, and that may save him from the worst. It shall be of his own baser nature and of his own evil will if he goes to the bad. I will enrich all his life with the

good, and then I shall have done what a wise and true father may do to save my boy.

I said just now there are young men who will take to evil ways, wallow in the filth, and drink the dregs of the cup of sin, no matter what we may do to save them. They have to find it out, and take the husks, as this poor lad had to take them, with the swine. But this is my own conviction: that the great majority of the bright, keen, pleasant boys who go wrong might be trained into a noble and beautiful manhood if fathers would only understand the ingrain difference between them and their steady, sober brothers whose religion is work and whose life is duty. I do not remember one instance within the circle of my own life, where fathers have shown this beautiful wisdom which turns back to its own youth for the sake of making youth lovely and sweet to such boys, where the result has been a dead failure; while I do remember very sad instances, and ministers' sons among them, in which boys of this nature have been kept down sternly and denied every innocent amusement, which was not approved by their sect or which would cost time or money, breaking away into the wildest riot, spending all the time and money they could compass, and, so far as this world and this life goes, ruining themselves body and soul, when they could once afford to defy the old man, and take their own way. Such youths, so held back and denied these simple and wholesome pleasures, are like the travellers we read of in the deserts, who in their eagerness to drink come to a mud hole from which men who have plenty of clear spring water would turn away with disgust; but in that deadly thirst they plunge up to the neck with the asses and camels, and wallow in the filth with ineffable delight. So we must let these bright, eager natures have their way, so long as we know it is a good way or not an evil way. They will work well some day if they play well now between task and task, and loathe the mud hole if they can satisfy their thirst at the spring.

Let them hunt, fish, dance, see brave sights, play strong games, hold honorable parley and companionship with young people of their own clean breeding and upbringing.

Let fathers spend half the money in teaching such boys to swim in these surging tides of life they may have to spend some day in fishing them out, and bringing them to, and we may have a man who shall be a joy to our failing years instead of a broken wreck cast on a lee shore.

The Italians tell a story of a nobleman who grew sick of the world, and especially of the better half of it, and retired with his son to a castle in the mountains where no girl or woman was ever allowed to come; and the child grew to be a young man, having never seen a woman's face. But at length his father ventured down the mountain with him to a festival, at which among many other wonders he saw groups of young girls. "What are they, father?" he whispered, with wide-open eyes and with his heart in his mouth. "What are they, father?" "They are devils, my son," the father answered, and thought, no doubt, he had made all safe. But, when they were ready to go home, the father said, "Now what is there in the fair you would like, my son, and I will get it for you?" The youth had seen a lassie of the hills with a blush like the Alpine rose and eyes as blue as the campanella; and she had looked at him with those eyes, so that his heart went out to her once and forever. And "O father," he said, "I should so like to have that devil." The story may not be true in fact, but it is true as earth and heaven can make it in life, and, most of all, of this life I have in my mind.

It is no use, our crabbed and cranky wisdom, no use trying to turn these sweet strong tides of life back upon themselves. You might as well try to turn back the eager and mighty rush of the waters up the Bay of Fundy, when the urge of the Atlantic is behind them. All we can do, and all we should do, is to find safe and clean channels for this abounding overplus of life, and so turn that to a pure bless-

ing which may else be a curse. Such a youth can be guided: it cannot be broken. It can be taught what honor is, and the true demand made on a gentleman; nor do I think that in all the world there is a youth which will learn this lesson more fairly, or put it to a fairer use, than the home-bred, and well-bred boy of these States.

And, if you say this has nothing to do with the moral and religious training no man can afford to neglect, there are two answers to this objection. The first is, we must take our sons as we find them, and make the very best of them, and this is one way, to begin with such boys, end how we may, of all things in the world, we should be careful how we misuse the bit, shall I say, lest we disgust and repel them at the very portals of the palace of truth and the temple of God. The way a good many fathers try to instil these high lessons of morals and religion into their sons who have a wild tang in them is very much as if they should hide some bitter herb in all their food and drink. They are forever scolding and fretting them, and telling them how bad their nature is, until they believe it, very much as a matter of course; and then it becomes in some sense natural for them to be of that make.

The second answer is that the noblest and most lovely lessons in religion and pure morals can be taught, so that they will become at last part and parcel of the boy's life, while all this bright, breezy life is going on I have tried to describe. Just as we see it in such books as "Tom Brown at Rugby," one of the best books I know of to put into the hands of such a boy or to read ourselves when we want to get the bearings of the task God has set us in the training of such a boy to a noble manhood. For the choicest wisdom never lies in wrenching a bright and eager young soul out of its own rests, as one might say, and so making quite another man from that God and nature intended. It lies in taking the temper and quality of our boys as we find it, and turning these at last to all fine uses, of which the

religious life in the true sense is still the noblest and the best. Absolute truth-telling can be instilled through all the play, and the very soul of honesty and honor and helpfulness will come in time out of a tender heart. These are all latent in such lads, and can be brought out; and then reverence, in time, for whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, and the sense and consciousness of God in his life,—not the hard, stern being such boys too often hear of, but the loving God who can look with a loving glance on a boy bent on his play as surely as on a man kneeling in a prayer-meeting, and who does not count such time lost, as the goody-good books do. We can give them a sense of the nearness and certainty of the heavens to which all young hearts turn now and then wistfully what time they are aware that

> "Not in entire forgetfulness
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home."

And we can teach them of the good Christ who could be as a child with children, and watch the innocent games of the youth of Galilee with no sour glance of disdain, but with the sympathy which must be yours or mine for the youth I have tried to touch. Let me raise my bright and eager boy with this heart to understand him, and then, when I am where this old father was in the far-away time, I may hope to have a man I may be proud of, and glad for one who has learned by my wise guidance to make the best of the freedom he hungers for, and to turn what might have proven a curse into a blessing. This man child I have gotten from the Lord, whose wild but not unwholesome ways as a child and a boy may now be a cross, shall come to be my hope and joy and my crown of rejoicing; while still I lay well to my heart the great and good poet's words, in our love of the best and fear for the worst: —

"How many a father have I seen,
A sober man among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green;

"And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild-oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

"Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

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BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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## SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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# LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

As texts I take from the second chapter of Genesis the eighteenth verse,—"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him"; and then the twenty-fourth verse, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

I hear it said a great many times in a tone of despondency, with an implication of criticism, that most marriages are commonplace and far from ideal. I suppose that possibly this is true. I have never seen a great many ideal marriages; but, then, I ought not to be surprised, for I have never seen a great many ideal men and women; and you cannot have ideal marriages until you have ideal people to make them out of.

I am inclined to think that marriages are, on the whole, as successful as other human arrangements. There are no ideal political institutions. There are no ideal scientific or art organizations. There are no ideal organizations — or very few of them, at any rate — of any kind; and this, as I said, is because we have not yet developed the ideal man and the ideal woman.

If I held the old conception of human history, and believed that the world started perfect and had fallen into its present state of imperfection, it would, indeed, wear a discouraging look; but when I glance back and down, and see where humanity began, when I know that the present imperfections of human society are not the fragments of an ideal that once existed and that has been broken, but that they are rather the ever-increasingly good attempts of men and

women towards reaching an ideal that is before us, then I look upon our present state with comfort, comparative contentment, and a good deal of hope. We are on the way towards perfection. We are not on the way from it.

The story of the evolution of monogamic marriage is one of the most fascinating and instructing that one can trace. Men and women have learned how rightly, happily, prosperously to get along with each other by trying, just as they have learned anything else. There has been vouchsafed to this world no finished or perfect revelation, no perfect pattern by which men are to order their lives. They have learned how to do right; they have learned what doing wrong means; they have learned, so far as the lesson has been attained, to let the wrong alone and to do what is right by an age-long course of experience. So that marriage, for better or worse, good as it is or bad as it is, is the result of the so-far attainment of man in civilization.

In the old geography which I studied as a boy, I remember that mankind was divided into the savage races, the barbaric,— a little above the savage condition,— the civilized, and the enlightened. Most of the world was in the barbaric condition. There were savage tribes wandering here and there, a few selected people had become what was called civilized, and two or three nations were labelled enlightened.

But, as matter of fact, how is it? The most of the world to-day is in a condition of practical barbarism. Civilization exists only here and there in places. New York has all these grades within its own limits,— savagery, barbarism, civilization, enlightenment. There will be ideal marriages only when the world has become what it ought to be, and realizes the poet's dream. Now and then, indeed, we do find illustrious examples here and there which tell us what may be.

Now let us raise the question as to what marriage is. Marriage is the affectional, physical, mental, moral, spiritual

union of a man and a woman; and this union, in all these respects, should be complete.

What has the State to do with it? It is the common, the superficial habit of people to imagine that they can go to a justice of the peace or to a minister, who acts in this regard as a State official, and be married. They can do nothing of the sort. The State never yet married anybody, and never can. If people do not marry themselves, I care not what their relations may be with each other, they are not, and cannot be, married. All the State does is to recognize the fact, if it exists, and surround it with legal guardianship to protect the rights of the parties concerned. That is all the State has to do with it or can have to do with it.

What has the Church to do? There are those, I know, who tell us that marriage is a sacrament, and that it can be consummated only by the Church. But here again, in my judgment, the Church can only do this: it can recognize the fact, if it exists, and can consecrate by its rites and ceremonies this fact, recognizing it as divine, as holy, as sacred. But the Church cannot even make it divine or holy or sacred. The man and the woman must make it these; and the Church can only consecrate that which already exists.

What have parents and guardians to do with marriage? Of course, they have legal power to consent or object so long as the man and the woman are under age; but, ordinarily, this sort of interference is not wise. The matter has been discussed a great deal as to whether the human race could not be bettered by having some wise supervision and determination of the matter as to who shall marry and who shall not; but, so far as I know, the discussion has evolved little or no practical wisdom bearing on it. It is a matter that chiefly concerns the man and the woman; and in the last resort, for better or worse, they must settle it, and must take the consequences. If parents and guardians keep themselves, as they ought, in sympathetic and helpful touch with the young people, they may be of inestimable service;

but, ordinarily, an attempt forcibly to interfere accomplishes no good. The young man and the young woman may be advised, may be helped, may be guided, if they will submit to guidance; but, ordinarily, the matter must be left in their own hands.

Now who ought to marry? In a general way, it seems to me that I am right in saying that everybody ought to marry. If a man or a woman goes through the world alone there is a distinct and definite loss. There is, first, arrest of the proper and natural wholesome development of the personality. No man is complete, no man has lived through his proper experiences, has lived out his life, unless he has attained the dignity, the glory, the beauty, of being a husband and a father. These are part of manhood; and the man is something less than what he is capable of becoming if he stops anywhere short of these.

And a similar thing is true on the part of the woman. She is fitted in every way to complete herself by becoming the wife and the mother; and she loses something of the richness, the development, the perfection, of her personality if for any cause she fails of these.

And yet there are of necessity, all over the world, men and women walking the pathway of life alone. Sometimes we can only stand one side, and look with reverence and awe and wonder at the sweetness, the beauty, of a life that is thus lived alone. Take, for example, the case of Charles Lamb, who chose the lonely path, turning away from his dream of love because of an invalid sister and an aged and dependent father who needed his daily, nightly, sedulous, constant care. That is a case where there is distinct and definite gain in moral completeness and grandeur because of the loss, redeemed by the nature of the sacrifice voluntarily taken.

So there are daughters who are tied by duty to home, and they choose what seems to them the right path, though it be one that is thorny and rough and hard, and though it means

the putting aside of those dreams of love and happiness that come of necessity to every normal and healthful nature. And it seems to me pitiful and contemptible when in cases like these there can be applied to them the name, half-sneeringly, half-pityingly, of "old maid." "Old maid" under these conditions becomes a name to glory in and of which to be reverently and lovingly proud.

Then there are those, men and women both, who have had a dream when they were young, and the one they loved for some reason beyond their power has passed out of their lives. Perhaps the face has faded into the invisible, perhaps the affection was not returned; and this man or woman is walking through life in the companionship of some one else. No matter what the reason, there are men and women who go through a long life alone, true to the remembrance of a sweet but broken dream, consecrating their lives to this sweet memory, making it an inspiration, a power to cleanse and purify and uplift, making it a motive force for noble and gracious service. There are cases like these.

There are people who for one of a hundred other causes are unable to marry; but it is always, it seems to me, a thing to be regretted, a thing to be, if it must be transformed, uplifted, made the occasion, as almost all disappointments can be, of something fine and sweet and high, if it be not the thing that the heart has dreamed of but found incapable of realization.

I wish to touch, in passing, the ecclesiastical dogma that there is something peculiarly sacred about virginity and celibacy. I do not for one instant believe it. I care not what councils, bishops, churches, popes, may have enunciated the dogma. Let me say it reverently, and without being misunderstood if I may, I cannot have any reverence whatever even for the far-famed and eternally exalted virginity of Mary. To place virginity, celibacy, above the consecration and noble service of fatherhood or motherhood, seems to me to cast a slur upon the father or the mother, and to impugn

the wisdom and the goodness of God, who has ordained the fact that this distinction of sex runs through the universe from the highest to the lowest, and has made it the means of all the power and glory and beauty that are.

All people, then,— it seems to me this is the general truth, — ought, if possible, to marry. But now there are certain very important exceptions which must be noted — exceptions which spring out of the fact that we are in process of evolution, and that our whole humanity is disjointed, disorganized, disarranged in many ways, and that certain things are necessary in this imperfect world which are a departure from the general ideal.

If there were any way of accomplishing it, the marriage of degenerates and criminals should be prevented. I say *if* there were any way of preventing it. I frankly confess I do not know of any. This is only an ideal to be thought about, and to be reached if it ever becomes practical. But there are certain voluntary things in this direction that can be done, and that will be done when the moral sense of the world gets high enough and fine enough.

I think in the first place that a man ought not to marry until he can see the way clear to making himself an independent home. Do not let this be made an excuse, as it is on the part of thousands to-day, for postponing marriage until you get rich. I do not mean that at all. There are large numbers of young men who are not getting married to-day simply because it would be the assumption on their part of a burden, it would be to take away from their possibilities of luxurious self-indulgence. I do not mean this at all. But a man has no right to make his assumption of the marriage bond a burden upon anybody else. He ought to be able to make this the one great pride of his manhood, to stand upon his own feet, to make himself a place in the world, to do his own work, and take care of those dependent upon him. And he ought not to marry until there seems at least a reasonable chance for this.

There are others who ought not to marry. It is pitiful; but there are men who know that they carry in themselves seeds of disease. They may have inherited them. No matter where they have come from, when the world gets morally sensitive enough, these people will turn away from even the joy of having a home lest they transmit diseases and burdens to the next generation. I do not think a person has a right to bring a child into the world unless he can believe that this child is to be dowered with a fair degree of health, and unless he is so situated that he can see a fair chance of giving the child a proper start in life.

There are, then, exceptions to this general rule that everybody ought to marry. These exceptions the clear intelligence of the sensitive conscience must discover; for, as I said, I do not know of any power outside that is wise enough so that it would be safe to intrust a matter of this kind in its hands.

Now I wish to ask you to think with me for a little while as to what are the grounds and conditions of a true marriage. I said a moment ago that marriage is a fact which must be created by the parties to it: nobody else can do it. But there are a great many people who conclude to live together in the form of marriage, and who are perhaps perfectly innocent about it, who, after all, are not married in the truest and deepest sense of the word, and who ought never to have come thus together. What are the conditions, then, of a real marriage?

First, I shall go with the poets and the writers of romance far enough to say that the first, middle, last, eternal, universal condition ought to be love. If love does not exist, nothing else, I care not what it may be, can justify the relation. There must be this intangible, indefinable thing that we call love. Can I tell you just what it is? No. Can I tell you how to develop it? No. Can I always tell by looking on in a particular case as to whether it exists or not? No. It is invisible, it is intangible, it is indefinable;

but it is something that a man can be conscious of if it exists, and he can know whether it exists or not. It is something that a woman can be conscious of if it exists.

I am aware of the fact — and it does not derogate at all from what I am saying — that whim, fancy, passion, and many other things, are sometimes mistaken for love. People think they love when they do not: they find it out when it is too late. They have mistaken some other emotion for it; but that evil comes as the result of haste. Wait until you know whether love exists: that, at any rate, you can do. If it is love, it will keep: if it is not love, it may evaporate, and you will look for it and not find it. It is fortunate for you in that case if you have waited. Wait until you are sure. There would not be so many divorces if there were not so many hasty and ill-considered marriages.

I think that the way to reform society at the present time, instead of troubling so much over the matter of divorces, would be to make it a little more difficult for people to get married. At least establish some sort of barrier that would compel people to wait long enough to know whether they really love each other or not. Love is the only thing that can sanctify this relation.

I am aware that there are marriages for a hundred other reasons,— marriages of convenience, as they are called. There are people who marry for money, both men and women. There are, more frequently perhaps in the Old World than here, people who marry out of family considerations or for the sake of bringing together two estates, landed or what not. As this country gets older, though, and large fortunes are established, the temptation to this sort of thing here becomes more and more. But I do not believe that marriages of this sort can be too forcibly branded for what they really are.

If a woman gives herself to a man for money, I for one cannot see any distinction on account of the largeness of the price. It is not marriage when you marry for money:

it is a bargain,— a bargain in which you sell the one thing that is most sacred in manhood or womanhood. It is not marriage if it becomes a matter of convenience. If a woman marries for a title or for a home or for anything but love, it is not marriage: it is really that unmentionable thing that we look upon with such supreme contempt. There are cases, of course, where this is not seen, where the parties personally mean well, where they are not conscious of evil. Then, too, since the social order is maintained, the evil to others may be less. But the personal relation is utterly unjustifiable.

First, then, as the condition of marriage, love must exist. But beyond that there should be respect and reverence. I say this because in the first flush of youth there are, I suppose, a great many cases of people being, as they suppose, genuinely in love, when as they get more acquainted, perhaps marry and live together by the year, they find the grounds for genuine respect and reverence do not exist. A man and woman ought not to come together unless the man can look up to the heights of a womanhood that are as much above him as the Alps are above a Swiss valley; and a woman ought not to marry a man unless she also can look up with respect and reverence to the qualities and characteristics which he possesses.

If a man is in love, it is said that he instinctively bends the knee. He ought to bend the knee. Not only the physical knee, but bow his heart, his mind, his soul, in the presence of something that out-towers and overtops him.

And, then, I think there should be sympathy, general community of life, ideals and aims. People ought to be ready to walk substantially the same road together towards the same goal. If there be not this general sympathy, then by and by there develops friction, diversity of taste; and they find that they are walking apart from each other, and are getting more and more separated. That only as a hint in that direction.

I would like to say here just a word touching the matter of religion. There are happy marriages of people who are as wide as the poles apart in their religious faith; but they are exceedingly rare, and it seems to me a very dangerous experiment to try. I know cases, and they are always pitiful, where the man, who has no religion at all, has a wife who is very religious. He is tolerant towards it. He engages her a pew in the church she prefers to attend. He does not go. He may not say much about it; but he looks upon her as a sort of half-developed child, because she cares for these things. There is a looking down upon it with a superior, supercilious kind of tolerance. There is no sympathy, there is no heart to heart contact, union of purpose and ideal concerning these things, that, if they mean anything, mean the deepest and highest things in human life.

It seems to me that, other things being equal, it is worth very serious consideration on the part of the people who are thinking of getting married as to whether they have, at least, general sympathy and mutual respect concerning the religious attitude.

There is one other thing that seems to me very important. People can get married as the result of impulse. They enjoy each other's society for a little while. The husband thinks the wife beautiful: the wife thinks the husband strong and masterful. But they find, after they have been married a year or two or three or four or five, that there is no basis for comradeship; and, next to the fact of love, the most important thing in a happy marriage appears to me to be the fact that the man and the woman could be pleasant companions if they were not married. If they have enough in common so that they would seek each other for mutual comradeship whether they are married or not, then it is pretty safe for them to get married. I believe this to be the next most important thing to love itself.

Now, to turn sharply away from that, I wish to point out a few of the dangers that young men and women are likely

to encounter in the first years of their married life, some of the dangers which they can guard against and avoid, some of the things that, in my judgment, have caused no end of unhappy marriages, and have resulted in a good many needless divorce suits.

What ought to be the attitude of the newly married couple to each other? What is the difficulty at the outset? First, it seems to me the one great danger that threatens at the beginning is egotism. It may be egotism on the husband's part, it may be on the wife's part. You will almost always find that either the one or the other is the stronger, the more masterful. It is not always the husband by any manner of means. One or the other is naturally stronger, more forceful.

Now the danger is that the husband, for example, will set himself up as the standard, the type. The way he has been accustomed to live is the right way. The way he has been accustomed to look at things is the right point of view. The habits that he has trained himself in are the correct habits. He wishes to dominate the wife, and shape her completely to his own ideas, to his own way of doing things.

If any principle were involved, it would be a matter that we could treat at least with respectful consideration; but nine times out of ten it is not a matter of principle at all, it is only a matter of personal habit, feeling, custom, whim. But the husband wants to model his wife after his own way. Or, if you turn it around, the wife perhaps has the stronger personality. She asserts her egotistical individuality, and endeavors to become the standard, and wants her husband to mould and shape himself to her ideas.

Now the chances are, nine times out of ten, that neither one has any sort of right to take this attitude concerning any matter whatever. The thing you need to learn at the very beginning is to respect the personality of your husband or your wife, as the case may be, and recognize her right or his right to be herself or himself in regard to these matters.

I think, for example,— and this incidentally and by the way,— that, other things being equal, it is much better for people to get married while they are comparatively young, and before they get methods and habits and ways hard and fast and fixed: marry during the plastic period of life, while you can more easily shape your customs and ways one to the other. But, if you have not done this, learn to respect each other's individuality; and in these matters that are of no practical moment anyway do not make them bones of contention, sources of friction, means for chafing and irritation.

Not only in regard to these little superficial things: carry the matter farther yet. I believe that in any true marriage there ought to be absolute respect for the inviolate personality of each. Because you are married, you have no right to let the brute in you, the mere forceful power, the dominating tendency, play its part. If you wish to be taken into the intimacy of your companion's life, remember it is something you cannot break into with an axe or a crowbar or the tools of a burglar. You cannot break into these things by your masterful self-assertion and force; and you have no right to. A wife should have absolute control of her own personality, her body, her mind, her moral nature, her conscience, her spiritual nature. She should be respected as a complete individual; and the approaches of one to the other should be only through sympathy, by invitation, as a matter of courtesy, of welcome, of tenderness, of love.

As an illustration of the limits that I would put upon this thing, let me repeat what I said in a sermon which I understand has caused a deal of discussion in personal conversation and through the newspapers, respecting each other's letters. I do not believe that a husband has any business to break open a letter that is addressed to his wife, any more than he would have to go into a merchant's office down town and tamper with his mail. I do not believe that the wife has any right to interfere with the

correspondence of her husband. If they are married really, and love and trust each other, there is no need of it; and, if they are not, then it only leads to more mischief and makes matters worse than they already are.

Respect each other's individuality. If you find you cannot live together properly, in mutual respect and love, then separate. That is a larger matter, and touches the whole problem of divorce, which I shall treat of by and by. But, so long as you do live together, live in trust and mutual confidence and love, because, when they are gone, the marriage does not exist any longer.

Carry this matter even to external affairs of personal conduct. Treat each other with the same thoughtful courtesy that you used when you were engaged. One of the great difficulties of married life is that the romance disappears, the poetry is gone, it becomes common. What does a common mean? What is a village common? A common is a piece of open ground that every human foot, and the foot of every wild beast and bird, clean or unclean, is at liberty to trample across. Married life is in danger constantly of becoming common, commonplace. And that is the reason that husbands and wives are tempted so many times to seek for the romance and the poetry outside of the home.

Cultivate, then, the courtesy, the poetry, all the beauty and glory of the married life clear to the very last day of your living together.

Marriage is not completed in a moment. You may have known each other for some years, become, as you say, well acquainted. You may be bound together by mutual affection, true and tender love. Then you may have this marriage solemnized by the State official, a servant of the Church; but you have only begun to be married. Marriage is a matter of days and weeks and months and years. If you try to live together in mutual sympathy and love and respect, you ought to grow closer together, into more inti-

mate union, year by year; and the romance ought to deepen and heighten, not fade and disappear.

When you get old, the wife ought not simply to fix her attention on the wrinkles of her husband's face, on the thinning of the hair upon his head, upon the fact that he is feebler than he used to be, walks with a little less vigorous step. If she loves him, she always sees the young man that won her love at the first. And so the man, if he truly loves her, carries in his heart the girl that first took his fancy, and that years ago committed all her sweetness, purity, happiness, to his keeping. And so the union ought to grow deeper and sweeter and higher.

I wish to repeat at the close some words that you are familiar with. You are familiar with them just because they touch human life at its deepest and sweetest: —

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John.
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

Here I part with Burns. I do not like his close. I do not expect to sleep at the foot of any hill, either alone or with any one else. I turn from Burns to John Bunyan. If you remember "Pilgrim's Progress," you know how at the end he came to the land of Beulah, a beautiful country of peace

representing the loving and sweet old age, and that was separated from the other country by a dark and cold river; and Bunyan sees the Pilgrim go down into this river, and disappear under the waves. He does not sleep. He leaves his old and mortal clothing in the river, and rises up on the other side, clad in brightness and beauty, and with a renewed and eternal youth. And Bunyan saw him disappear into the midst of a company so glad that, as he closed the book, he sighed and wished that he might be among them.

Father, we thank Thee that thou hast crowned our lives with this one deepest, sweetest, highest thing which we call love, this which links us to Thee, because Thou art love, this which makes us dream of heaven, which is the perfection of love. Let us live as nobly and sweetly as we can, and try to make ourselves fit for that higher life which waits those who are ready for it. Amen.

# WHAT TO READ AND WHY.

A SUPPLEMENT TO MESSIAH PULPIT, VOL. VI., NO. 17.

On Sunday morning, January 19, I preached a sermon on "What to Read and Why." It was published in the Messiah Pulpit, Vol. VI., No. 17. I said in the sermon that people ought to read at least enough in certain definite directions to *place themselves* in the world, and in life. They ought to know something about the universe, about the earth, about man, about the growth of man in civilization, about the origin and growth of religion. Tennyson speaks of "the one far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." He who is at all familiar with human history must have the feeling that there has been a certain definite line of progress, that humanity has come from somewhere and is going somewhere. He must feel that in politics, industry, society, ethics, religion, there is a backward look and a forward look. Certain movements tend to help the world on. Certain others tend to hinder or retard its progress or even turn it backward. Every man and woman ought to be fully persuaded in his or her own mind as to these great movements. It is our highest personal duty, as well as our interest from the point of view of the highest things, to help on the world's advance, and not to hinder it. We ought, then, to know enough in a general way to be able to intelligently place ourselves; to understand which way progress lies, so as to cast in our influence for the growth of the world. Thousands of persons are controlled by whim or fancy, emotion or sentiment, and will,— though they are well-meaning,— contribute what influence they possess to the

support of those institutions, or to helping on those movements which are reactionary in their tendency.

In view of my suggestions concerning these matters I have received requests from many quarters to give a brief list of books that might be helpful to busy people. I therefore, very modestly, submit the following. One need not necessarily read them all; but I give quite a number under some of the heads, so as to facilitate selection.

1. THE UNIVERSE.

Read the first two chapters of Genesis; then the account of the Ptolemaic Theory (illustrated) in the introduction to Masson's Life of Milton.

Next the article "Nebular Theory," in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Newcomb's "The Stars."

These will give the old and new views as to the nature of the universe. It is well to remember that Professor See and other astronomers are questioning as to whether the Nebular Theory does not need modifying in certain important particulars, but it is the one which is at present generally held.

2. THE EARTH.

Any good handbook on geology.

3. MAN.

Clodd's "Childhood of the World."
Lubbock's "Antiquity of Man."
Wallace's "Darwinism."
Drummond's "Ascent of Man."

4. GOVERNMENT.

Maine's "Ancient Law."
Maine's "Early Law and Custom."
Tylor's "Primitive Culture."
Freeman's "Comparative Politics."
Fiske's "The Beginnings of New England."

The latter book is recommended because it gives very clearly the peculiarities of our federal system as over against all preceding schemes of government.

5. SOCIETY.

Morgan's "Ancient Society."
Spencer's "Sociology."
Lecky's "European Morals."
Wright's "Practical Sociology."

6. RELIGION.

Clodd's "Childhood of Religion."

Small books on Buddhism, Islam, etc., published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

Max Müller's "Origin and Development of Religion."
Clarke's "Ten Great Religions."
Kuappert's "The Religion of Israel."
Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion."
Sunderland's "The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character."
Article "Bible," Encyclopædia Britannica.
Article "Gospels," Encyclopædia Britannica.
Fiske's "The Idea of God."
Fiske's "Through Nature to God."
Savage's "Evolution of Christianity."
Harnack's "What is Christianity?"

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# PARENT AND CHILD.

I FIND my text in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the twenty-first verse: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come, but when she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

The most wonderful, the most awe-inspiring fact in all the world is the birth of a child, from whatever point of view we regard it,— of fatherhood, motherhood, or childhood. And yet through the perversity of our own imaginations we have made it a subject that is largely tabooed. We may think about it; but we must rarely speak of it, perhaps not speak of it at all with any simplicity or frankness. And we must enfold it with a haze of mystery, which were well enough, but also with a haze of ignorance that seems to me to approach being one of the most lamentable, if not the most wicked, things in human life.

The young man by the time he is to be married, if he knows anything, the chances are that he has learned it from some devil's advocate; and the young woman, if she knows anything at all, would probably be ashamed to confess it. And yet this is the most important function of life. To set a man or a woman adrift on the wide Atlantic in a ship without any knowledge of ocean currents or winds or waves, without knowledge of the construction of the ship, utterly ignorant of the laws and principles of navigation, would be wisdom and kindness compared to that which is the commonest fact all around us, and which we think at least to be venial, if not commendable. This has arisen, perhaps, from two causes: first, animalism on our own part; next, animal-

ism consecrated as religious teaching. For, as I intimated last Sunday and for which I have been charged in the public press with blasphemy, a certain section of the Church has gone about to teach something wiser, better, holier than God's own ordained institution. It has taught that there was something about celibacy, about virginity, that was peculiarly holy. That means, if it means anything, that fatherhood and motherhood are something less holy, something possibly tainted, not quite sweet and true and pure.

But the man who is not blessed by fatherhood has failed of the complete cycle of his being: the woman who does not become a mother has not reached the sweetest and finest development of her nature. As a rosebush that never bursts into flower, as an apple-tree that never has hanging on its boughs the beautifully tinted and luscious-tasting fruit, so human lives that are not blessed by fatherhood and motherhood come short of the perfect unfoldment of their being. It is here that we come nearest to God, the God who is Essence, Source, Creator; and well may the mother, it seems to me, express herself in words like these: —

It is the mighty God, I know,
  Who thrills my being through —
  He lives in star and dew —
And, as June roses bud and blow,
  So bids me blossom, too.

Within my soul the sacred root
  Of this new life runs down,—
  Sweet love the seed hath sown,—
Thence upward grows and comes to fruit,
  And all my life doth crown.

I am become creator then,
  God's secret I can guess,—
  O wondrous happiness! —
I stand, the mother proud of men,
  That strong sons love and bless.

Close at the universe's core,
  And out through all its range,—

It rules life, death, and change,—
This secret lives forevermore,
Sacred, divine, and strange.

The soul that doth this burden miss,
Unlinked in being's chain,—
It seeks a fancy vain,—
Shirking God's care, life's keenest bliss
Loses, nor finds again.

The cradle is God's purest shrine:
At this fair fount of life —
Hush here, O world, your strife! —
Bow with veiled eyes, and call divine
The mother crowned as wife.

Consider for one instant: across this frail bridge of tiny particles of living substance, so small that the microscope is needed to see them, the generations pass, linking all the past with all the to-be; in this little tiny globule, physical, mental, moral, spiritual characteristics go on up the ages,— the father's looks, the soul of the mother in the eyes, a trick of movement or speech that belonged to grandfather or grandmother. Traits derived from a hundred thousand years ago,— these are carried on to build and make the future.

Let us think for a moment of two or three debts that we owe to this marvellous fact of childhood. The lower forms of life produce hundreds, thousands, and sometimes many thousands of progeny. They live but a very brief period of time. The relation of parent and child is so slight that, while nature seems to care that the life shall go on, it cares for nothing else so far as we can see. There is no love between father and mother, no love between child and parent, simply the procession of life goes on.

But, as we rise higher in the scale of being, a new and marvellous thing appears. The relations of father and mother become more and more prolonged, the relation of parent and child becomes more and more prolonged, until, when we reach the human stage, what do we find?

The child, though the fruit of a long period of preparation, is the most helpless of all things that are born into the wor d, and the love of father and mother for the child links them together in their mutual care for the offspring; and so what do we have? We have the home for the first time on the planet, have that which we mean when we use the word "home." We have the prolonged period of love that binds together the father and the mother; and we have the mutual love for the chi d. So out of this is born human love, the human family.

And what does that mean? It means the sense of human kinship all around the world; and it means the possibility on the lips of Jesus of the Lord's Prayer. It means the ability to say "Our Father who art in heaven," and the corollary from that, that all human beings, of whatever blood, are brethren. This is one gift of childhood.

Then another: We live over again in the children our own lives, our own youth. They keep us young. We have the delight of looking at the old earth, which had become commonplace and stale perhaps to us, through these fresh eyes, and seeing it all again as we did in our own childhood. If you go abroad,— to Italy or anywhere,— where you see some marvellous bit of architecture or a great picture, and look at it over and over again, by and by you lose the possibility of the sensation which you had when first you looked upon it.

But you go abroad again with a friend, some one who has never been before, and you see that picture again with all the new enthusiasm, all the first delight, looking at it through the enthusiasm and the delight of your friend. So these children as they come to us and grow up around our knees, re-create for us all the freshness, the newness, the delight, the beauty, of the world.

And, then, through them we keep on living after we have gone away. I suppose there is something very pathetic to all of us, as we get along in life, in the thought that before a great while we shall be no longer looking out over this green

earth, no longer be looking at the stars over our heads, no longer be delighting in the sunrise of morning or the glory of the west at evening, and all the works of the world will go on about us and we shall be forgotten. But, if we have left a son or a daughter, we somehow feel that it is not the same pathetic thing. This world is going on, and they are to represent us: they are a part of ourselves, they are our lives extended; and so we are still in the world through them even after we have passed away.

Then there is another phase of this matter of childhood. The children are the poetry, the sweetness, the beauty, the restfulness, the cheer, the delight, of life. How much this means you can represent to yourselves if you will stop and think for a minute, and in imagination blot out all the children from the face of the earth, and think what a dreary world it would be. I cannot give you this one-half as beautifully in any other way as I can by reading some verses of Mr. Longfellow. You are familiar with them. The trouble is that all the most beautiful things are so beautiful that we get familiar with them; but they are none the less beautiful because they are so well known.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Such things, then, do we owe to the children.

And now I wish to turn sharply and consider from the point of view of the parent what we owe to them, and what we ought to do about it. Paul says,— and I love him for it, —"The children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." Paul had a very deep insight when he uttered those words. What do we owe to the children?

In the first place we owe to them the very best possible birth that can be bestowed. We owe physical, mental, moral, spiritual preparation before we dare to become fathers and mothers. If we call them out of the silence into this life, then the very highest of all conceivable obligations rests upon us to see to it that so far as we are able the lives that we bestow are to them an unmixed blessing.

Our debt, then, begins in the preparation of ourselves. If a child comes into the world through accident or unwel-

come or unprepared for, then against that child a deadly sin has been committed before it was born.

Then, when the child appears, what? It should be received into arms of overflowing tenderness and love and brooding care. Of course, it goes without saying, though parents are careless and ignorant in the extreme, so far as these duties are concerned, that the child shall be physically cared for, so that it may have a heritage of health and strength. Clothing, food, all the common things of care should be scrupulously, religiously attended to.

Pride, selfishness, self-indulgence, all the things that stand in the way of these should be carefully eliminated.

Then, as the child grows up, education, teaching, training, the very best possible that we know how to bestow. We must not withhold our care because we are not sure of faultless methods in these directions; for the child will receive education, training, from its conditions, its associates, its surroundings, whether we are careful in that direction or not. We must then anticipate and preclude these, giving the child the very best and finest and sweetest and noblest of what we know.

To illustrate what I mean, let me turn emphatically to the matter of religious training. There are thousands of parents at the present time who practically give their children no religious training at all. They are people who have no very definite or clear-cut ideas of their own. Perhaps they have outgrown, as they think, the old faith and have not clearly committed themselves to anything else. Or, perhaps, they look back and say, I was compelled to go to church, to Sunday-school, to submit myself to this, that, and the other against my will; and I have disliked the memory of it ever since. I will at least guard against that error, and let my children have their own way. I know parents in this city, and connected with this congregation, who think it wise to let the children decide whether they shall go to church or Sunday-school, whether they shall have anything whatever to do with religious teachings or influences or not.

I cannot understand why the same course is not just as wise concerning school, musical, artistic, or literary culture or training, or any other matter whatsoever. If you stop and think of it, you know that religion in the past history of the world has been the most important and dominating influence in human life, and it is to be still in the future, whether we wish it or not; and the chances are a thousand to one that, if you do not give your own child the very best culture and training religiously of which you are capable, it will fall under the dominating influence of some other type of religious life in which you do not believe, and will be led into the acceptance of some reactionary methods and ideas which you fondly believe you have outgrown and left behind.

Give your child, then, the finest and noblest religious training of which you are capable, but let him understand that you do not consider yourself infallible, and that, if he learns something he becomes convinced is wiser and better by and by, the one highest obligation resting upon him is to follow the truth as he conceives it wherever it may lead. But meantime do the best you can to train the child into something, into reverence and love, into adoration of that which is high and fine and good, into obedience to the divine in human life. Give the child in every direction the best possible training.

Now I wish to note a fact which comes close home here. What are your rights as to moulding and shaping the life of the child? Have you a right to be governed in this matter by your own whims, prejudices, passions, and feelings? Have you a right to shape the child in any way you will? Does the child belong to you in that sense? No. It is God's child before it is yours; and it is yours only that you may devote yourself to making the life of that child the highest and finest of which you are capable.

In the matter of vetoing the child's wishes, in the matter of punishment, it seems to me that parents have in the past

misconceived entirely the relation in which they stand to the child. The child wants to do something which does not happen to be convenient to you, and you say no. You have not raised the question as to what is best for the child. You have simply been governed by your own whim and convenience. In regard to punishing a child when it has done wrong, as you say; in the first place, get a clear conception in your own mind as to what it means to the child to do wrong. Nine times out of ten, perhaps, you had no business to issue the command you did to start with; and the wrong which you say the child has committed may be something that is not wrong at all in itself, but which you have created out of your own whim, passion, or feeling of the moment.

Have you a right to whip a child? I do not believe that any father or mother on the face of this earth has the right to strike a child. I would call it brutal if it were not a libel on the brutes. It seems to me utterly inexcusable, always and everywhere.

You have no right to absorb the life of the child, shape it according to your own fancies and whims. I remember well, when I was a boy, there were sons of fathers who were neighbors of ours who were growing up chafing, irritated, angry. Why? The fathers were dominating them, and making them understand that they were using them as pieces of property which belonged to them. They would not let them have their own way as to training, study, making their own way in life until they were of age, as they said. Until they were of age, they were pieces of the father's property, and were obliged to work for him. And the result of it was that the minute the time of age came the boys were away, with bitter feelings in their hearts; and never after could they have anything like tender reverence for the old home or pleasant memories of it.

We have no right to shape the children according to our own notions. As we train and fit them for life, it is our high-

est duty to study the nature and capabilities of each child so far as we can, and try to find out the best thing for that child to do. We are to live for the sake of the future success and happiness and welfare of these children.

I have known cases that illustrate what I have in mind in another direction. I remember a family that I knew years ago. There was one daughter in the home; and the father, jealous of anything which would take her away from him, made it practically impossible for her to have friendships among the young men of the city. He wished to keep the daughter for his own self, his own personal selfish pleasure in the home; and he succeeded; and now in his old age, sick, irritable, uncomfortable, he is leading such a life as will make it a delight to those who stand nearest to him when he goes away; and, when he goes, the daughter, with her youth behind her, will have a lonely life to look forward to. Her life has been absorbed in the home life, her own individuality destroyed, and she made a victim of this pure selfishness on the part of the father.

It is our business, fathers and mothers, just as rapidly as possible, to make ourselves useless. Our highest duty is that, —to train our children, boys and girls both, into such complete individuality of development that they can go alone. We should do it just as rapidly as we can, so that they need be no longer dependent upon us in any way whatsoever.

Does this mean crowding them over the edge of the nest and getting rid of them? It means just the opposite. If you train your son and daughter into this perfect development and independence, surround them by love and care all their lives long, you have bound them to you by such cords of love and gratitude as nothing on the face of the earth can ever break or separate. If you wish the children to love you, if you wish them to desire to stay with you, do not make the sense of bondage felt: rather give them as fast as possible the perfect sense of freedom.

You owe it, then, as your highest duty to train the boys

and girls into as complete individual development as possible, so that they shall be bound to you in no way except by ties of thankfulness and tender memories and loving devotion.

I wish now to turn to another aspect of the theme for a moment, and consider the relation of the child to the parent or what the child owes to father and mother. Unfortunately, under the ruling ideas of the past, in a great many cases the sense of gratitude has been killed out and the children have felt that they owed very little to father or mother.

In the first place, let the children remember this,— and all of us in this sense are children, no matter how old we may be nor where our fathers and mothers at present are,— that they owe to the father and mother the fact and the unspeakable gift of life. I am aware that there are people at this modern time who depreciate this gift. There are books written with the title "Is Life Worth Living?" It is a common phase of contemporary thought to wonder as to whether existence at all is a blessing. I can have no sort of sympathy with this. I will glance at it, with your permission, from two different points of view.

I believe, as you are aware, that life continues right on through the fact of death. If we believe this, it means that we owe to father and mother the unspeakable gift of immortality; and no matter where born or how, so far as that is concerned, if a child's feet are on the lower rung of the ladder which, like that which Jacob saw in a vision, stretches from the earth to the foot of the eternal throne, then through whatever experiences or in the fact of whatever difficulties, the child is started on a road that leads to the very highest, and this marvellous, ineffable gift the child owes to father and mother.

But let us leave the other world for a moment out of account. Concede, if you will, that we have no proof of any other life or even that we have proof that there is none. Then what? Are you sorry that you are here? I am not.

I am unspeakably glad and grateful for it. I care not as to how much pain or trouble I have had in the past. You will not alarm me if you picture, in however lurid colors, the trials and troubles that lie ahead of me. That I am here, that I am awake, that I have this marvellous faculty we call consciousness, that I can look at the earth, that I can hear the wind in the trees, that in summer I can listen to the lap of the sea waves on the beach and note the glinting of the light on the waters, that I can look up to the stars at night; that I feel what friendship means, even if it has been false to me sometimes; that I have looked into eyes that have answered me by the look of love; that I have had the delight of holding a child on my knees; that I have been able to think out, or try to think out, some of the great problems of life, to play my part as a man; that I have had and have this marvellous experience, even if I am only lifted up in the arms of some being that is invisible to me while for a little time I just look at the great show that we call the universe,— for that this minute I am glad, and I am grateful to the father and the mother who bore me.

So it seems to me, whichever way you look at it, that the child may well be grateful to father and mother for the gift of life.

And, then, for the gift of that which makes the glory and beauty and sweetness of life, for the gift of love. There is nothing else in the world that is worth that. I have been accustomed to say that the three greatest words in the dictionary are "love," "friendship," and "help." That I can love, can have friends, and that I can help somebody to make the burden of life a little less, to make the darkness a little less dense, add something to the sweetness and beauty, that I can help somebody a little — this, next to the facts of love and friendship, is the sweetest and best thing in life.

Father and mother, then, whatever else they have done, have surrounded our childhood with an ineffable love. And

this love of the mother the poets and the orators of the world have tried in vain to express or to do it justice. They say that the father's love may be worn out. I have known of a few cases where it seemed to me that it was, though I thank God for the glory of humanity that I have known a very few. I have known a father who could send away his boy. I have never known of a mother who would do it, no matter what the boy had done, no matter how worthless he became, no matter what crime he had committed. The mother's love shines upon him with its purity, as the light shines equally upon every object on earth. The sunshine gilds a peak of the Alps, it glorifies the waters and the grasses of the plain, and it does not disdain the refuse of the gutter: it glorifies, beautifies, cleanses all. And so the love of the mother not only takes pride in the glory and greatness of her boy, but with yearning, beseeching, follows the boy into the slums, into all dishonor, into prison, and would, I believe, follow him to the lowest depths of hell.

And, since God is love, this tireless, eternal mother-love makes the belief in any endless hell a libel; else mothers were better than God. For this love, then, should the children be grateful.

I wish now to touch on another phase of the religious problem of life. The children owe to father and mother reverence, reverence. But this can be carried too far, or, at any rate, if not carried too far, it can be misinterpreted. You are aware of the fact, I suppose, that in China the prevailing worship is the worship of ancestors. They worship the fathers and the mothers; and this has been interpreted in such a way that it has made China the most conservative nation on the face of the earth; it has hindered growth and progress there for two thousand years. This means that the child must slavishly worship as his father and mother worshipped.

And we find instances here in the modern world of fathers and mothers who treat it as lack of reverence and piety

on the part of their children if they propose to take one step of progress or growth beyond the point where they have become weary and have stopped.

A young lady came to me to converse on the subject of religion not a great while ago. Her father had been trained an Episcopalian: her mother was dead. Her father had ceased to care for religion one way or another. He simply had prejudices, and inherited conservatism enough not to wish his daughter to learn anything new. So he said, when he found her inclined to attend a Unitarian church, "Is not your mother's religion good enough for you?" The mother's religion, it seemed, had been too good for him. At any rate, he had not been practising it.

If Abraham's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we would have had no magnificent Jewish history. If Jesus' mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no Christianity. If Luther's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no Protestantism. If Channing's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no Unitarianism.

So reverence and honor father and mother, not by parrot-like repeating over forever what they have said or staying forever where their weary feet have stopped. We honor and reverence them by doing what they would do if in their spirit of love and devotion they had our opportunities and were living in our places to-day. Else the world could have no growth, and humanity no magnificent future to which to look forward.

The children, then, should reverence father and mother, but honor them by outgrowing the actual life which they lived, while tenderly loving and reverencing the spirit and temper which they showed.

There is nothing sweeter in all the world, it seems to me, than an old father or an old mother living in the soft sunshine of life's afternoon, surrounded by sons and daughters, either in their home or near by where they can keep up

these tender and pleasant associations. The father is training the children until they are living their own lives; but they look back and up with gratitude to the father and mother for it all, recognizing how much they owe to them. The father is proud in the wisdom and greater success of his son. He defers to him and looks to him for advice and counsel; and they mutually talk over life's affairs together, having established a sort of brotherhood, of comradeship, that takes little account of the difference in years. And so, lovingly reverencing the past and trustfully looking forward to the future, they go on together.

And by and by the father passes into the Unseen, the mother passes into the Unseen; but the children do not believe that they have passed out of existence. They hope that the home is simply transferred over there; and they know that they must follow the father and mother, and get old and weak, and by and by also lay down their burdens and pass out into the Unseen. It is beautiful, it seems to me, when we look forward to that other home, and trust that those who have gone there are preparing a place for us.

This loving reverence and temper with which the man when he gets along in years remembers father and mother is most beautifully expressed in a poem a few lines of which, at least, I wish to read to you. It is Cowper's poem on the receipt of his mother's picture. Cowper, as you know, was all his life an invalid, oppressed and burdened, sometimes close on the borders of insanity, melancholy, so that his outlook on life was never specially cheerful; but he loved and reverenced the memory of his mother, and it was a life-long inspiration and comfort to him.

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;

I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more."

And then he goes on to speak of himself as tempest-tossed on the sea of life, but ends with the thought of her, and grateful that at least she is at peace:—

"Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell! Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

Father, dear Father, we are glad we are Thy children; and in the thought of our earthly fatherhood and motherhood we try to interpret Thine. We believe that Thou art at least as loving and tender and good as the earthly father and mother,— nay, that Thou art infinitely more. And so in the dark we keep our courage and hope; and so in difficulties we reach our hand up to clasp Thine; and so in the last extremity we will believe that we are going home. Amen.

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SERIES ON

## RELATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN

## IV. Home and Society

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# HOME AND SOCIETY.

I HAVE chosen two texts, because I could not find any one which covered the whole ground. From the First Book of Kings, the thirteenth chapter and the seventh verse, the words, "Come home with me and refresh thyself"; and from the fourteenth chapter of Romans, the seventh verse, "For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself."

If we were able to trace the evolution of the home from the first beginnings of human life until to-day, we should be thus measuring the entire progress of humanity on earth; for the modern home is the summing up and the expression of all the best things that the world has so far been able to attain and to become. And at any point along this pathway of advance, if we could look into a home, we should find where man was standing, how far he had advanced.

Of course, the first homes were hardly more than dens or lairs. They were the expression of animal thoughts and animal needs. They were natural caves or some rudely constructed shelter, or they were cavities dug out in the sides of cliffs or river-banks. Homes like these may be found in certain parts of the world to-day, and even in those countries which, in a general way, are very largely advanced in civilization.

I saw homes of this sort two years ago on the banks of the Loire, in the neighborhood of the city of Tours in France,— homes that were only cavities dug out in the sand of the river-bank. They were intended, of course, merely as protection against the weather, places in which to eat or sleep, as a defence against wild beasts or hostile men.

They answered these rude purposes for rude people, living in rude times.

But, as man has advanced step by step, the home has kept pace with him; and he has put into it all the best things that he has been able to gain control of. So that a modern home to-day means what? There is beauty of architecture, if one has some æsthetic taste, if one has the financial ability to give expression to his tastes, his desires. Then within the home there is that intangible atmosphere of what we call refinement, culture, the things which we feel, the things which express themselves in ways that cannot be adequately or intellectually described. There are books that sum up the finest things that the world has gained in the way of literature; there are pictures on the walls, representing the advance of humanity in art; there are bits of sculpture, showing what man has been able to do in this direction. The science of the world is here in the library; and, as the result of that, as man looks out of his windows at night and gazes upon the stars, he looks upon a universe which has been discovered and explored, concerning which his far-off ancestors knew absolutely nothing.

Then music has come also to express those emotions which cannot be put into speech. There is on every hand the manifestation of the moral advance,— love and tenderness and pity,— and all those things which lift men up into kinship with the Divine. All the finest and best things that man has been able to attain are reflected in some way in his home: the home sums up and expresses all that he has become.

There is one feature of the ideal home, just at present, in our great cities, and, in a very marked degree here in New York, that most of us are obliged to miss. If we were born in the country, or no matter where, if we were fortunate enough in our childhood to live for a good many years in some one house, so that, when we speak of the old home,

associations of place are indicated by that speech, then, indeed, we have been very fortunate.

I do not know but what the superficial appearances of things may deceive one, and lead him to exaggerate the condition of things as it really exists; but it seems as though almost everybody in New York was on the move. How many of us are there, how many New Yorkers are there, who have memories stretching over a period of years touching a home in any one particular place, touching some one house, some one street, some one square?

I suppose this is inevitable in any growing city; and perhaps in the next few years it is to be worse rather than better in our great city. The late Colonel Waring made a prophecy, which some of you probably remember, to the effect that during this present century the entire island of Manhattan would be given up to business, and nobody would live here any more. This was his forecast as to what is coming.

But, when we get through with this process, we shall settle somewhere, and there will be centres of thought and life and feeling, so that we can have these old-time associations established, or our children can; and they will be more fortunate in that regard than we.

The evening *Post* of last night had a most admirable editorial, entitled "A City in Flux," in which it dwelt at length with some phases of this problem, showing that we have no academic, no musical, no scientific neighborhoods or centres, and cannot have until the city is expanded and has gotten its growth, after a certain fashion, and we are settled down somewhere.

These make up the ideal home,— the house, the furnishings, the manifestations of all that humanity has attained, the touch of the wife and mother and daughter, the atmosphere, the love, the tenderness,— the place where we can go and refresh ourselves.

But now, if we have attained a home like this, have we a

right to settle ourselves down in it and devote ourselves to the occupations that simply concern ourselves and the other inmates of the home? If we had the ideal home, any one of us, with all that money and taste and culture could provide, should we then have a right to live simply the home life, and let the outside world go its own way? No; for, as I have said, we may go home and refresh ourselves, but, when we have done that, we must remember that other half of the world and the principle of the second part of my text, "For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself." And there are two or three reasons why the home must be brought into vital, constant contact with society.

In the first place the home is the creation of society; and all that the home is we owe to our fellow-men. There is one reason. Then we are under the highest of all obligations as children of God and moral beings, standing on the vantage-ground of home, to do everything we can for the world. And in the third place, if we had no more than a selfish reason for it, we are under the necessity, if we wish to preserve the level of our home, to see to it that the social level of the world is kept high; for there is a constant tendency on the part of the individual or any organism, be it small or large, to become adjusted to its environment; and, if that environment is lower, then that means there is a tendency constantly for these associations to sink. If we wish to keep the home high, we must keep the social level high. A ship at sea may indeed be tossed upon the crest of some great wave, but in the long run it will keep the general level of the sea.

Let us note, for the sake of clearness, and as fully as we can, these points that I have touched on. People have an idea that, after they have attained something, it is theirs; and they have a right to do with it as they please. It may be money, culture, health, strength, brains, power, home,— it may be no matter what,— but people are apt to get an entirely false conception of the extent of their personal ownership over things.

I said that the home is the product of society. We all, whatever we are, whatever we have gained, have received these things from others, from mankind. It is true of our bodily strength and health. The evolution of the highest and finest races, looked at physically, is the result of the struggle and effort of humanity. Our brains, where did we get them? From the far-off beginning our ancestors have been thinking, thinking, thinking; and thinking creates brain cells, just as much as breathing creates lung cells. Our brains as organs of thought are the gift of the attempts on the part of men to think; and so are all the peculiar faculties, qualities, and characteristics of man.

The æsthetic nature, from that dim beginning when first men began to scratch the outlines of figures on the walls of their caves until the last and finest masterpiece of genius, all our artistic development, is the gift of the effort of men all over the world to express their feeling and sense of the beautiful.

And so in every department of life. All the investigations, all the discoveries, everything that has been given to us and everything which we are, has been created progressively by the efforts of the race; and now we have money with which we can build us a home, and fill it with all the most beautiful things, all the most useful things, which the world has invented.

Is the money ours? The conditions of modern civilization that make it possible for us to earn, to invest, to keep our money, are the results of the age-long experiment and struggle and effort of the race. So that whatever enters into the home to make it the place where we may go and refresh ourselves, where we may find rest and peace and joy and the satisfaction of all our tastes and longings,—whatever enters into the making of this home, what it is has been conferred upon us by society; so that the home, if it is true to itself, must stand in vital relations with society, with men and women beyond the walls of the home.

We must then enter into these vital social relations, in order that we may partly pay back the debt which we owe society. And, as I intimated, we are under the highest of all obligations as moral beings not to sit down selfishly and enjoy the fair and beautiful and lovely things which have become ours, but to help the world to attain those things which we find so sweet and so dear. No man is half a man who is willing to sit down in utter selfishness in the midst of his own plenty and beauty and joy, and forget the great world that needs these things as much as he.

And let me emphasize it a little further. If we wish to keep the integrity of the home, we must look after the welfare of the world; for, as the world in its strivings has made the home possible, the social condition around us must either bulwark and defend the home or threaten perpetually its disintegration and decay. Just as for the health of your children you need to care for the health of New York, as for the culture of your children you need to care for the culture of New York, as for the morals of your children you need to care for the morals of New York, so for the sake of the beauty and perpetuity of your own home life you need to be vitally interested in the homes of New York.

But now in what sense, in what way, and to what extent shall the home and the individuals who make up the home become interested in society? Society means a good many things; and I shall need to define and discriminate a little, in order to make clear the answer to my own question.

In one sense, sociologists speak of all the men and women of the world as making up the organism that we call society. Then, of course, there are the closer organisms of different nationalities or peoples; and so, as you work inward there are ever newer and closer centres of organization and interest. Nobody can be in vital relations with all the other people in the world: there is not time enough nor strength enough. There are people who attempt to spread out their interest over so wide an area socially that it becomes very superficial, and wears almost a farcical aspect.

There are people in every great city, and in some of them in a more marked degree than others, who attempt to keep up so wide a circle of acquaintance that it practically means nothing except weariness of the flesh. What is the use, for example, of attempting to keep in touch with people to the extent of exchanging cards perhaps once in a season? I have known ladies who started out in their carriage to make the rounds of their calls after this fashion, when the real significance of it was seen in the fact that they leaned back in their carriages with a sigh of relief when the people they had called on were out. This sort of society means nothing, and is time wasted and thrown away.

Let us look now for a few moments at the fact that society is divided up into smaller organizations. There are cliques and associations of every kind, and there must be: it is right that there should be. The only evil about it is — and it is something we need to guard against all the time — lest, becoming absorbed in our own little associations, the things we peculiarly care for, we narrow and contract our sympathies, and do not realize the equal importance of other associations in which we can take no active part.

In other words, we are apt to think that our little society is the world, and to look upon others as practically foreigners and outsiders, so that we get out of sympathetic touch with them.

It is said that birds of a feather flock together; and this is a principle that has its practical application in society. It is right that it should be so. Society is a mart, a bazaar: it is, if you choose to change the figure, a department store. If we expect anything, we must buy it. There is no reason in the world that I know of, except that of pure benevolence,— and we do not wish to put ourselves on that roll if we can help it,— why people should put themselves out to entertain, instruct, and help us, who are abundantly able to help, instruct, entertain and assist other people, while we do absolutely nothing in return.

I have known people a great many times to go into some gathering, and afterwards say that they found everybody cold, there was no warmth, no welcome, while, as a matter of fact, they simply sat apart by themselves, and waited for somebody to entertain them, forgetting entirely that they were just as much under obligation to entertain somebody else as the somebody else was to look after them.

It is a matter of barter, of give and take; and, if there is a certain section of society that we are not in sympathy with, that we have nothing to contribute to, and that has nothing really to contribute to us, then why should we worry about it? Why should we wonder that we are not in it, that we are not invited, not made welcome there? Why should we consider them unduly exclusive if they do not put themselves out of the way to entertain us?

Let me instance a few of the different principles around which these cliques associate themselves. There is in New York,— and the like is true of all great cities,— that which calls itself *par excellence* society. It is made up of the Four Hundred, or, I think, some recent authority has been reducing it to One Hundred and Fifty. Whatever the number may be, I do not mean to say anything against the persons who constitute this interior organization in society. Many of them are noble, intellectually cultivated, charitable, and generous. I have no word to say against them as individuals. But a society that is organized around the idea of wealth alone must of necessity be ignoble and vulgar. There is nothing, in the highest and finest sense of the word, human merely in the possession of wealth; and, if these people who meet together and constitute a certain section of society merely because they are rich will excuse me for not wanting to be with them, I will freely pardon them for not asking me. There is nothing there that is in any way attractive to a person who cares for what is essentially high and fine in humanity; and it degenerates sometimes into that which is exceedingly vulgar.

## II

I was at the opera the other night, and I saw one lady — I do not know who she was, though I might have found out by seeking the number of the box on the programme and reading the name — who illustrates what this sort of thing comes to when it degenerates, and gets itself perfect expression. I have never seen anything outside a show-case at Tiffany's that in any way suggested this lady. It was barbaric in the extreme. She had the air of telling everybody that she had not come there to hear the music, but merely to be looked at; and she was loaded and hung all over, in every possible place, with diamonds and gems and jewels of every kind.

Now we can forgive an Indian or a Fiji Islander his anklets and bracelets, or his nose-rings and earrings, because he has not, presumably, been developed to anything higher than these; but the type of society whose distinguishing feature is that kind of thing certainly is not human in the true sense in which that word ought to be used.

Then there are, of course, social organizations, of which the centre is literary interest of one kind or another. There are those who devote themselves largely, if not exclusively, to musical cultivation and enjoyment. There are scientific societies, clubs and federations that are interesting themselves in civic affairs and social progress. There are those who are given up to the work of reform, trying to heal the wounds of the world, and lead on to a better and finer future.

Now all these are good, they are well in their way; but we none of us have time for them all. What are we going to do about it? There are three ways by which we may connect ourselves with society, or three objects which we may have as those which we are pursuing.

In the first place, we associate with the people for whom we care, for our personal enjoyment. We love the interchange of thought. There are people in whose very presence simply, even if they do not speak, we find rest and satisfaction. Here is one reason for society.

There is another, self-culture. We connect ourselves with this organization or that for the sake of learning, for study. There is another reason, and that is, we organize to help the world to cure its evils, to bring in the kingdom of God of which the poets have sung and the seers have dreamed.

Now to what extent and in what way shall we engage ourselves under these three different motives? How much have we a right to do? I can merely outline. Let me set up a standard. It seems to me it can be made perfectly plain in principle, though each of us must make the application for himself or herself. We have no right to give ourselves to society to such an extent as to injure the integrity of the home or its real interests, or to injure the highest welfare of our own personality.

For we cannot give unless we have; we cannot lift a weight unless we have made ourselves strong; we cannot solve an intellectual problem unless we have had opportunity to study and to know; we cannot infect the world with high ethical ideals unless we have taken time to cultivate them in ourselves.

I know women — I have known of them, I have nobody at present in New York in mind in saying this, and I speak of them because they are specially and peculiarly the home-makers — who have given themselves up so unreservedly, so indulgently, to the pleasure side of society that they have little time for the home, for their children, for the husband, for cultivating the highest and finest things in themselves. They exceed the just limits and proportions, perhaps without any intention, by giving themselves so largely to the mere pleasure side of social interests.

For example, I have known women to belong to three or four whist clubs, and spend half of the week, perhaps more, in playing whist. I have nothing to say against whist; but, no matter what the thing may be, it is quite possible for people to expend more time on it than they have a right to spend, in view of a hundred other things which demand their attention.

There is another danger, connected with our self-culture and learning — to defend ourselves against. There is danger always that the joining of clubs or classes, of Browning, Shakspere, or Tennyson, shall degenerate into a fad, and that people shall delude themselves into the idea that they are getting mental cultivation merely because they are listening to some pleasant lecture on Dante or some other theme.

You may do this to any extent; and if you are simply played upon, if you simply take the passive attitude, do not exert or develop your own faculties, powers, or tastes in any direction, it may become mere dissipation instead of self-culture.

And in another direction, there is a similar danger in the matter of belonging to associations for civic study, for reform matters of any kind whatsoever. There are people, for example, to illustrate the principle involved, who will read a novel and be tremendously stirred over the sorrows and woes that are depicted, and the whole sympathetic nature expresses itself and runs to waste in this outpouring of feeling. They are not cultivated into helpers by the process: rather the impulse that ought to be given to help the world is expended merely in this luxury of feeling. For, curiously enough, there are people who enjoy being sad, enjoy weeping over a book or a play quite as much as others enjoy laughter or song.

So you may become a member of a civic club or some reform association that has for its purpose the uplifting of society, and it may come to nothing. It may even stand in the way of your really doing something for your fellow-men.

The same thing is true in religious matters; and I speak of it here only to illustrate what I mean. There are people who go through religious forms and ceremonies, having their emotions touched and played upon, who really think that they are engaged in religious exercises, who never do a religious thing. And so it is possible for people to become interested in the theoretical, the emotional side of helping

the world, and yet all their powers and emotions be spent in this way while they really do nothing to help mankind.

We must touch the world, then, in these three ways: enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of the pleasure, the satisfaction, the restfulness that they may bring to us; enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of study, of learning, of widening our outlook; enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of learning the world's need, and doing what we can to make the world better.

There are a great many homes where the burden of the home-making and home-caring are such as to leave little time for these outside associations. I believe that in the process of the evolution of the home towards its ideal there is to be ever more and more opportunity in this direction. It is the man who furnishes the means for the making of the home; but it is the woman who makes it. The man has little time for home life; and the woman,— a great many of them are tied too much to the home, so that they have little time for the outside and wider life of the world.

I believe that reforms will come, as the years go by, touching the relations of men to the home and society, and touching the relations, also, of the home-maker, the mother. Men ought to learn — they will by and by — that all life does not consist in making money or in business. When we get really civilized and adjusted to the true ideas of home life, we shall know that money is merely the raw material, and that it is to be turned into ideal homes, ideal social conditions, and that the man must leave himself free for home life and social life, both, if he is going to be a man.

And the women will become freer from the home drudgery, as time goes by, and be able to enter into the larger and wider life of the times.

In the savage man's home everything they had or cared for was made,— the weapons, utensils, clothing, such as it

was, the laundry work, the cooking, everything,— all done in the home. We are gradually, through the process of the division of labor, freeing the home from these encumbrances. You can remember, those of you who are somewhat along in years, times and places in the country, where the home was not only what we mean by home, but where it was the shop and factory for the family as well. I can remember seeing women not only engaged in cooking, sweeping, looking after the condition of the house, not only engaged in the laundry work, but engaged in carding, in spinning, in weaving, and in making up the cloth thus produced into garments for both the boys and the girls.

We are leaving most of those things behind us: the tailor work is all done outside of the home; most of the dressmaking is done outside of the home; the laundry work is done outside of the home; and I believe that, when we get a little more civilized, the cooking, too, will be done outside of the home. There is really no reason in the nature of things why this should be considered a function of the home any more than the laundry work or tailoring or any other department that used to be attached to it in the past.

There may be great groups of houses: the meals can be served in the same central dining-room or in the apartments equally well, if it is desired. This is a problem perfectly easy of solution and which will come by and by; and then the wife and mother will be free to give herself to those higher, finer, sweeter, better things,— the moral, mental, spiritual cultivation of herself and her home and of the world. She will be able to make the home the real centre for that which is essentially human; and from this point of vantage she will be able to reach out and become a blessing in every department of human life.

I have no fears that woman will become less womanly, mothers less motherly, because they study and become wiser, because they get into personal contact with interests

beyond the range of the home. It is not these people who are in danger of neglecting the home. It is the selfish, the self-indulgent, those who do not appreciate what the home means, those who care more for every comfort and luxury than they do for the children. Such always have neglected the home; and they always will. The only hope is that they will become educated out of these mental and moral and spiritual conditions of character.

But the women will remain women. Nature will take care of that; and love and the home-making will always be the highest and deepest thing in the woman's nature, and the woman's life. And, if you set her hands free and her brains free, I believe it will result in her becoming more typically and nobly womanly, and help on so the idealizing of the home and the idealizing of society as well.

For, at the close, let me say there is no antagonism between these claims. The acme of the world's civilization will be attained when you find a perfect home; but that will be when you have a perfect society surrounding it and matching it. There is no antagonism between the two. If one selfishly withdraws himself from social contact, he makes himself less a man, the woman makes herself less a woman, and, therefore, the home, which is the product of these natures, will be of necessity something less than ideal.

We need to make ourselves the highest and finest we can. But what are the highest and finest things in men and women? They are love, sympathy, pity, readiness to help, wisdom,— all these things which link us with God, and make us divine; and we can cultivate and develop these only as we get into relations with our fellow-men, where there is field and opportunity and incitement to their exercise. So we can become the finest individuals only as we become helpful in our relations to other people. The two go together. There is no contradiction, no possible antagonism.

The ideal, then, is the perfect home, in a perfect society;

and, in order to attain this, we must make ourselves the most, the highest, the best we can, and then give ourselves freely to the world.

Father, let us, as Thy children, consecrate ourselves to these high and noble ends. Let us get the reflection of the Divine in our thoughts and in our hearts, and live out this Divine in the home and in society. So shall come the kingdom for which we ever pray. Amen.

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# MARTHAS AND MARYS.

"Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word, but Martha was cumbered about much serving."— LUKE x. 39.

IT was in Bethany these good women lived, as we learn from the Gospel by John,— an obscure place not far from Jerusalem on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, where the road to Jericho dips suddenly toward the Jordan. And it is a pretty spot those say who have been there, in a hollow of the slope, planted thick with fruit-trees, but otherwise of no account; for it is peopled by some twenty families as thriftless and shiftless as you will easily find, who live, as so many seem to do in the Holy Land, by the lies they tell about the so-called sacred places. Nor can the place have ever been of much account; for it is not once mentioned in the Old Testament, and there are no signs that the hamlet ever overflowed the small cup in which it stands. This, again, was no formal visit Jesus made there, that the scene might be painted in the panorama of his three years' pilgrimage, so that the small place in the hollow of Olivet should be lifted into the light forever, like Bethlehem, spoken of by the prophets and ordained to shine. He was on his way to Jerusalem. These were his friends, the sisters and the brother; and he must stay with them as their guest, it may be, for the night,— a guest greatly honored and most welcome, as we can see, to whom they will give the best they have and to the friends who have come with him. And this must be done by the two sisters; for the brother is not mentioned here, and may have been away from home. And one of them loses no time, it is clear, touching the hospitable purpose which stirs her heart.. She is, indeed,

the owner of the place; and so it rests with her to see to it that the best is set on the board she has in the house, while I think of her as one of those clever and capable women who can never be taken at a disadvantage in such a case as this, but can surprise those who have known her longest and best by the way in which she will call out her reserves. It is her purpose to do this now. You can see her rise to the rare occasion, think it over to herself for a moment or two, and then brighten up as she gets out her keys and moves swiftly about the house. It is a lovely little picture, and human, as we watch the good woman and good housekeeper to the last line. They shall remember their visit as one of the events of a year or a lifetime, and shall fare well before they say farewell to go on their way.

But just here she falls on a trouble. Mary, her sister, and no doubt as good as gold in such a case usually, fails the good Martha now, when she needs her most. It was the most natural thing in the world that she should be as busy as her sister was. So you would have felt in Martha's place,— the Marthas in my congregation. The good name of the house was to be maintained, and due honor done to the guests by good and loving service. But, while she also is busy, as we may presume, helping Martha, Jesus begins to speak of the things which always lay so deep in his heart, how the kingdom of God is as leaven, it may be, when they began to make the bread, and as old and new wine, touching these homely things for divine lessons. We do not know what he said, only that Mary sat at his feet and listened, while Martha had everything to do, first to make ready, and then to serve.

Nor can we easily believe that the good Martha gave up without giving Mary what we should call a piece of her mind in frowns and whispers before she was driven to the last extremity, and would have to shame her before the whole company; for this would be as natural as all the rest. She was sharp, to be sure,— for this they say is implied in her name,—

and could be a little more than sharp, as our Marthas are apt to be before time mellows them and makes them sweet,— time and the grace of Heaven. But, if this was so, it was all no use. Mary sits still and listens, and is lost to all that is going on about her; and then the much-tried woman makes her appeal to the guest and friend: "Dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." And it is the surmise of a rare scholar and seer I love to follow that there is a touch of desperation in this swift and keen appeal of kin to that of the disciples' in the great storm,— "Carest thou not that we perish?" In any case she will be patient no longer or keep her impatience to herself. She must speak out.

Nor is the surmise poor or thin that Jesus had not noticed the sister's trouble at all down to this moment, or thought it strange that Mary should not be busy with her sister, or been aware, indeed, of what was there before his eyes. It was one of those high moments when his meat and drink was to reveal the truth which had come to him instantly from on high, as it was when he sat talking to the woman by the well; and then, when they brought him bread, he said, "I have bread to eat ye know not of."

In the great and moving moments in our own lives we can all tell how we were lost to the things about us,— lost in the vision, so that we forgot the needs of the body and the passing of time. So it may have been, and so I think must have been with him that day. But now here was Martha with her cutting question: "Dost thou not *care* that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." And then, in an instant, he would see where the trouble lay, and how to meet it, but not as she would think he would meet it, the good and loyal friend of overburdened men and women, who made their trouble his own. This trouble was quite of another tenor from those that always moved his heart to pity and swift succor.

This good friend, with the best of all good will in her

kindly and hospitable heart, had got herself snared in a net of her own netting. She was careful and troubled about many *things*,— very good things, and needful there and then, as she thought, but quite at the other pole of our human life and duty as the question touched him that day, and as it may touch us now.

Many *things*,— social duties, hospitable aspirations, kindly endeavors, and the best she had for the best she knew. These friends, who were living very much as the birds live, were to be ministered unto by one good meal. They were *men* friends, and therefore in the more need of her ministry, men friends and ministers of the word of life, and therefore to be cared for, so she had been taught from her childhood, no doubt, with all the more care and pains. It is a sweet human picture, as I said, when you wipe the dust of the ages away, and restore the lost lines; and who shall blame the good Martha for her touch of temper and her half-command, "Bid her, therefore, that she help me"? He does not blame her; but, as I listen, there is a tender, lingering, loving kindness in the repetition of her name even, as he says, "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things; but one thing is needful." He would not rebuke: he would only help her to see where the truest hospitality lay, and do this not as the Master and Lord, but the good friend and guest. And so I think we do him dishonor when we give his words another and harsher meaning.

Nor should we lose track of the simple and quite human purpose which prompts the divine lesson he would suggest to his over-troubled hostess and friend. We all know how it would touch him when he saw what her trouble was, who have gone to the home of some friend in very much the same way,— not, it may be, expected, but right welcome all the same. When we have had to notice how full of care the house-mother was about our handsome and fitting entertainment, we wanted to say: "Do sit down, and take no thought of what we shall eat or what we shall drink. We

have come to see you all; and here are so many things we want to say,— books to mention, events to discuss, memories to brighten, hopes to touch, deep things and high to wonder over,— and it may be now or never. And so what can a feast of fat things and wine on the lees well refined be to such a communion of the spirit and the life? Bring out the loaf and the cup, as if you had no guests at all, and do not be cumbered by much serving. We will serve ourselves." So it must have been that day. He was no anchorite, as we know, but would go to a feast on occasion, and had no rebuke for the good woman's feast now. But there sat the sister she had scored with her sharp tongue, listening to the word borne into his heart that instant from on high,— the bread of life and the water of life,— the word made flesh and dwelling among them from sunset to gray dawn, and the word was to lie within the heart of a new gospel: not his word, but the word of the Father which sent him, and he was speaking to him then. So Mary must be vindicated, and the sting drawn from the sister's rebuke. She was true to her own soul and the soul of the truth and the time. This was the event of a lifetime; and, while she did not know it, the lifting of the home in the hollow into a light that never lay on land or sea. And so he said, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

So the story of an evening opens to my mind as they sit there forever now, the Master and his friends; while the one sister hurries about the house, intent on serving, and the other sits listening to his words who spake as never man spake, and as one having authority, not as the scribes. In a paper I took up one day a rustic tells how he would be busy about his farm or hurrying on an errand, when one of the last age, who was also filled with the Holy Spirit, would walk along the green lane by the lake in Westmoreland, unaware of any other presence, saying words fresh from the fountain of the divine inspiration that hold so many of us

now by their sweet, strong spell. But all the listener could do was to wonder how a man so able otherwise could spend his time talking in that way all to himself, and to a far poorer purpose than if he had been repeating the multiplication table, or in any sense so fitting as what the parson said on Sunday in the queer old church. One has to wonder whether our Martha had not some such feeling about the high discourse that fell on her ear, as the rain falls on the water-fowl, while she went about the house with the chicken and omelet and the fine wheaten cakes and the milk and honey on her mind, glancing at her sister and glowering, as we used to say in the north, until she can no more help that sharp word than our good friend Mrs. Poyser can in the story,—the perfect Martha of her day and generation. It was Martha's opportunity, also, to hear the word, and we hear in a casual way from other quarters that she was a good sound churchwoman and much given to listening to the holy men in the synagogue on Sunday and to good works; and we may be sure of the good works even more than of the listening, especially if there were signs that one of the hives would swarm before the holy day was over or the thunderous weather turn the milk.

But this was a week-day, and here were the guests, these good men and the Master, who so seldom had a good meal set before them; and what discourse ever was so momentous to Martha as this social and, to her mind, most sacred obligation? So they are own sisters, and no doubt true and loving sisters, but with this diverse temper of the heart and mind when we catch this swift glimpse of them in the hollow of Olivet: the one quiet as a Quaker, and content to sit still this one evening, whatever she may do to-morrow, and sun her soul in the light fresh from heaven; the other busy as a whole swarm of bees, and ready to "bizz out wi' angry pyke," while the words fall from his lips she would give the world, no doubt, to hear, when so many years after she is an exile in the south of France, so say the traditions,

for love of him. She loved him in her own way when she turned on him, and said: "Dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her that she help me." And the same Martha in the legends again as she is in the Gospels; for she slays a dragon, a thing Mary never would have done, a noisome and ugly thing which was devouring the children in Marseilles,— an evil marsh, I take it, or the mother of all bad drains, with diphtheria and the scarlet fever; for it takes Martha to do that, after all.

Shall I say once more, then, that it is no wonder the Fourth Gospel, and the last in the divine series, tells us how Jesus loved Martha *and* Mary, and mentions the good and true woman after her type first, as if the Holy Spirit had held the pen this instant, as indeed it does in many instants now, and would make her this amends for the half-bitter word she said this day, and the injury done to herself for so good a reason as her temper and disposition ran toward all generous and hospitable ends? And shall we not say, half-inclined to cry,— for the tears are very near the eyes with the Marthas, so that we must not wonder the human heart in him who knew what was in man and woman should still go out to this capital and much cumbered woman, so anxious about the duty and grace of hospitality and of good housekeeping, the crown and glory of her life and of her ancient Scriptures,— and say also for her vindication, as we note her worth, What would the world be without our Marthas, who cumber themselves so sore, and very much as she did, by much serving, who are so noble, indeed, and capable to take care of themselves in our modern life, that they need no advocate? But the Marys rather need one, as she did who sat at the Master's feet in the old time, and was lost in his word. In this modern life, and the life in this fervid centre especially, where not to be a Martha, when the demand is on you to see well to your home and your social duties, is to be next of kin to nobody among the good women of our city, and of Boston, let us say with a

slightly deeper emphasis, this is the canon of our womanhood,— to stand by the Marthas; while of our manhood, it may be,— for I would walk delicately here,— the less I say, the better. Still, is it not true that we all want these Marthas to look after us rather than the Marys, to see, as the older Scripture says, that we are honored among the elders in the gate if the years have told on us, or, if we have to make our way up the ladder, to be our helpmeet and lend a hand as we climb, and so make good the axiom that the man must ask his wife how far up he shall go? We love to see the home crisp and bright as a new-minted dollar, and to see the house-mother rise to the level of the swiftest demand when the guests come in, or we bring them in, even at the cost of that sharp word now and then, which is not for the sister or the guests; and, if we are not mere clowns and no gentlemen, enjoy it, perhaps, as we enjoy the blowing of the west winds in the spring days, but take care not to say so, while it well contents us, take us in the mass, to hear how the Marys, who have only this fine grace for their gift, to be still now and then and listen, and, it may be, speak or write,— how they cannot hold a candle to the Marthas in the social or the housekeeping life, and are of quite no account so far in the town or the country side.

Is it not true, then, that the Marthas need no advocate in the life we are living, with its crowded hospitalities and thick-sown social duties? But here the question rises I have touched already, Is this just as true of the Marys, of whom it was said, "They have chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from them"?

Is this the good part on which so many set store in these times or in any time? Have the Marthas struck the true keynote of life, in its wholeness in France, let us say, for illustration, where they are so proud of the quality and capacity of the woman in society and in business, the matchless Marthas, so clever and capable that the men in the great cities are content, they tell us, to be ciphers very often

to the woman's unit, and to plume themselves on wasting what their Marthas have made?

If I have learned only the mere alphabet of a true and noble life, I say no to such a conclusion, now and forever, and stand by his word who said, "Mary hath chosen the good part," when she caught the pregnant moment on the wing, as she sat at his feet, content to drink in the divine word fresh from the inner heavens, and let all else be blown down the wind, if it must be so, for that golden opportunity. In the old time when the highest things came to us on the bee-line, as they come still to our children, the holiest and highest came very often, not through the man, but the woman; and this was especially true of the race to which we belong. It is the bud to the blossom, it is the fruit to the vine, it is the alphabet to the Bible in this truth I fain would touch this morning,— the truth that not the priest, but the priestess, is the momentous factor in the higher and diviner life; and it is to the Marys, not the Marthas, we must still look for the highest and the best, and of whom *we* have to ask the question, "How high shall *we* go?"

I allow the claim gladly of her sister's energy and faculty, with all the noble qualities besides, which are true to her nature. All the same I say of Mary, "She hath chosen the good part." The home, the church, the city, the republic, and the world right round wait for the Marys, so far as the woman has her portion and lot in the highest and noblest life, the woman and womanhood whose life is hid with Christ in God.

This once more is a wonder to me always, which touches us when the season of Lent opens, and the sudden hush falls on those who answer to its bidding, changing the music in their homes and churches to a dirge, their feasts to fastings, and the order is given that for the space of forty days no great, glad note shall break out from the heart at the peril of your soul. This on the one hand, and

on the other the numbers past all numbering who cannot and will not conform to the order, but stand as free as the birds from a law and usage enacted they care not how or when, will not answer to the fiat which would wrench them away from the light to darkness and from joy to bewailing, but will still be of good cheer, and do what they may to make their homes and churches and the life out doors heart whole and wholesome, as it is by Heaven's blessing all the year round, or wear sackcloth and ashes, or call themselves names in their prayers that shame the Lord's Prayer.

Nor will I question the worth this morning of this provision, in the great old churches, for the Marthas of their fold. No more of this dissipation of life and life's true worth. For forty days, they say, you must sit down with the Marys, the channels of your life must be deepened, so that the waters may run sweet and clear. *Hear the Church.* It is our own habit to smile at this, and feel glad that we are under no such bondage; but may I not ask whether it is not a boon to a great host of Marthas, who have been wearing their lives out, and their souls away to a shadow, in what they call their social duties, and, if they are true, as we may believe many are, to what I trust was the primitive intention, just sitting down with Mary and letting the heavy care go by of so much serving, while they open their hearts to the higher things, so that their life shall not be like the river I saw in the Far West, a long drift through the dry desert, to be lost finally in what they call the Humboldt Sink?

The thought of the sisters touches me also to this closer purpose, that those who hear me shall mind this truth from the Master's lips. It is the natural instinct of our womanhood to range with Martha, and be like her, as it is the drift of the time. To be clever and hospitable and able, not seldom, to hold your own in the world's business as well as a man, or to surpass many men,— in this I have taken pains to mark my admiration of Martha. But, as I think of

the ever-growing tendency to be cumbered with many things, as she was, and note the multitudes of women so cumbered, I wonder where the Marys are, and how many of them are left of this nobler mind and purpose,— maidens who will not give all their time to the world's ways and fashions, or to light and frivolous reading, and the charm of light conversation, or to the running hither and yonder on vain and empty errands, or even to more serious things that still go only to the making of Marthas, but will have their time for listening to the divine voice,— the still, small voice, the whisper of the Holy Spirit of God.

And the women in the heart of the world's life who find they must nourish the deeper heart of Mary, while their lot lies greatly with Martha,— and it may be their temper and disposition also,— that they may not only save their own souls alive, but be helpmeets, indeed, to those of us who are as the life of their life, and who, it may be, can only climb the ladder which reaches toward heaven as they stand on the step above us and hold out their hand, and who will say to the children what he said, who took them in his arms and blessed them, and then make it all come true,— "Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"— how many are there? Many, many, many, or our life in this New World holds no great hope for man. Clever as they are, and good as gold, these good Marthas,— the saving salt of the noblest and best,— the deeper heart and devout and reverent is not in them as it was in the primitive mothers of the nation. And we must have women like these and like Mary always,— Martha and Mary in one.

Many such women there are, as my faith runs; and my sight now and then confirms my faith. Lucretia Mott was one of them,— as good a Martha as the world held in her time, but then, also, as good a Mary. The home kept perfectly, the children trained beautifully, and all living their own lives well, the social duties which must be observed kept up to the line, everything of that sort well done;

but, then, this also, the quiet inward life kept sweet and free to hear the word, deep thoughts of the heart coming and going in communion with the highest, the few choice books, heart books, read and read again, and a glance of the eye toward all the great and hopeful movements in the world's great life.

Elizabeth Gaskell, also, the busy pastor's wife in Manchester, with a great parish on her hands and wide-reaching social and home duties of every sort,— a perfect Martha, as I found her once,— yet also, if we may judge, a perfect Mary, sitting at the Master's feet and listening, and writing "Ruth" and "Mary Barton." Martha could not write them, only Mary. And so it is, and has been always.

It is what I plead for in this Lenten sermon; for why should we not also hear Lenten sermons? I would begin at the beginning, and this is with the Marthas and Marys. Shall we ask what the next age will be, we must not ask the men of this age or the ministers or the schools even and colleges. We must ask the maidens and wives and mothers and the womanhood all round, the Marthas and Marys apart or in one. They hold the casting vote for goodness and righteousness and truth; and you who hear me are among them, to whom Paul also said, "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may know what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

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# THE ETHICS OF DIVORCE.

FOR my text I take the words to be found in the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, a part of the sixth verse,—"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

I wish your indulgence while I preface the discussion of this great theme by a personal request. I want to ask you to try to listen carefully, and, if you report afterwards what I have said, report it accurately. I say this because, even on ordinary themes and where there is no personal feeling or prejudice involved, I find out constantly that I am reported as saying what I have not said, even by my friends.

Further, if any of the newspapers care to report the sermon of the morning, I wish specially to ask them if they will not try to be accurate and fair. I have reason for this: During the last three or four months some hundreds of newspaper clippings have been sent me from almost every State in the Union. They have been made up from extracts of what I was supposed to have said,— editorials called out by the discussion of the topic, criticism, comment of every kind; and, of these hundreds, more than half of them have seriously misrepresented the positions I have taken.

Sometimes, apparently, it has been caused by the desire to have a striking head line; but, whatever the cause, this is true. It does not matter so much concerning ordinary themes; but, in discussing a subject like this, for the sake of the great principles involved, I wish that what I say, if reported at all, may be reported correctly.

And I wish it for my own sake. I do not want to be

placed in a false position concerning a matter of such importance as this.

If divorce is never to be granted for any reason, it must be because of one of three things. The claim may be made that God has absolutely forbidden it. In the next place, it may be asserted that it is always injurious to the parties chiefly concerned. Once again, a person may hold that it is so injurious to other people that the husband and wife must put up with anything rather than be the means of injuring society.

If, I say, divorce is never to be allowed, it must be for one of these three reasons. These three reasons, then, let us, with a little care, investigate.

Has God said anything to the world on the subject? Those who believe that the words of the Bible are all of them inspired and infallible have a ready answer to this question. To them God has spoken, and spoken with authority. But let us assume now for a moment that the words of the New Testament and of the whole Bible are literally God's words. Let us see, then, where we are.

Jesus is asked by the Pharisees the question as to whether he indorses the position that Moses took in regard to divorce. Now I wish you to note very carefully that there is no clear, undoubted New Testament report as to the position which Jesus took on this subject.

In the Gospel according to Matthew he is reported as saying that there is only one reason allowable for breaking the marriage bond: that reason is the unfaithfulness of the wife. It is worth your while to note that he does not say anything about the unfaithfulness of the husband as being a possible cause. This is the record as it stands in Matthew.

Mark and Luke have parallel passages where they are supposed to report what Jesus said to the Pharisees, probably on this same occasion. Neither of these Gospels makes any exception whatsoever. If we had them only, we should say that Jesus had taught that divorce was not per-

missible for any cause whatsoever. The point I wish you to note is that "inspired" authorities do not agree. What, then, shall we say? Even if we are ready to admit that the word of Jesus is the final authority in this matter for all time, it is manifestly impossible for us to find out with perfect accuracy what the saying of Jesus was. Matthew reports it as one thing, Mark and Luke report it as something else.

Now that this is not the interpretation of a Unitarian only, let me give you the practical interpretation of the different branches of the great Church Universal. What is their attitude on this subject? The Church of Rome forbids divorce for any reason whatsoever. The Church of Rome, then, disregards what Jesus is reported to have said in Matthew, takes no account of it, although it is perfectly plain.

In other words, there is no way of knowing, so far as the accuracy of the testimony is concerned, as to which of these reporters is correct. The Church of Rome, however, has assumed to decide, and goes with Mark and Luke, disregarding the record of Matthew, although the same Church would claim that all of these authorities are — equally and everywhere — infallible.

What is the position of other churches? The Anglican holds with Matthew, and allows divorce only for the unfaithfulness of the wife. It gives the wife no redress or release in case of the unfaithfulness of the husband.

The Protestant Methodist Episcopal churches and the Presbyterian churches grant divorce, or approve of divorce, for two causes,— unfaithfulness and desertion. Here, you see, they practically declare that there is no New Testament final authority on the subject; for they do not side either with Mark or Matthew or Luke in the matter.

The Greek Church, one of the greatest in the world, the Lutheran churches, following the traditions of the Great Reformer, approve of divorce being granted for a good many different reasons. The Baptist churches and the Con-

gregational churches of the country hold substantially the same position. The Episcopal Church has long discussed the question, but has as yet come to no final decision.

You see, then, that it is perfectly clear that the great churches of Christendom are not at one as to the interpretation of Jesus' reported saying in the New Testament, and practically admit that it is impossible for us to find there any clear recorded law which is to be binding upon the civilized nations of the world through all time.

What are we to say, then? Is it not clear that there is no definite, decisive statement in the Bible on the subject? And, if we do not find it there, are we not justified in saying that God has not legislated in regard to this matter except so far as we are able to discover his laws in the unfolding evolution of human society, and those conditions on which, as the result of experience, we find that human welfare depends?

It seems to me that we must rationally come to this conclusion,— that there is no divine authority which is binding on the world except as we find that authority in human experience.

Before passing from this point, let me suggest one other idea, which seems to me, at any rate, to throw very important light on this subject. Paul teaches substantially that which comes to us from the Gospels. He holds that it is better for people not to get married at all, but, if they are married, that they had better not disturb existing relations. He says, if an unbelieving wife leaves her husband, why, let her go; but she must not get married again, and the husband had better not.

But why does Paul take this position? He has been supposed to be in favor of human slavery because he said a slave should be sent back to his master. Paul believed with his whole soul that the end of the world was coming within twenty-five years, perhaps ten, perhaps any minute; nobody knew when it was coming. His teaching was that

people were to be ready for it; and they are all colored by that consideration. Why, then, should you trouble? He says the person who marries a wife is concerned in taking care of her. He cannot devote himself to the welfare of the world and preparation for the second coming, so he had better not get married. He says all of these matters are of subordinate importance. Whether you are slave or free, rich or poor, married or unmarried,— none of these things matter. Labor and plan, and be ready for the imminent coming of the kingdom, and leave all these things one side. That is Paul's attitude.

If Jesus is correctly reported, he teaches the same doctrine. He says that the end is coming before this generation passes away. There is nothing in the entire New Testament taught with more utter clearness than that. It seems to me, then, that we have no right to think of Jesus as consciously legislating for a condition of things which was to exist two thousand years after his time. He apparently did not anticipate any such future history as has actually come to be.

Glance for an instant, as throwing still further light on the subject, at the evolution of human marriage. In the first instance, the man captured or bought his wife. She was his property. He could put her to death if he pleased, and nobody could raise a question. He could beat or abuse her to any extent, and not exceed his right. If she did not please him for any cause, he could put her away.

Up to the time of Jesus, all that a man had to do was to give his wife a writing of divorcement, so that she could show she was not literally driven out of his house with nothing to show for it. This was the condition of things when the question was put to Jesus; and, as I said a moment ago, the question had never been raised, apparently, as to whether the wife had a right to give her husband a writing of divorcement and put him away. She had no right whatever in the matter. The thought of the wife as divorcing the husband apparently was undreamed of.

This was the condition of things then; and it was in the light of this condition that Jesus spoke. It seems to me, therefore, as clear as anything can be that we are perfectly free to look at and discuss this question in the light of reason and human experience, and try to decide as to what is best for the individuals concerned and for human society.

Now let us consider the second point. I said that, if divorce was never to be granted, it must be either because God had forbidden it or because it was always an injury to the parties concerned.

Is it always an injury to the husband and the wife? It would be necessary perhaps for me to know in detail all the cases that have ever existed, and sum up the conclusions resulting from such a condition, in order accurately to answer this question. It seems to me, however, that the asking it is its own answer. There are cases where it is apparently perfectly plain that it is for the advantage of the husband or the wife or both that they separate. There are other cases where it is an undoubted injury.

Let us pass now to the third question. Is it always an injury to society? Here, again, any sweeping, general answer is very difficult. I believe, however, that we can arrive at the truth with sufficient accuracy by some generalizations.

Marriage is never broken in South Carolina, for example. I do not wish to raise invidious comparisons between the States; but do any of you believe that the average level of civilization and morality in South Carolina is above that of Massachusetts? Divorce is permitted in New York for one cause only; but it is permitted. Are we ready to admit that South Carolina is better than New York? Are we ready to admit that New York, on the whole, is more civilized and represents a higher level of human society than Massachusetts, where divorce is permitted for several reasons against only one in this State?

It seems to me that, if we look over human society, this

matter, so far as human considerations go, is very, very clear. There is no place in the world, no other country, where divorces are so easily obtained, where so many have been obtained, as in the United States of America; and there is no place in the world where women stand so high, where women are so generally respected, granted so many liberties and rights, no place where they are so free to seek the highest and best things, where they are surrounded by so much of care, such courtesy, such sympathy, such respect. America is the Paradise of women; and we are not ready to concede that they are worse off or that the general average of morals is lower in America than in any other part of the world.

It seems to me that we are perfectly free to study this problem in the light of reason and human experience, and to determine in each individual case as to what is right to be done and what is wrong.

What are the reasons for so many divorces being granted in America as against the other parts of the world? Of course, when we take the Catholic countries of Europe, the answer is perfectly plain. The Church, the Catholic Church, forbids the sundering of the marriage tie for any reason whatever. Of course, that accounts for there being so few divorces in the great countries where the Church for hundreds of years has been supreme.

But to ask the question, Is there less immorality in Spain, in Italy, in France, in the countries where the Church is dominant? — to ask the question is to answer it. Nobody believes that the average level of morality is higher in those lands than it is here. The great cause why there are so many more divorces in this country than any other is that here, for the first time in history, women are granted freedom to throw off a thousand intolerable burdens under which they have been borne down and crushed from the beginning of the world. I believe that, if a careful investigation were made, we should find that a large proportion of

the divorces granted in this country means kindliness and consideration towards women, readiness on the part of the manhood of America to deliver her from crushing burdens, set her free, give her an opportunity to retrieve a so-far wasted life.

As bearing on this, let me give you in outline, and by way of hint, just a few statistics. Statistics are not very reliable in these matters, so far as they have been gathered; and it is immensely difficult to get those that would be trustworthy. I have not time this morning to go into the reasons for this distrust of figures as bearing on this matter.

More than eighty per cent. of all the divorces granted in the last few years in this country were for one of five causes. Somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. were for unfaithfulness on the part of either husband or wife, probably in the large majority of cases on the part of the husband. Somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen per cent. have been for cruelty.

As you can readily see, probably nearly all of these have been for the relief of the wife. Almost twice as many as for any other cause, or nearly forty per cent., have been granted for desertion; and undoubtedly the great majority of these have been for the relief of the wives. Only about four per cent., I am glad to say, a little over four per cent., have been granted for drunkenness; a little over two per cent. only for failure to support.

As I said, statistics are not very reliable; but probably in a good many cases — I do not know how many — the real cause, through shame, has been covered up, while the husband and wife have agreed on some technical reason that would not make so much of a figure in the public press; but it seems to me that we may draw the reasonable conclusion that a great majority of these cases mean tenderness and care for the wife, a deliverance for her from a burden too heavy any longer to be borne.

And now let us note a moment — pardon me for a little

plainness of speech while I ask you, Does it seem that it is best always to hold wives in conditions which we know they have been forcibly thrust down into? A distinguished Methodist doctor of divinity, discussing this subject not a great while ago, raised a question like this. You see that he did not think the New Testament had settled the matter. He said, Suppose a man marries a wife and then the next day or within a week — and cases of this kind are known — deserts her, and she does not know where he is or when he is ever to return. Is she to be kept by the power of the law tied all the rest of her life to the memory of a man like that? Is she to have no life of her own? Never a home, never the clinging arms of children about her neck, never the dearest music in all the world, their cooing voices in her ear? Dare any one to say that that is a case of what God hath joined together, and that man must never sunder?

I believe with my whole soul that what God hath joined together man has no right to put asunder. I believe something more than that: I believe that in the cases where God has joined them together no man *can* put them asunder. No man ever does, or ever can, or ever will. Cases like that will take care of themselves. I have too much respect for God to feel willing to hold him responsible for all the marriages that have taken place since the beginning of the world. I believe that we have a right to turn that saying right around. Where God has put people asunder, no man has a right to force them to stay together.

Take cases that have occurred during the last year down on the East Side, some of those infamous and unspeakable cadets, who have married a poor, ignorant girl and then thrust her into a house of ill-fame or pushed her on to the street, living on the wages of her degradation. Is that a marriage where God hath put people together, that no man should ever sunder? These are extreme cases, but there are thousands of others, for one reason or another, quite as intolerable as these; and there are cases that are utterly

intolerable that make no noise beyond the voiceless walls of the house that shuts them in. There are cruelties unbearable that do not vent themselves in blows. There are gulfs of separation between hearts and minds and bodies that the husband and the wife have found they can never cross, though they may be invisible to the outside world.

Now when shall we grant a divorce? In my sermon on "Love and Marriage" I said that the State does not create the marriage and that the Church does not create the marriage. The real marriage is made by the man and the woman, and the State recognizes the fact and protects the interests involved.

Now where for any reason this real marriage does not exist, and there is no hope of its coming into existence, I, for one, fail to see any reason for maintaining that which is unreal and a sham.

The matter is very simple in a case like this; and I must go a little into detail to make myself clear. If the husband and wife have both ceased to love each other, and there are no children, then it ought to be simple and easy, and they should be permitted to separate. But let us take another step, and see how the matter becomes complicated. There are cases where the husband has ceased to love his wife or the wife has utterly ceased to love the husband, while the love of the other party remains, and where there would be heartbreak and grief in discovering the actual condition of things.

What would you do, then? You may not agree with me. I would do this: I say that if a man finds out that he has ceased to love his wife, and she still loves him, and her happiness depends on this love, he must remember this: that years ago, when she was to him, a little girl, he entered into a solemn contract to guard and keep her happiness and her love; and, so long as her happiness depends on him, he is bound by that, before his own honor and high heaven. He has no right, merely because he thinks he can improve

his condition, to wreck hers. Her happiness is of quite as much importance to the universe as his, and perhaps a little more.

And a similar thing is true, if you reverse the case. Selfishness has no business to come in here, and wreck the happiness of the other party for its own sake.

Take another step. Suppose there are children; suppose that the husband and wife have both lost their love each for the other. What then? I think it depends. If the children's welfare would be subserved by their maintaining a home, then they are under the highest kind of obligation to maintain that home. They have brought those children here by their own volition, without their having asked to come; and it is their highest duty to see to it that the welfare of those children is subserved and guarded in every conceivable way. Merely to please their own passions or humor their own whims, they have no right to sacrifice the welfare and training of the children.

But there are cases — I have seen such — where the conditions of the home had become so intolerable, no matter whether it needed to or not, that it was better for the children to be out of it, to be out from under that kind of influence. In a case like that I believe that separation should take place and the children put in the guardianship of the one who can best care for them.

You see that this is not an easy, simple problem. It is an immensely difficult one; and each particular case must be studied for its own sake, and decided in the light of the facts and what seem the probabilities of the finest outcome.

The ideal, undoubtedly, is one husband and one wife and one home through all the years. Blessed is that man who has had but the one wife, the one image to remember, reaching back to the girlhood, on through maturity to advanced life, the mother of his children, and the one that he will dream of after she has passed out, if she precedes him, into the shadow.

Blessed is the wife who has had but one husband, if so be he is one whom she can love and honor and reverence, remembering only him at her side through all the years, a love unbroken, and, if he precedes her, looking forward to finding him again. This is the ideal, but like all ideals only now and then realized; though I believe that these ideals are realized more frequently than we are apt to think when we look superficially over society. If there are only a few absolutely perfect homes, let us remember that there are not many things of any kind which are perfect in this world.

I believe that society in this matter of marriage and the home is better and sweeter and healthier than it gets credit for. As I have said on more than one occasion,—from the point of view of the newspapers,—behaving one's self is never news and never gets published. It is the case of divorce, something that can be exploited and turned into a sensation, that gets published and appears on our breakfast tables; while thousands and thousands of people living quietly in their homes never attract the attention of the reporter.

I was told, for example, by a representative of the Associated Press when I came to New York, that any minister who simply and faithfully did his work and went quietly about his business was taken no notice of. It is the exceptional things that are reported. And here, in passing, let me say one word on behalf of the rich and fashionable society of this city of New York.

I have been reported as criticising it in some directions. I am glad now to bear my testimony to a more favorable consideration of it in another connection. I think perhaps it is the popular opinion that there is a good deal of social unrest on the part of those who occupy conspicuous positions as to wealth and fashion. I believe, however, that the contrary is true. These people live up where they are beat upon by the fierce light of notoriety, and every false step they take is reported, while that of those of us who live in

a more quiet way are liable to be passed by. I believe that, in the main, the social life of these men and women, considering the temptations and opportunities that come with unlimited wealth, is singularly wholesome and clean. This, for what it is worth, is my opinion.

The ideal, as I said, is one husband, one wife, one home. And we say that the home is the unit of the social order, — not the individual, but the home. I grant it: the home is the corner-stone of government, the support which underlies and holds up the building. But, when you are going through some part of the city and see a lot of piles being driven or that have been driven, you say they are to support the structure. Yes; but, if one of them happens to be defective or rotten to the heart, it does not support the structure, and the quicker you remove it and replace it by a sound one the better.

The home is the foundation of society; but rotten, unhappy, disintegrated homes are not safe and secure foundations. I believe that these, after careful investigation, should be removed out of the way, and their places taken by the ideal homes that are happy and clean and sweet and true.

Now at the end two suggestions. If any one says that I am in favor of free divorce, it is not true. If any one says I favor easy divorce, it is not true. If any one thinks that because a husband and wife are discontented for the time that I am in favor of their having their bonds sundered, this is not true. I would make divorce difficult. And why? I would make it so difficult that people would not be able to say,— as I have been told they do, though I never knew of a case,—"We will get married; for, if it does not turn out well, we need not stay married." I would have divorce difficult enough to discourage that kind of calculation.

The State is a party to this contract, and has its rights. It has no right, I think, to keep people together who ought to be separated; but it has a right to feel sure that they

ought to be separated before it allows them to sunder this bond.

I would compel people to take at least one year in the process of divorce. They should not be able to get through it in a month or three months or six. Perhaps by the time a year was ended, they might have time to think it over and reconsider their intention.

I would not allow them to remarry the next day or the next week or the next year. I would have at least two years, and perhaps three, before they should be allowed to marry again. I would discourage those who have simply taken a fancy for somebody else, and wish to get a divorce merely that they may immediately remarry.

I would, as was said in my previous sermon, make it a little more difficult for people to get married in the first place. I do not mean by that that I would stand in the way of marriages. I mean simply that people should be compelled to take a little time and think before they enter into such serious relations with each other.

How is it in New York? I do not like New York law. If two people happen to meet on the street and think they want to be married, they need not wait. They do not need to go to an officer of the law even, except as a clergyman is an officer of the law. They can come to me or go to any other minister, and get married in an hour after they have taken the fancy, if they will. I believe that the entrance to this sacred relationship should be guarded a little more carefully than that. I do not mean — as I have been taken to mean — that I would make marriage legally difficult. I do think, however, that time enough should be allowed so that this sacred step should not be taken on sudden impulse, or as the result of passing fancy.

Seek, then, the ideal home: seek it along every path. If it be necessary, in order to establish an ideal home, to wipe out of existence one that is not ideal, then let it be abolished. The ideal home is the end and aim; and I think

that never so many existed since the world began as exist to-day, and that the growth and progress of civilization is ever more and more toward that shining goal.

Father, we ask that Thy light and Thy truth may guide our feet; that we may consecrate ourselves to high and noble ideals; and may be able, day by day, to come somewhat nearer to that time when all our lives shall be filled with Thy truth and Thy love and Thy joy. Amen.

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# THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"He opened His mouth, and taught them. And, when He had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine." — MATT. v. 2, vii. 28.

WHEN we find our way to the heart of the Sermon on the Mount, we love to believe that a divine inspiration has given to it the place it holds as the keynote of the Gospels.

It is so full of good cheer that, when we take it to our own hearts, we find our life is shorn of very many of the troubles we go half-way to meet, and so full of the divine truth and grace that it comes home to the sincere soul in some such way as a sum well done comes home to a man with a good head for figures; while, if we believed and accepted the truth it tells us, there would be no more trouble or dismay, either about the way of life or its consummation, and no painful surmise about the doctrines and dogmas which lie outside its sunny boundaries, because the life and light we may find there would make the whole earth luminous to the hearer as it was to the preacher, and as much of heaven as we need to see through the veil.

Fending and proving would seem to be poor work when we held conference with ourselves about its holy verities, as when the master put Euclid before Newton, and he said, "Yes, this is true, of course," and then went on to explore the deeper mysteries of which that was to him the alphabet, until he had weighed the mountains in scales also, and the hills in a balance, and taken up the isles as a very little thing.

It would be as natural for us to take the truth it holds into our hearts as it is for a healthy man to breathe the

fresh air or eat good bread or drink pure water, while we should seek this or that holy word we may find there for the soul's sickness, as the creatures that live close to nature seek herbs for their hurts.

So I do not make light of the Scriptures when I say that, if the whole wealth of them besides could be lost, we should still have a Bible in this sermon, and should only be the poorer as those are poor who have no food to answer all their desires, but have still full and plenty of the bread and milk and of meat and fruit on which men grow strong for the work they have to do.

Thomas Hughes says, "Preachers should calculate their sermons, as the astronomer makes his almanacs, to the meridian of the people and the place they are intended for"; but the Sermon on the Mount, to my own mind, is true to all the meridians, because its noon and night find their parallel on the lines where the Lord God is the sun. And so it is as true to my soul's windows as to any, and as true to any as to mine, running through all the latitudes and longitudes Paul thinks of when he says, "God, who made the world and all things therein, is not far from every one of us, seeing that in him we live and move and have our being."

And "reasons are pillars of your sermon," Thomas Fuller says, while similitudes are the windows that let in the light; and we all know this who have had much to do with preaching or hearing.

Well, the reasons in this sermon stand deep and true to me as the pillars of heaven, while the similitudes that adorn it are as the windows of sapphire and crystal that glass the way to the suns and stars.

And you must not tire your hearers with long sermons, Luther said; while, when George Fox heard one early in his life which lasted four hours, it was borne in on him by the spirit that preaching should be abolished. And yet it is hard for us to draw the line when one sermon of a hun-

dred and twenty minutes shall seem shorter to your hearers than another of half an hour.

I still remember how a man with a grand craggy head and wonderful gray eyes would come down from the hills and preach to us in my youth, who would seldom let us off under the hour or the hour and a half; but I also remember how his sermons would end for me in a great hunger to hear more and more, while with some of the brethren, who were apt to be brief, it was just the other way, for the time comes when you cannot catch even young birds with chaff.

But the Sermon on the Mount never torments me, and never tires, because it is like the city the seer saw in his vision, of which he says the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal; while a great and venerable man told me once that, when you heard Dr. Channing read from it, you seemed to hear the sum of all true preaching. Its closing words, as he read them, touched you as if you were in a tornado. You saw the house built on the sand shudder down to its doom. It was the echo in our century of the wonder which astonished those who heard the matchless discourse which had come to the preacher instantly from God.

We are all aware, also, that a great many sermons, and some of ours no doubt among them, are like a glass of Missouri water. You must let them settle in some quiet place before you can see through them, and then there is a gritty and earthy substance you are bound to reject. But the Sermon on the Mount runs as clear as the springs that percolate and pour through the granite among the hills of New Hampshire.

Or you seldom hear a sermon in which you are not aware of a crevice in the preacher's mail through which you could lance him easily if you were at all so ruthless in your fence as he is in the charge, and especially when you are at odds about the doctrine.

Or you can see by one swift glance that the whole struct-

ure of the sermon is poor and mean, and stands against the background of the truth he is there to tell, as the hut of the Arab stands against the grand outlines of Baalbec or Palmyra; but here is no earthy and gritty substance you are bound to reject, no crevice in the shining armor of proof, and no mean conclusion in the sermon which his voice

> "Hath here delivered words of heartfelt truth,
> Tending to patience when affliction strikes,
> To hope and love and confident repose
> In God, and reverence for the life of man."

But is it not true, again, that we all shrink in some moods from reading the searching sentences, because they *are* God's very truth, and because they smite us in a fashion against which we have no defence? We would fain tamper with them, or, if it were possible, blow them down the wind, or say they are true up to a certain point, and then file a bill of exceptions, or else we would creep into the shell of human inability, and wait for easier terms, as if we should ask the Most High to ordain new standards to meet our short weights and measures, or let the sun stand still for our backward planting and the rain hold up for our easy-going harvesting.

We balk at the Beatitudes when this heart is in us. They challenge us too greatly, and mean too much until we mean more. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Such poverty does not please us. We want all the treasures of the kingdom, if we could have them down on the nail. "Blessed are they that mourn." We do not think so. Mourning is not to our mind. We would wear our rue with a difference of exemption. "Blessed are the meek." We believe in striking back. No man shall push us to the wall. Your meek man is apt to be a milksop.

And so it is with the whole blessed word. We have our own ideas about these things, and may say the sermon is divinely true, and then break down at the exordium.

We come to this Preacher in our need, and ask him to help us solve the painful problems of human life and help us on our way. Why have we to drink so deep betimes of these wells of Marah? How is it that we are subjected to this strain, in which one force drags us down, while the other draws us upward? And why are we so full of unrest about those things that are half within and half without, or are only seen as through a glass darkly? And whether the mark of rank in nature is the capacity for pain? What is the holy truth of God? Where is the perfect trust, and how shall we find the rest that remains? We come to him with these problems, and here in his sermon he offers us the master key; but we do not want to enter in through the door, after all. The demand on us is too severe. And we fall back on the thought that the true thing to do is not to fight, but to find a substitute or wrench the holy word to our own purpose, and then bury the text in the commentary.

We cannot meet the monition, "Let thy garments be always white," and so we welcome the teaching that we can exchange our filthy rags, as we call them, in an instant for the white robes of the saints; or "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and so we seek this perfection not in ourselves, but in another.

Nor must we wonder at this once more when the truth that comes home to us in the sermon takes the meaning of an instant demand to be met at once by this perfection on our part, or we shall stand as convicts in the courts of the Most High. This is where the temptation comes in on the one side to find an imputed righteousness and, on the other, to be content with some lower standard of life and character because we may think this is too high even to strive after.

And so it is as if your painter, standing face to face with one of the noblest pictures in the world, should say, "This will never do for me: I must choose one in which the lines are not quite so true or the form and color so perfect," or as if a man, setting out to make a chronometer which

shall be a glory to him and a praise, should reject one of those for his ideal you can carry round the world through frost and fire, to find it has not lost a moment, and take one for his pattern you have to guess at.

Now, to my own heart and mind, the Sermon on the Mount is the holy and perfect truth touching my life I am to strive after always and with all my heart. It is to be the inspiration and the standard for my striving, but never the despair when its words seem to challenge me to meet their august demand at once and forever, or I shall go to the wall. I know that this is of no more use than if I was learning to become an architect, and Angelo should rise from the dead and say to me, "Now go to work at once and build a cathedral equal to mine yonder in Rome, or quit this business."

Tell me I must attain to this perfection in life and life's worth the first time I try, and then I cannot even try, poor creature as I am, any more than I would try to lift the great Krupp gun; but tell me this is the standard to which I may attain, that I find in my sermon the challenge, the inspiration, the incentive, the mark and prize of my high calling I shall hold in my heart, and never dare to say this is good enough so long as I fall short of its light and leading, and that this is not to be done by my own lone self, but that all heaven is on my side and is bound to see me win soon or late. Then I shall begin to find the true meaning and purpose of the Sermon on the Mount.

The divine worth of it for me will lie, then, in my steadfast purpose to be so perfect, and in the way I set my face and step out; for let this be settled once for all, and then there may be better men than I am in this attainment, yet they shall not be so good, because I may be pushing forward while they are falling back.

This is the trouble I find in the later pictures of one great master, because even with my poor insight I can see how he has lost track in them of the old striving after the perfection which makes his earlier work so wonderful to me, and

so welcome. I see how there was a time when it was his meat and drink to do the will of God, and is painting his matchless pictures moved by the holy spirit of sincerity and truth; but, then, you can see how the time came when he would gain the whole world and lose his own soul. But another, whose work is a perpetual delight to me, was striving onward while he was falling backward; and so, while for some space there was no comparison between the old master and the new, there was this deep distinction,— that the one was pressing onward toward the mark and the prize of his high calling, while the other was backsliding and did not care.

Now this is the secret to me of the sermon as the standard and incentive for your life and mine. We may know very well that we have not attained or are already perfect to the line of its demand; but the question is, Do we want to be and mean to be, and are we trying now to touch even the hem of this pure white robe?

When one said to the old master, "I cannot see in nature the glory you have hidden in that picture," he answered, "Do you not wish you could, then?" Now this may be my trouble as I hear the Master say, "See those lilies, watch those birds, and see how your Father which is in heaven cares for them." When I look up, and cannot see what he saw, there is any hunger in my heart to be one with him in the vision? or is there a chasm between us I do not care and do not try to pass, as he sits there still and speaks to me, and would have me be one with him, as he was one with the Father? The Sermon on the Mount is not the despair, I repeat, but the inspiration, for your life and mine. Had it not been possible for us to reach upward at its holy bidding and meet its holy claims, it would never have been preached.

The Preacher never wastes his words as we do. Very often they may mean more than he could pack into that poor folk speech he had to use, but they never mean less. He is sincere with us as the day.

And so there is something very sweet and true to me in the loyalty of good and sincere men, who are troubled in watching the drift of the times, to the great divine sermon. They want what we all want, stand where we will and believe as we will,— a sure word from Heaven, a "Thus saith the Lord," now that the Scriptures have been called into court and questioned as to their absolute or their essential truth.

There is no sure refuge any more in the claim of their verbal infallibility. The proof is in and accepted that they are not wholly divine, but that many things in them are only human, and some fall short of that; while we must find what is divine in the whole sum of them, as we find the gold in the earth and dross.

Human souls are floating out on the waste waters of negation, and the age is asking, "What is truth?" with a new accent; and the answer comes from men with this heart in them, and insight, "Here is *truth* beyond all question, with the dew of heaven on it and the untouched bloom," and they say, "We will hold on until we have taken our bearings to the sermon and the truth it reveals," and so it becomes in some sort their catechism and creed.

This was the stand made by the fathers of our own faith, and the standard about which they gathered. They must find the truth from God which would command their deepest reverence and purest loyalty. They found it in this sermon and in other Scriptures as true to its lofty harmony as the notes in your perfect octave; and then they said, "Exhaust such truths as these or get beyond them in your quest for the truth of God." You can exhaust the ocean sooner or get beyond the stars. Despise them, look down on them! You can despise geometry sooner, when you want to catch the secret of the constellations or neglect them. You can neglect sooner the sowing of fine wheat and the baking of good bread.

So we may think we have gone far beyond the fathers of

our faith, now that light has come into the world touching a great many questions they did not dream of fifty years ago. And this may be true; but is not this true also,— that we have none of us risen so high that we can look down on these blessed teachings for our faith and life? Some things are always and eternally true, just as true before they are revealed as they can ever be afterwards; and the truth I find here holds this worth to me in its heart, and so when I fall back on it, if I will answer to its inspiration and life that may be, as when in the contest a young athlete falls back that he may strive forward to a finer purpose.

But the years have taught me for one that we can make no graver mistake than this we may make, when we cleave to the letter rather than the spirit, so that the sermon shall become not a living word to us, but a collection of dogmas and instances, in which we miss the whole beating life which lies within its heart. It must be to us as it is with my true artist, if I may bring him up again, who will not dwell with the grandest picture in all the world to his mind that he may learn to copy merely, because there is a noble ambition in his soul to create. He wants to find the spirit and life there in its wholeness; and, while he may never hope to surpass the master, if there is a true heart in him and ambition, the time is sure to come when he will be a copyist no longer, but one who will do his own work in his own way, calling no man master.

And so it must be with our reverence and loyalty even to the great divine sermon. It must be fluent and plastic to each man and woman, and have no power or purpose of crowding us down or of cutting and clipping away at us, as if we were so many plants in an old Dutch garden, because there is no true growth in grace for us then. It is a grand, free outline, inviting and inspiring my own growth toward the perfection of the Father on the lines of my own nature; and, to be worthy its demand, I must stand true to this free spirit and imperial word, and I must bring to it or find in it an imperial soul.

It is no machine like those that turn out the watches. It is as the seed and tilth, the sunshine and shadow, the insight and oversight, and the seasons which bring forth the harvest home. So let me be sure of this, and then, when I want to find some sure word of God to help and inspire me, when my life is full of trouble and dismay, and heart and flesh fail, I will sun my soul in the Beatitudes, or if I would touch the very nerve of cleanness or of gentleness or of the love which never faileth, if I want to give so that it shall be like God's own giving, or would pray so that the answer shall abide within the asking, or to trust in the eternal love which clasps my life all about, and the eternal providence which holds me fast, let me take the sermon to my heart, and then it shall be with me as when Luther saw the small birds swinging on the spray in the gloaming, and flying forth in the morning, singing their song, and quite sure of their provision for the day, because they were sure of themselves.

Or, when I would find what worth abides in this system of faith or that, in this church or another, High Church or Low, narrow or broad, this claim founded on the divine authority or that on the divine reason or the true inward light, I shall be sure to find a true answer to my question in the sermon which has outlasted the pride and glory they were carving in marble and moulding in bronze when the words came floating on the breath of a summer's day from his heart who spake as never man spake.

The Sermon on the Mount has come unscathed through the fires of time, clothing itself in purer meanings and winning nobler interpretations. Our little systems have grown and ripened, and left their seed to be sown again for finer harvests; but this abides as it was gathered from those who had treasured it in good and honest hearts, sincere and sweet forevermore, as the bread which cometh down from heaven.

Men also and churches have deformed it by false inter-

pretations, twisted it into uncouth meanings, and degraded it as when you cast pearls before swine; but the jewels have taken no taint, because the sermon holds within itself the light of heaven as the great rose diamond does, and with the light the freshness and sweetness as of the spring. And so I love this loyalty of the deeper heart in our time to the sermon, and would share it. I find in it a constitution within which I can be God's free man, and a creed, if I need one, so large and inclusive that I need feel no fear about being left out of the number of those who want to witness a good confession touching their faith in God and his Christ. It affords for me a rule of life which must be true and good in any world to come and a faith which will stand all weathers, in —

> "This age that blots out life with question-marks,
> This nineteenth century with its knife and glass,
> That makes truth physical, and thrusts far off
> The heavens so neighborly to man of old
> To space sparse sown with alienated stars."

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# THE ABOLITION OF DEATH.

## AN EASTER SERMON.

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My text you may find in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, the fourth verse,—"And death shall be no more."

Towards the last of his life the late Colonel Ingersoll said, — I quote his thought, not his language,— If we could only be certain of continued personal existence, then the funeral of a friend would become a triumphal procession, a harvest home, accompanied, not by tears and heartbreak, but by songs of triumph.

But what has the attitude of men been towards the fact of death? It has been the one thing that has made the cup of every joy bitter. It has burdened the heart, it has blinded the eyes with tears, it has clouded the brightness of the fairest days, and made the hopes of life seem vanity and emptiness.

Perhaps you have noticed, as you have read the "Arabian Nights," how the stories, nearly all of them, close,— And so they lived until he came who is "the destroyer of delights and the sunderer of companies." This was their way of looking at death.

In the Old Testament the prevailing idea is that death is the end of all things,— at any rate, the end of everything that appeals to human hope or human cheer. The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes, says, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest." If they had any belief in an underground life, it was colorless and undesirable.

The old Greeks held a similar idea. They did, indeed, believe in Hades; but it was not the crown and triumph of life, something to be attained. It was something to be hated and shunned. For when Ulysses, in the story as Homer tells it, goes down into the underworld and meets the spirit of Achilles, he tries to comfort him by telling him of the great fame which he still enjoys up here under the stars. But Achilles says, Do not try to comfort me by any considerations like that. And he goes on to explain that he would rather be a servant of a taskmaster, engaged in the most menial of occupations here on the green earth, than to be the king of all the dead. This was the thought of the ancient Greek.

We know that during the Middle Ages death has been set forth as the terror of mankind; and, because the Church was believed to have some power over it, it was able for centuries to dictate terms to kings and rule the empires with a power not possessed by the emperors themselves. Death has been the king of terrors, the one last dread, the end of everything fair and sweet and good.

Longfellow, you know, tells us,

> "The air is full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead;
> The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
> Will not be comforted."

And in spite of the fact that people claim to believe, or think they believe, death is not robbed of his terrors, the fact of death is not abolished.

Let me read you a snatch from a letter received within the last few days. I do it because it is so typical of the feelings of the human heart: "For months, ages, it seems, my whole being has been overwhelmed by this sorrow. No other thought occupies my heart night or day. Time, change, nothing, brings relief."

I am aware that there are philosophical thinkers who,

feeling compelled to give up any real belief in a future life, try to comfort themselves with the thought that the destiny of man is not so very hard after all. And yet those who dare face the fact speak of it in words like these. This is a saying of Mr. John Fiske: "If the world's long-cherished beliefs are to fall, in God's name let them fall, but save us from the intellectual hypocrisy that goes about pretending that we are none the poorer." That is his attitude towards the fact of death.

I wish to give you the word of one other famous writer. Years ago a book was published entitled "Theism": the name of its author was not given, but rather the pen name, "Physicus." At the close of what he regards as a scientific demonstration that there is no God and no future, he records the feeling that he has in view of these facts in the following words: —

"And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and, although from henceforth the precept to 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,— at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

And then he goes on to close with the quotation of the terrific oracle to Œdipus,—

"Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art."

I have a friend, a lawyer of much more than usual ability. Two or three years ago he was talking with me on this subject, and he expressed himself substantially after this fashion:

"Here I am, walking a narrow plank that reaches out into the mist. I cannot see its end. I can only go on, step by step, into the darkness, and almost any day, I do not know when, I must step over the end into — nobody knows what." And he added, "I do not like it." This is the attitude of thousands of people to-day towards this great fact of death. Is it not true still, what Saint Paul indicated when, nearly two thousand years ago, he spoke of the condition of the world as, through fear of death, being perpetually in bondage?

Is there any way conceivable, then, by which death may be abolished, practically, for you and for me? There has been one period in human history when for a time death was practically abolished. I refer to the first few years of the history of Christianity. I do not know anything like it anywhere else in all the world. Paul, you remember, says from his point of view, "To die is gain," that "to depart and be with Christ is far better"; and he cries out: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" He had, as he believed, a knowledge,— not a faith merely,— a knowledge that abolished death and put a meaning and a victory into human life such as it had not known from the beginning of the world until then.

And this was a victory which was shared by thousands of early Christian believers. And I ask you to review that period in the history of the world, and see if I be not right when I say that it was this great belief in a Power that had conquered death which made the young Church master of Rome and master of the world.

For what was it they believed? They had expected the coming of the Jewish Messiah. Jesus came, unannounced, and at last propounded the belief that he was the one that the ages had been expecting. But by and by, coming in conflict with the authorities, on a Friday afternoon, he is thrust outside the walls of the city and hung upon a tree. And he died, and the hopes of the disciples died with him.

Do you remember these two, on their way to Emmaus, how they said to the casual stranger who joined them in their walk, "We trusted that this had been he who was to have redeemed Israel"? But the trust was gone: they were crushed and scattered. But by and by, the daring whisper goes forth from lip to lip, and kindling hope from heart to heart, that the Master has been seen; and that means to those who could receive it that he had broken the bondage of death, — not only for himself, but for all those who would trust in him. For, do you know, up to this time in Jewish history only two persons had ever gone to Heaven, Enoch and Elijah: the rest were in Sheol, the underworld; and, when Jesus broke loose from the bondage of death, he made an open way for others to follow him, became "the first-fruits of them that slept," the promise of victory and deliverance for mankind.

This was the hope that sprung up in the hearts of the early disciples. They believed that Jesus was alive, and that meant that for humanity death was to be no more. For Paul believed and the early Church believed — you need to know it and have it freshly in mind — that the Master was to reappear in the clouds of heaven, almost any time,— at the farthest, as expressed in words put into the lips of Jesus himself, before this present generation shall have passed away, within twenty-five or thirty years. He was to appear. Then those who had died before he came were to be brought forth from the grave; and those that remained alive were suddenly to be transformed, to put off the mortal and put on the immortal body, and meet the Lord triumphant in the air.

This was the belief of Paul. It was this belief that fired his heart as he went forth on his missionary journeys. It was this belief that made maidens and young men, full of the hope and joy of life, meet the lions in the arena with a smile. It was this belief that made people eager to show their faith by martyrdom. They cared nothing for death:

it was a fact put behind them, no longer having about it any touch of fear.

Do you wonder they conquered Rome? Put into the hearts of several thousands of enthusiastic people a hope, a belief in the immortal life, a belief that the death of the body means only the triumph and glory of the spirit all the sooner, and you have an army of men without fear; and conquest for such is easy. That was the belief of the early Church.

Has it persisted? Is it the belief of the Church to-day? You know it is not. Look upon those who claim to be Christians of the olden type, and to believe that this Easter morning celebrates the victory of the Master over death. Look at them, I say; and, when a friend is taken away see them heart-broken, see them covered with crepe, see them cast down and without any cheering hope. The old belief is getting old; it is getting dim; it is far away. And, friends, if we propose to be quite honest and frank with ourselves, we must admit this one fact, that there never, since the dawn of Christianity, were so many people doubting concerning the future life as there are now; and they are not the ignorant people, they are not the bad people. They are the best people there are, or as good as there are. They are readers, thinkers, persons acquainted with philosophy and science, who have studied history, looked into ecclesiastical tradition. They are people who say, We must be honest with ourselves intellectually; and, being such, we see no adequate reason for belief in a life after death. This is the attitude of thousands of people in the modern world; and, if I do not misread the facts, the number of these people is growing. It would have to be not merely a popular rumor but a fact scientifically investigated and verified by overwhelming evidence.

And let us admit freely one other fact. If a person asks me whether I think there is satisfactory evidence that the body of Jesus was raised from the dead, I must be frank

and say I do not. No case in a modern court could be carried through successfully unless there were in its favor better evidence than we have for the resurrection of the body of Jesus. There is no first-hand testimony of anybody to that fact; and we know perfectly well that, if we had the testimony of a hundred or a thousand to a similar fact as taking place to-day, it would weigh with us very little.

Here, then, we are. Such I must say, in all candor and honesty; but let me balance that by saying something else. I cannot prove it to you scientifically as yet; but I believe with my whole soul that Jesus was seen alive after the crucifixion, and that out of that seeing sprang the great conviction which made the Church triumphant over the empire of Rome. Out of that seeing might very easily arise the belief that the body itself had risen.

Why do I believe it? I cannot go into any prolonged exposition of this faith this morning. I can simply say to you that, if I can believe that anybody since that time, who has been called dead, has been seen again, then it is perfectly easy for me to believe that Jesus may have been seen; and, if there be any reason for believing a fact like this, then death shall be no more, for the natural fact of the natural immortality of man would be thereby demonstrated.

I propose for the time left me this morning to touch upon a few of those things which constitute the burden, the sting, the terror of death, and to outline a theory of things which, if we can accept, would abolish it, and give us victory over the grave. I shall not have time to enter upon proof, even attempted proof, of the positions I take. I shall, however, make no statement on behalf of which I believe that proof might not be offered. I shall say nothing that is not entirely reasonable and consonant with all our scientific knowledge of the universe.

The first terror of death is the fact that we must leave this fair and beautiful world, no more look at the brightness

of the sun by day or the beauty of the stars by night; that we must go out into — what? Nobody knows, we are told.

Suppose, in place of this, that we may believe, what I do believe, that this physical universe of ours is immersed in what we may call, for lack of a better name, a spiritual universe. By "spiritual" what do I mean? It is very difficult to tell or to make clear. Science, however, talks about the "ether," a form of matter intangible, invisible, inaudible, and yet more wonderful than anything that can be touched or heard or seen; and it is demonstrated that such form of matter exists. We have learned enough about this material universe to know that the invisible and intangible and inaudible forces are unspeakably mightier and grander than all with which our senses ordinarily bring us into contact.

Suppose, then, that we are immersed in a universe like this, as real as this,— if there be any distinction, unspeakably more real,— thrilling, throbbing with a life of which we can only dimly conceive as yet,— and suppose that, when we go away from the presence of the sun and the stars, we go into a world grander, fairer than this. If we can believe that, then the terror of going is taken away.

Another thing that seems bitterer, perhaps, even than this is the separation from friends, the parting with those we love; and, I take it, it makes little matter whether it is by their going or our own: it is being separated from somebody dearer to us than all the world. This is what makes death bitter.

But suppose we can believe that this separation is only temporary, only for a little while. We can bear to have friends go to Europe, to Australia, to the East, if we know they still live and remember and love us. We could put up with the fact of not seeing them again for ten or twenty or thirty years if we could feel assured that some time again we should see them, that we could look in their eyes once more, clasp their hands once more, hear the familiar voice

once more, and know they were just the same old friends as ever. This I believe.

There are thousands of people who believe that death is the end of all; and, if there is anything that we shrink from, it is the ceasing of this conscious life of ours, the going out into blank nothingness. Suppose we may believe that there is nothing in the fact of death that touches us in any material way of change; suppose we may believe that, when we pass into the shadow, it is only to come out into the light again, and to find that we are ourselves.

I do not believe, friends, that there is anything in the fact of death that changes us any more than going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Why should there be? It is only tradition and an unfounded idea that it can have any such effect. I belive that death is only another kind of birth; that we graduate from this life, take the next step in an ever-advancing and ever-rising career of progress, and that we are just ourselves over there.

There is another terror that has haunted the imaginations of the world concerning this fact of death; and, though we who think we are more enlightened and liberated from some of the old superstitions have outgrown it, and though we sometimes fancy, thinking the whole world is like that little part of it which we are familiar with, that these things are left behind, yet there are millions, millions of people burdened and horrified by the fear that there is something in death which fixes the condition for good or evil, for joy or sorrow, forever. Millions of people in this country to-day still believe it, though every little while we are told in some newspaper paragraph that that is a thing of the past, and that, if any minister takes the trouble to preach against it, he is fighting a man of straw.

Suppose in place of that we can believe that God is just as good on the other side of death as he is on this side. Suppose we can believe, what is absolutely demonstrated as true, that it is one God and one law on both sides of death,

in this world and in all worlds; that there is no such thing as arbitrary reward or arbitrary punishment, but that throughout the universe there are only results, inevitable results, beneficent results, wisely ordered results.

For, friends, let us not delude ourselves with the idea that, even if we believe in continued existence, it makes no difference how we live here. We make ourselves; and in making ourselves we make our hells and our heavens in this world and in all worlds, and not only now, but for evermore. A broken law must mean the result of a broken law; and God himself cannot help it without introducing disorder and breach into his perfect universe.

If we may believe that, when we have passed through the fact of death, we are just ourselves, what we have made ourselves, freed from certain burdens and disabilities, with the opportunity still to go up or down as we please, but with better opportunities for knowing the truth, for seeing clearly our situation, and so with larger inducements for going up and on,— if we may believe this, then the greatest horror that has ever been connected with death, that fear of "something after death" of which Hamlet speaks, is taken away and we are free, in a free universe, with a loving God and Father and Helper and Friend to watch over us and lead us in whatever world we may find ourselves.

There is another fear connected with death. I find it in many a heart. Tennyson gives expression to it in more than one passage in his "In Memoriam." He wonders as to whether his friend Hallam will outgrow him, become so spiritualized, so wise, so noble in that other realm that the old ties and friendships of this life will become as nothing to him. And so I find in many another soul the fear that the loved in the other life may outgrow us, and that, when we get there, we shall have lagged so far behind that there can be no real re-establishment of the old sweet relations that made the past so dear.

I believe, friends, and it seems to me inevitable in the

nature of the soul, that precisely the opposite to this is true. Jesus, the grandest soul in history, was not, for his greatness or his nobility and his spirituality, separated from people. He was not separated from the poor, the lowly, even from the sinful. He was brought close to them in that infinite, divine pity and sympathy that would lift and lead and help.

There are cases of supposed intellectual greatness coupled with unmanly personal conceit which have seemed to lift people above, at any rate out of sympathy with, their old-time friends. But the really great soul is greatest of all in tenderness and love, and stooping, brooding, lifting sympathy and care. And so I believe it true that those we have loved on the other side will not outgrow us, but, as they become mightier in spiritual statute, will only come closer and closer to us. So the theory which even the great soul of Lowell could put into verse seems to me unfounded. You will remember that he says concerning his own little girl who died: —

> "Immortal? I feel it, I know it,
> Who doubts it of such as she?
> But that is the pang's very secret,—
> Immortal, away from me."

No, friends, let not that fear haunt us. Immortal, *not* away from us, but ever nearer, closer, in a bondage of love that never can be broken.

Then there are people who fear that there will be no opportunity to reorganize conditions over there, that they must be forever tied in bondage to associations which have established themselves here. I believe that many things which bring us into personal relations in this life are of the present, of the body, springing out of passing conditions, and that the bonds which hold us together when we are released will be the real ones, the ones that are centred in the very essential nature of our being.

And the lives we have lived here are not wasted. This indicates another fear to which I have heard many a soul give expression. They say, We have studied, labored, learned here, but that life over there is so different from this that all that we have done here is thrown away. I believe, friends, that that life is such a natural continuity, that it is so closely linked with the present, that all we have done and known and suffered and sinned here, if we can rise above our sins and put them under feet, only help to make us into fitness for the life on which there we shall enter.

And so every duty well done, every kindly word spoken, every lesson learned, every sympathetic touch that binds us to somebody in sorrow or trouble, every action which indicates that we are men and women in the true and high sense of that word,— all these things are only accumulating experiences and developments and growths that shall be carried on and help us to enter, with advantage, on that next stage in our career.

I have said, friends, that this is what I believe. I cannot enter upon the task of offering you evidence for it this morning. I believe that evidence, at any rate looking that way, evidence accumulating and increasing day by day, week by week, year by year, is coming more and more to underlie and buttress these beliefs; that this is the theory of human life that is by and by to take possession of the intelligent beliefs of men.

I cannot think that this great universe, rising under the impulse of infinite lifting and guidance for millions of years, is by and by to be snuffed out, is by and by to plunge over an abyss into eternal darkness and night. I cannot believe that the end of all our knowledge is to be that "there is nothing in it." I cannot believe that, as John Fiske says, we are to be put to a "permanent intellectual confusion." I believe that this is the prologue to a great drama, a drama illustrating infinite wisdom and infinite power and infinite

love; that this is the prologue; that we are seeing here the rising of the curtain; and that what we call Death is only a lowering of the curtain for the time that precedes the first great act; and that this is to go on unfolding in beauty and wonder and glory forevermore.

Now at the end may I read to you two or three words, familiar to you because they are so wonderful and beautiful and strong, which fitly crown that to which I have tried to give expression?

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

If we may cherish the great beliefs I have tried to suggest this morning, then we may walk through life, not as those impelled by an evil force from behind,— walk through life not dreading to grow old, walk through life believing that old age is not decay, but only ripening. We may walk through life until we come to what was the great Terror, and look him in the face and find that he is a friend.

"Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more.
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers

The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a life, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

Father, in this great trust let us work, let us wait, let us be patient, let us be cheerful, and with the words ringing in our ears, "And death shall be no more," let us press on to that fulness of life that waits Thy children forever. Amen.

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# CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

I HAVE chosen two passages for my text: first, from the twelfth chapter of Romans, the fifth verse, "We who are many are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another"; and from the fourteenth chapter of the same Epistle, the seventh verse, "For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself."

Jesus organized no Church; he instituted no sacraments. He simply proclaimed his truth, put it as leaven into society to work out its natural results. The organization of the Church, however, and the forms which it has assumed from the beginning until to-day, we must regard as perfectly natural developments of the principles at work and the conditions existing at the time. As the edelweiss naturally grows near the snow-line in the Alps, as the palm-tree as naturally grows in the tropics, so we must recognize the naturalness of the different forms of ecclesiastical development at different periods in the history of the world.

The Roman Church was a perfectly normal growth at the time; and it is one of the most wonderful organizations that the world has ever known. In one sense, we may look upon it as the counterpart in the mental and spiritual realm of the Roman Empire in the physical, the political field. It claims — has claimed always with logical consistency — that it is the organized body of Christ on earth. The pope is its head, and is the mouthpiece of God for men. Its sacraments are means by which peculiar and supernatural gifts are imparted to those who are in communion with it. It is the only means by which men can be saved. It has taught always that men are in a condition of wrath, fallen away from God, lying under his curse, and that it, and it alone,

has the power of the keys, can open and shut the kingdom of God in this world and in all worlds forever.

In the sixteenth century there came a great revolution in religious ideas. The exclusive claims of Rome, of its councils, of its head, were rejected. It was a great movement on the part of the growing civilization of the world in the direction of liberty. It was the attempt to break one of the most remarkable tyrannies that the history of man has ever known. But the Protestant Churches, while they did not make precisely the same claim that the Romanist Church had made, did insist that they were of special divine appointment, that they held a deposit of intellectual truth which had been given to the world once and for all, and that there were at least two sacraments, as against the seven of Rome, which were conditions for the manifestation, the impartation of special divine grace.

The Protestant churches have never held in precisely the same way as has Rome that it was absolutely necessary to be a member of the Church in order to be saved; that it was absolutely necessary to be baptized; that it was absolutely necessary to come to the Lord's table, and so partake of a special divine life. But it has held that one must pass through a special experience, receive the miraculous gift, be converted, be changed completely, putting away the old life and accepting the new; and it has taught the exceptional importance of these sacraments as means of special divine grace and power.

The Anglican Church has stood as a sort of link between Rome and the extreme developments of Protestantism; the High Church party is close to and practically taking hold of hands with Rome, while the Broad Church party has gone so far in the direction of liberalism as to concede nearly all that has ever been claimed by the modern, the rational, the scientific thought of the time.

In this modern world of ours, thousands and thousands of men and women have come to occupy such an attitude

towards the claims of the Church — whether Roman, Anglican, or orthodox Protestant — as constitutes a new departure in the religious life of men. I, for one, do not at all believe that religion is anywise in danger. I, for one, do not at all believe that the power of the Church has gone by. I rather hold that we are passing through a rebirth of religion and of the Church, that we are coming by and by to a grander outflowering of the religious life than the world has ever known. But for the time there are, as I have indicated, thousands and thousands of thoughtful, reading, studious, earnest, conscientious people, bewildered, if not dismayed.

Some believe that the old forms of religion and of the Church not only are passing away, but that the Church and religion themselves have seen their best estate. Some of them are not grieved over this prospect: some are. Some feel as though they had lost something precious out of their lives: others do not seem to care.

My purpose this morning is, if I may, to help interpret this present situation, to help the people who are caring, who are thinking, to see their way concerning the Church, concerning the creed, concerning baptism, concerning the Supper, so that they may, if possible, better interpret the present situation, and see what is likely to be the practical outcome of it all.

God's true Church is not dying: it is not diminishing in numbers or in power. But where shall we look for it? It is not exclusively or chiefly at Rome, it is not exclusively or chiefly with the Anglicans, it is not exclusively or chiefly with any or with all of the orthodox Protestant denominations, it is not exclusively by any means with the liberals or the Unitarians: it is not confined even to Christendom.

God's Church is made up of the true, the humble, the noble, the seeking, the faithful, the serving, the loving, the helpful souls under every sky, in every nation, in the midst of every religion. Wherever there is a man who is feeling

after God, "if haply he may find him"; wherever there is a man who feels reverent in the presence of the great world's mysteries; wherever there is a man who is touched with human sorrow and human need; wherever there is a man thirsting after the truth; wherever there is a man hungry for light; wherever there is a man consecrated to the help of his fellows, there is a member of the great, invisible, universal Church of the living God.

But meantime — and now come some of the pressing, practical questions which are upon us — there are large numbers of people who have reacted from the old ideas about God and man, destiny, salvation, sacraments, to such an extent that they will have none of them. They are born out of the old universe: they are not born into the new.

We are at present — and you are familiar with this thought, though perhaps you do not quite comprehend it or see how much it means — in the midst of a great transition epoch. The revelations that have come to us from God during the last fifty or seventy-five years have changed our conceptions of all things. We no longer think of the universe as we did. We no longer think about God as we did. We no longer think about the origin or nature of man as we did. We no longer believe in the old ideas of destiny in the other life.

And people are wondering as to practically how much of the old order is to survive, how much is to pass on and help constitute the new which surely is to come. The progress of humanity on earth is an unbroken evolution; and that which is ahead of us, if we believe in God, is certainly not something less and poorer than has been in the past. It must be something finer and better.

But mean time — and this is the weakness of the liberal movement in this present age — there are thousands and thousands of people who are all at sea here in this city of New York. I verily believe that, if all the persons who do not belong in the old churches, who do not hold the old

thoughts about God and man and destiny, were only organized, we should have the largest body of truth-seekers and truth-holders in this city; but they are not organized. In every direction are men and women who have cut loose from the old and who belong nowhere. They are trying to lead noble, fine, sweet lives. They are helping any good cause to which their attention may be called. They are studying, whatever time they have, to find the truth; but they have not as yet seen their way to anything like an organized, purposeful, religious life.

I suppose it is perfectly natural that this condition of things should temporarily exist; and yet it is unfortunate that it should be prolonged beyond the necessary limit that is required for passing through an experience like this.

I propose, then, to speak to you very simply and familiarly for a little while concerning such matters as baptism, the Lord's Supper, the creed, and church membership. I speak of these three that I have put before church membership because they are connected with it in the minds of everybody, and perhaps are barriers, to their thinking, in the way of it.

Some of the noblest people I know are not members of any church: they cannot be persuaded to become members. They are united with us, for example, in thinking, in living. They are devoted to the work to which we consecrate ourselves; and though they have never given us their name, they have never united with this church or organization, they do not unite with any church, they do not wish to. Their thought as to what it means to become a member of the church is still connected with the old traditions and associations; and they cannot clearly see their way.

Let me, then, speak first for a few moments of baptism, the supper, and the creed, and then come to the matter that includes them all, the question of church membership.

I have had a great many people ask me why I keep up at all the form of baptism. They say that it used to mean

some definite thing in connection with the old church and its ideas; but what meaning does it have for us? We certainly do not believe that it is a condition of salvation. We do not hold, as is still held by the Prayer Book, that placing some water on the head of an infant and the repetition by an ordained priest of certain words regenerates the child. We do not believe that the child who is so unfortunate, through no fault of its own, as not to have these drops of water placed on its forehead and these words pronounced over it is doomed to everlasting pain.

Do you think these ideas are all gone by? They are not. The priest of an Episcopal church of this city told a friend of mine within three weeks that he still believed this, and that it is, as we all know, the doctrine of the Church.

What do we believe, then? If you will study the matter a little, you will learn that the form of baptism did not originate with Christianity: it is thousands of years older than Christianity. It is a natural symbol, beautiful, it seems to me, in its significance. It indicates merely the washing away of the old and the consecration of the child or the grown person to the new, higher, spiritual life. It is only a symbol: it is not important in the sense that it is essential to salvation; but it is a beautiful form, and it seems to me that a child, as it grows up, if it can be told that father and mother earnestly and conscientiously devoted it in its infancy, not to a creed, but to God and his truth and his love and his service, must feel the sweet bond of it in later years. And, if the father and mother bring that child in this earnest consecration, it must mean something to them as bearing upon the faithfulness of their teaching and training of the child.

It may, then, not be merely a symbol, but a living power in the life. I do not think that God is going to be angry if you do not observe it. I do think it is a beautiful service, and may be made a most helpful one.

Then as to the supper. There are large numbers of people

who attend this church regularly who find nothing of meaning in the Lord's Supper. Do I hold the old ideas concerning it? The asking of the question is its reply. I do not believe, as the Church of Rome does, that the pronouncing of a certain formula over the bread and the wine by a person properly appointed to this office turns it into the very body and blood of Christ,— that is, of God,— and that, when I take it within my lips, I eat God, and so become a veritable partaker of his life.

Friends, I only suggest what to my mind is the horrible barbarism of this thought, that connects it with the lowest savagery of the lowest life of the world. The whole underlying conception of it is barbaric and magical. Of course, we can hold nothing of this sort. I do not believe that it is essential to salvation.

But what did Jesus really do? He knew — it required no divine foresight — that his life was to be taken; and at the last supper, as he sat with his disciples, he asked them, in the most human, tender, sweet way in the world, to remember him. They were to sit at table every day of their lives; and he said, When you sit at supper, when you break the bread, when you sip the wine, remember me, remember this last eating of ours together.

I have no thought that Jesus expected people to be eating and drinking in memory of him two thousand years after that evening. If he is correctly reported, he expected the whole order of the world to come to an end within thirty years. But what of that? Are the great men of the world to be considered less great, less magnificent, less wonderful, because in some directions they shared the passing and partial conceptions of that time? Rather, to my mind, so sharing them, and being at the same time so transcendent, they are all the more wonderful and magnificent.

Jesus stands as the ideal of all that is sweetly human and sweetly divine, a star shining on our pathway, an ideal lead-

ing the world. A human man he was, "touched with all our infirmities," sharing our temptations, shrinking, as we do from death, and yet facing it for the sake of his God and his truth; and he said, Remember me. I know of no more beautiful thing in all the world than to gather at a little symbolic service like this, and call to mind this hour, stir our aspirations by a calling up of these sweet, noble, divine ideals.

And it seems to me no desecration of the service if we mingle with our memories of him memories of Christ-like souls of all nations and of all ages. It is no desecration of the supper if we mingle with our thought of him the sweet, precious memories of those that have been close to us and who have passed into the unseen. And I believe that out of a service like this may come spiritual help, stimulus, growth, aspiration, comfort.

What of the creed? We Unitarians, they say, have no creed; and that is popularly interpreted as meaning we do not believe anything. We know, friends, what it means. I was trained and had preached for years in the old church; and I never believed anywhere near as much as I believe now. I never believed such high, grand, noble, helpful, hopeful truths as I believe to day. I never found so much help in God, in the Bible, in the Jesus of history,—in any of the services of the Church, as I find to-day.

What is it we do with our creed? We ask no one as a condition of membership in our church to commit himself to any intellectual statement whatsoever; that is, a statement of belief. Why? Because we believe nothing? No. Only we will not put what we believe at the door of a church as a fence or gate to keep people out. What we believe we place above and behind the pulpit as subject for study.

It is a school, this church of ours; and we welcome people, not because they know everything or believe everything we think we know and believe. We welcome them with open

arms, if they think they are ignorant and wish to learn. If they think they are doubters and would like to believe, we ask them to come and consider with us, and help find the truth, and accept it as they can find it, with clear minds and loyal hearts.

I am perfectly willing to tell anybody what I believe to-day; but I may learn something by to-morrow or next week. If I do, as an honest man, I must keep myself free to accept the new thing which I learn, however much it may modify or change my present creed. That is the reason, and that is the only reason, why we have no official, fixed statement of belief as a condition of fellowship with us.

Then, again, we have no standard of character or spiritual attainment which is a condition of membership. In the old-time churches it is the saved people who are expected to become members of the church. I do not feel wise enough to go through this city of New York and pick out the people who are saved and set them on one side and the people who are not saved and set them on the other. I do not feel wise enough even to pick out good people, and put the bad people on the other hand. No matter what my standard of judgment may be, I cannot read the heart. I do not know of anybody who can.

And, again, the church is not an organization, as we understand it, of saved people. It is a school, a moral, spiritual school; and we want not the good people to come so much as we do the people who do not think they are so good. Jesus said that he came, not to call the righteous, but the sinners. We welcome those who wish to become better, to lead the high, sweet, noble, spiritual, helpful life. They are the ones whom we desire as members of our fellowship.

So much, then, for our attitude towards baptism, the supper, and the creed. Now what is the church?

I have said that Jesus organized no church. The church grew, and took shape naturally and inevitably; but,

as the world grows better, wiser, gets more nearly correct ideas of the universe, of God, of man, of destiny, of course a change must pass over the church, an evolution in its thought. The old must be outgrown and left behind and the new frankly and freely accepted.

What is the church, then? The church is a natural, purely natural, but none the less divine, voluntary association of men and women.

And what is it for? In the first place it is to help each other live the high, true, noble life. We believe that we need help, those of us who think about it. We believe that we can give help, at least a little, to others. We organize to help each other.

But, in the next place, there is something even more important than that. We organize that we may help the world. It has always seemed very strange to me when I found a man who believed anything, was in dead earnest about it, that he was content to keep it to himself. If we have a real religious life burning within us, we cannot keep still. If we really believe something, and believe that it is important for the world, we must speak of it, we cannot keep silent. Men who do keep still and do not try to help the world are the men who do not believe anything vitally, or who do not care.

What is light? Light is something that shines. Can you conceive of the sun's having light and nobody seeing it, nobody knowing it? It is a contradiction in terms. If you have light, it will shine. "A city set on an hill," it is said, "cannot be hid"; and, if you light a lamp, it is placed on a stand, and gives light to all that are in the room. So, if people really believe anything and care about it, they must try to communicate it. All the religions of the world that have been worth anything have been missionary religions, of necessity, in the nature of things.

What do we need to do for the world around us to-day, we who hold the modern thought in regard to religion and

the religious life? We need, in the first place, to do what we can to lift the old crushing burden, fear, from the hearts of the people. We, sitting in the midst of our little centres of light and freedom, sometimes imagine that we see the whole world; and we say, This work of deliverance is already accomplished.

Within the last three days there has been a new declaration on the part of the Church of Rome — new so far as a report of it is concerned — of its belief in literal, eternal fire for all those who are not saved according to its ideas of salvation. And the hearts of millions all over this world are crushed and burdened by a great fear,— fear of God, of death, of the future.

It is barbarism of the very worst kind, imbedded still in these old creeds; and the world's hearts are crushed by the burden.

There is not a single one of the old creeds that does not need to be radically reformed; for the savagery of the past, with all its ignorance, all its superstition, all its cruelty, all its blasphemy against God and its despair for men, is there still.

I say nothing against the members of any of these churches. They are sweet, true, lovely, noble people, thousands and thousands of them, as fine and sweet as any that can be found in all the world. But here are these relics of the old cruel savagery of the world still there; and the sensitive hearts, and those that think, and those that are capable of trembling and fearing, are tortured by them still.

We need to release, lift up, give hope to, civilize the old religions of the world; and we need to do another thing. We need to teach the people who have cast this sort of thing all away that religion is not dead; we need to teach them that we are only passing through this transition that is to lead to something higher and finer and better; we need to teach people that they can still believe in God, and organize for his service and for the help of their fellow-men,

and that these religious instincts and necessities of ours are permanent elements in human life.

So we need to deliver people from the bondage of the old. We need to help those who have cast these things away forward and upward into the higher and better order that is to come.

What has this to do with church membership? It has this: a man who joins a church, if it fairly represents his intellectual ideas and his spiritual aspirations, is a good deal more likely, it seems to me, to do something to help the world on religiously than a man who does not. There is something in committing one's self to a purpose, something in taking a definite stand, something in saying, I belong somewhere, and I am ready to work for something.

Suppose in the days of the Civil War that all the people of the North had simply been content to say, we are in favor of supporting the government, but we do not believe in committing ourselves through any organization. Where would have been your societies for help, for deliverance? Where would have been your armies, uniformed and equipped to fight for that which needed to be accomplished?

The thousands of people to-day who wish well to the new and higher truth ought to put that wish into some definite form, do something about it, commit themselves to something, be ready to help, attain something, and then the world would move forward and up.

In the next place, what is it that marks this epoch in the history of the world as perhaps nothing else does? What is it but the tendency to organize in every direction? The men who care for science, art, music, literature, organize themselves to achieve the results which they desire; and, above all things, in the commercial world the man who stands alone is weak and helpless in the midst of the tremendous financial forces that characterize the present time.

It is the great organizations which are mighty; and it is this principle of organization, which is so efficient in other

departments of life, which lies at the basis of the idea of an instituted church. If we care for the things which the church stands for, then let us organize, that we may become mighty, that we may be able to carry these things into effect.

No man has any right to stand alone. No man can be a good man alone. The late Professor Everett, of Cambridge, said that we used to think that it was enough to be good; but we are coming more and more to feel that a man must be good for something. If a man were placed on a desert island, he could be as good as the conditions of things would allow; but a man free, moving among his fellows, cannot possibly be a good man selfishly, in a self-contained way, living merely for himself, for his own household. He cannot be a good man who lives entirely or chiefly for those that he happens to stand close to in the natural relations of life.

For what do we mean by being good? There is no contradiction here between the selfish and the unselfish ideas. Who is a good man? He is an intelligent man; but how do you know he is intelligent, if you have never come in contact with him and found it out, if he does not give of his intelligence? He is a loving man; but how do you know it, if there is no manifestation of his love? He is a sympathetic man, but how do you know it if he does not live out his sympathy? He is a tender-hearted man; but how do you know it if there are no indications of pity and help?

A man must be loving, devoted, sympathetic, helpful, if he is to be a good man; and, in order to be these, he must live as a loving, sympathetic, tender, helpful man among his fellows. That is, he must be like the sun, giving its light all abroad; he must be like God, loving even the unthankful and the evil,— loving because it is his nature to love, giving because he is full and overflowing with the divine — that is, the human — life.

By as much, then, as you wish to be this kind of man, by

as much as you care for God, by as much as you care for truth, by as much as you care for that which is lovable, by as much as you care to help the needy world, and lift and lead it on towards the long-dreamed of ideals of the past, by as much as you wish to be high and human and noble, by so much you are under the necessity of linking yourselves with your fellows, in order that you may attain these ideals.

Can you do more for the world by taking hold of hands, by organization, by association, than you can alone? If you can, I appeal to you, is it not plainest and simplest duty? If you can do more by uniting with your fellows, then how will you excuse yourselves to these fellows who need, if you withhold yourself from this sympathetic co-operation?

I ask you, then, earnestly, seriously, think, think,—"think on these things."

Our Father,— we do not say selfishly "my Father": we say "Our Father," and that means the one Father of all, and the universal brotherhood,— our Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee, and that means consecrating ourselves to all who need. Amen.

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# THE GROWING INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

I TAKE as a Scripture starting-point a text I have already used in this series, from the second chapter of Genesis, a part of the eighteenth verse,—"Let us make a help meet for him."

The idea, you see, is that man is the centre of things, and that woman revolves about him as a sort of satellite. It is a noble ideal in the main that is expressed in this text; and yet it implies what has been the belief of the ages, the inferiority, the subordinate, the dependent position of women.

"Let us make a help meet for him," because it is not good that the man should be alone. Man was created first, you see, according to this ideal; and, then, when on trial it was discovered that he did not get along satisfactorily, a companion is made for him. She is not, however, declared to be what she has been during so large a period of human history, a plaything or a slave. She is a help meet for him, fitted for him, made to match him, to mate him in every way, we are to understand. This is the ideal of the unknown writer of this second chapter of the Book of Genesis.

This is a nobler and higher ideal, it seems to me, than we find in certain other parts of the Bible; but to that we shall come later. The coming woman, the free, independent woman, the woman who desires to be educated, to attend high schools and universities, the woman who wishes to belong to clubs, to attend lectures on all sorts of subjects, to enter into the professions, to compete with men in their ordinary businesses and occupations,—the kind of woman whom we see to-day on every hand is looked upon by the

conservative with suspicion, with question, in many cases with alarm.

I propose, this morning, to ask you to look over the field with me so far as we may have time, and see what the meaning of this is, as to whether this restlessness means the disturbance which precedes an earthquake, or whether it is the restlessness of the stirring sap in the roots and the trunks of the trees that indicates the growth of a fairer spring.

In order that we may understand just where we are, and take note of the tendency of the forces at work at the present time, I shall ask you to go back with me for a little, and glance over the condition that women have been in throughout a large part of the past. I shall ask you to note this in regard to several different phases of human life.

And, first, as to the government of the world. Have women had anything to do with this in the past? Have they had any power to shape the world's political ideas? Have they had any power to make laws for themselves, to determine their own status, to create for themselves opportunity?

To ask this question is to answer it, and to answer it in the negative. Throughout nearly the entire history of the world up to the present time, whatever woman may have been in any other direction, she has been a political nonentity. Of course there have been a few distinguished exceptions to this, marked and attractive because they are exceptions. In ancient Athens we find a woman like Aspasia, who had the most decisive and marked influence, so tradition says, upon the character and the actions and the ideals of Pericles, who was master of the city; and so indirectly she touched and helped shape the life of this centre of the ancient civilization of the world, and we are told that her influence was entirely noble, wise, and for the public good.

There are traditions of women who occupied positions of importance and power for a time in the ancient life of the

Hebrews; and they showed, very much as men have shown, that they could be good and that they could be bad, that they could help the world and that they could hurt it so far as they had the power.

Now and then, of course, they have been rulers. There are a few countries whose traditions permit this, in the persons of women, like the late Queen Victoria of England, who has left a record second to that, perhaps, of no man who ever sat on a throne. Whether she had distinguished mental ability or not, she did have some power that called about her the wisest and the best men of the age; and we know that there were two or three critical instances in the relations between England and this country when the queen cast all her influence in favor of peace, of truth, of righteousness, of humanity, when she was wiser and better than her ministers.

Now and then there have been cases like this in the history of the past; but more frequently, when women have exercised political influence at all, it has been secret, in the shape of intrigue; it has been exerted in the dark; it has been a matter of spite, of prejudice, of jealousy, of anger; it has been every way mischievous.

Take, for example, the case of the Borgia women in the history of Italy. Look at Catherine de' Medicis, the mother of Charles IX., whom we remember chiefly on account of the infamy of the Saint Bartholomew. Women's influence has been mighty. It has set up thrones and pulled them down; but, generally, it has been exerted in the dark, a cabinet power, without publicity, and that could not be reckoned with, and this,— raising no question at present as to whether the influence of women might not have been better if they had had better opportunity,— this of necessity, because women have been allowed to exercise their influence as a general thing in no other way, so far as it touched public affairs.

What has been the relation existing between women and the religions of the past? Here, again, woman has had no

place, no power. Now and then some feminine ideal has been lifted to the skies, and worshipped; but more frequently it has represented the corruption of the human heart than it has divine aspirations and hopes. Woman has had no power in shaping religion. Most of the gods have been masculine. The God of Christendom has always been "Father," until some brave, tender, noble souls, like Theodore Parker, have dared to stand in the presence of their congregations and pray "Our Father and our Mother, God."

Women have had little part in religion. Sometimes it has been taught that they had no souls. In some places of worship they have been allowed to be present, but behind a grating or a screen, looking on at that in which they could have no part.

What has been the position of women in the family? In almost no case in the history of the world, up to the present time, has woman been regarded — in any official fashion, I mean — as the mate and equal of the husband. She has been his subordinate, his dependent, his satellite; she has been his plaything; she has been his slave; she has been his drudge. He has hunted her and captured her, as though she were a beast of prey; he has bought her, as though she were a piece of property; he has bargained for her, in order that he might carry out some plan for the separation or the cementing of estates. She has been a pawn, to be moved here or there according as the players have felt that it was in the interest of the game.

What has been her position in regard to education? In most cases in the past the idea of educating women has been practically unheard of. The thought that she had a right to claim that her mind could be trained, and ought to be trained, is almost entirely modern. Having no soul, as has sometimes been said in religions, it has been assumed, also, that she had no intellect that was worthy of notice. It has never occurred to people that she had any place in the pro-

fessions, that she had any right or ability to enter into the occupations of her father, husband, brother.

As late as Jane Austen, the famous novelist, whom the authorities at Harvard tell us is the greatest woman novelist of the world, she was obliged to hide away the fact that she was so unconventional as to dare to write a novel. Her friends would have been ashamed of it; and she herself did not dare to let them know.

On the part of noble families it has been regarded as though one of the sons should take up some form of trade or learn a profession or become an artist or a musician, to have the daughter do anything of this kind. People in the past have admired artists and musicians, but they have considered them social inferiors; and so a woman who dared to be so unconventional as to write a book which was worth while must conceal it, as though she had committed an indiscretion.

I have already indicated by implication what the position of women has been in regard to the occupations of the world. What has woman been allowed to do? We know that among barbarians and savages she has been the drudge. An Indian chief would tell you that it was manly to fight, to hunt; but it was not manly to engage in any other occupation. The women, the squaws, must do the work. It was fitting for them, but not for a brave. Women, then, have had no place in the occupations of the world.

How modern is this? May I tell you my own memory on the subject? When I was a boy, if my recollection is accurate, a woman of course could do the drudgery of the house: she might be a tailor, make clothes for men; she might be a seamstress, and do the sewing for the household; she might, though without any special training for it, go out as a nurse; she might sell her labor as a servant in the household, and she might teach school in summer, when only the small children were expected to attend; she might look after primary departments of education. I do not

remember now of ever hearing of woman as doing anything else than these, having any recognized place in the work of the world; and her wages were of course very much inferior to the earnings of men.

Such has been the position that women have occupied in the past. But a change is coming over the face of the world. There is a tremendous expansion of modern ideas and modern life in every direction. The universe has grown larger. Only a few hundred years ago it was about the size of the orbit of the moon, perhaps not so large as that. To-day our little sun, with its tiny system around it, is recognized as one of the smallest among, perhaps, a hundred million suns. The universe is now the home of man, and not the little playhouse system of the ancient world. Discovery, invention in every direction,— the mind of man has grown; and the life of man has reached out and expanded.

Is it to be expected that women will not be touched or influenced by these forces that are at work in the modern world? Is it possible to keep her from caring, thinking, feeling, asking questions, wanting to have any part in this altered life of man?

I want you to note with me now, traversing for the sake of finding out what has happened since the old days, some of these phases of human life that we have just been looking over. Take it in regard to government. Women are claiming the right to share governmental powers with men; and, step by step, they are gaining the recognition that they desire. There are cities where women vote, at least, for members of the School Board. They hold office on these School Boards. There are a few places, I believe, where there have been women mayors. There are States where women have a right to vote for whatever men vote for. They are running for office. They are securing election to these offices. They are putting in the claim, at any rate, that, instead of indirectly influencing the political life

of the world, they propose to take their place, and share this political life.

I am not now arguing as to whether it is wise or best, as to whether I am in favor of it or against it, as to whether, if they want it, we propose to help ourselves, or as to whether we care to help ourselves if we could. These considerations are set one side for the moment. I am merely noting the fact that women are claiming the right to take part in the government of the country, to do it openly, freely, to be recognized as powers, influences, and not merely stand behind in the shadow, and, as the result of prejudice and intrigue, to try to control the tendency and the trend of affairs.

And women are taking so different a position in religion from that which they used to occupy. We are being told on every hand that women to-day are the strength of the churches. If they control the affairs of the churches, do you wonder that now and then they wish to be on the board of management? It is a common thing now for women to be members of boards of managers: it is a very common thing for them to be superintendents of the Sunday-school. They have been the best teachers in these schools, of course, for years; but here and there they are making their way into the pulpits. In spite of the warnings of the New Testament, they are becoming teachers of men.

How modern this is! I think I am historically correct when I say that the first woman who was ever ordained to the ministry in this country, being then in the Congregational Orthodox Church, is now one of the most honored, most highly reverenced, and best beloved members of this congregation. I refer of course to the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell. I speak of this, not for the sake of making her name prominent, but for the sake of making clear how very recent is this invasion of religious teaching on the part of women. I shall have occasion to speak of the advisability of this a little later.

What to-day is the position of woman in the family? I had occasion in previous sermons of this series to indicate some of the points which I need now only recall to your mind. Woman used to be completely in the power of the husband. In the old days he could put her to death if he pleased; and nobody could call it in question. He could beat her or abuse her to any extent. He could send her out of his home. He could take into that home, in spite of her wishes and protests, as many other women as he pleased; and she had no power to prevent it. She had no control of her own money. She had no control of her own children. She was helpless in the hands of the man.

But now, thank God, so far as these things are concerned, we are beginning to get just a little civilized, at least in places. Women are beginning to be recognized as having some rights of their own, as having the same right to stand on their own feet, think their own thoughts, speak their own words, live their own life, as men have.

Woman is beginning to be conceded property rights. It is beginning to be granted that she may have some interest in her own children, as much as the man has. She is beginning to attain her majority, to be free. This is the attitude that is coming in the home.

Now as to education. I remember some years ago having a most interesting conversation on this subject with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. She said that, when as a girl she made application to a school to be admitted as a pupil and to be allowed to study certain things, she was treated with the utmost and most supercilious contempt by the authorities in charge. She was told that it was not fit for a girl to study these things, to know these things. She was advised to go home and learn to cook and sew, and keep the place that belonged to a girl and a young woman, not to trespass in this fashion on the recognized and immemorial sphere of her superior, man. This was the way she was met when she wished to be educated.

I remember well, when I was a boy, there were schools where a girl could go and learn to read and write and spell, after a fashion; could learn the rudiments of the arithmetic; could work her sampler, and show that she could sew and embroider a little. But there was no recognized place for the real education of young women. All this is within the last few years. To-day they are beginning to alarm the educational authorities. Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, of the Supreme Court, law professor of Yale University, has within the last week been telling somebody — I do not know who — that the young women were getting too much education altogether; that it was spoiling them; that they were being over-educated, so far as brain development was concerned; that they needed to be cultivated in the direction of housekeeping and sewing and cooking and these other things that fitted them for their spheres,— an echo of the old-time advice that has become very familiar, sounding of the ideals of the last several thousands of years.

But women — here is the only point that I care to make — are proving their ability to learn anything that a man can learn. I do not propose to go into any discussion this morning as to the intellectual equality of the sexes: it is entirely one side of the matter. I do not care whether they are equal or not: that is not the question.

The question is as to whether the young women shall have liberty of study, liberty to study anything and anywhere that they please: that is the question, not as to how much they can learn or as to whether they can learn as easily or as much as a man can. Women have taken the highest honors during the last few years in almost every department of human thought, so that it is proved that there are some cases, at any rate, where women can learn anything that they care to learn.

Now what is the position of women at the present time in regard to the occupations of the world? Women used to be the drudges. They were allowed to do only the commonest,

cheapest things; and the work which they accomplished, as a general thing, was recognized as having no economic value whatever. A farmer's wife, for example,— this is too commonly true, though, of course, there are farmers and farmers, there are lovely, noble men among them,— has no wages. She is a cheaper sort of servant. She works for her board and clothes; and, if she has any pocket money, it is a gratuity. She is paid for nothing which she does. It is not understood that she has earned anything, that she has any right to ever so small a bank account of her own.

This is the ordinary position, has been in the past, of the women workers. But to-day there are, I am told, a very large number of occupations — I dare not use figures in connection with them — into which women have entered, and are successfully competing with men. They are doing the work, and doing it well, so that the chances are that, if the present tendency goes on, we shall have to face the fact by and by that women are standing on their own feet, earning their own living, having their own bank accounts, engaged in business for themselves, and are able to consult as to whether they shall occupy this position or that, instead of being forced into it by the necessity of their condition.

The tendency is all along the line of the coming of women into a larger and freer life in politics, in religion, in the family, as to occupation, as to education. In every department of society, women are pressing against the barriers; and the barriers are here and there giving way. Are they all going to give way? Are women to become entirely independent? This is the question. And now I wish to consider it for what time remains to me this morning.

The ideal of woman that has predominated in the past has been as one dependent on some man, developed on her sentiment side, loving, drooping, tender, clinging, cared for, watched over, protected, supported by some man. This has been the ideal of the past. Ideals, however, you will

understand, are the creation of conditions; and changed conditions of necessity work changes in the predominant ideals of the world. Shall we fight against this tendency of the present time or shall we help it on? In other words, do we believe in the independence of women or are we opposed to it?

The attitude of different men is well indicated by the titles of two books. John Stuart Mill wrote a famous treatise called "The Subjection of Women," in which he fought for her freedom, her deliverance from the conditions of the past. The Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, wrote a book on the other side, called "The Reform against Nature." He took the ground that the nature of woman was in danger of being seriously changed and deteriorated by the influences at work at the present time.

Now have women a right to stand on their own feet, live their own lives? If they have not, why? I propose to take the ground that we must concede that they have, unless — unless what? Well, for example, unless God has forbidden it. Unless it threatens the welfare of the family; unless it is going to be injurious to men; unless it is going to be destructive to the highest ideal of womanhood. Unless some one of these positions can be maintained, it seems to me we must concede woman the right to be free.

Now what is the attitude of religion on the subject? Has God, in other words, said anything about it? Some text from the Bible has, over and over again in the history of the world, proved to be a tremendous social and political power, and not infrequently a power for evil. In the Old Testament there is a passage which says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Thousands and thousands and thousands of harmless, and perhaps demented, old women have been put to death as the result of the fact that that verse exists in the Old Testament.

So these verses which I read as a part of our lesson* this

* Paul's words in Corinthians and Timothy.

morning have done more, I suppose, to stand in the way of the freedom of women than any other power in the world, just as that other text in regard to "sparing the rod" has been supposed to be divine authority for family tyranny and cruelty for hundreds of years.

Let us note the position which Paul takes. He says woman must be subject to man. Why? Because man was created first, and woman was created for him. Therefore, he is the head; and woman must take her place as subordinate.

What is another reason? Because woman was beguiled of the serpent, and brought sin and death into the world. Adam did not do it. Eve did. Therefore, woman has shown herself guilty of all the sorrows that have ever afflicted mankind. I do not know what mean, contemptible thing it has been in the hearts of men in all ages that has been the source of traditions of this sort. It is not confined to the Hebrews: they did not originate the story of the Garden of Eden. It came from the East: it did not belong to the Bible in the first place. Then among the Greeks the same old story: it was Pandora, sent down to men out of spite on the part of the gods; and she, through curiosity, opened the box, and released all the evils that have afflicted mankind from the beginning.

Is there any sense or reason in it? It is pure, ludicrous, contemptible superstition from beginning to end. So all this position in regard to women in the Epistles to Timothy and the Corinthians ought to have no weight for one moment with the free and reasonable mind. Paul says a woman must not speak in the religious meetings; but, you must remember that Paul had no idea that he was going to speak to the twentieth century. If Paul and Jesus are correctly reported, they both expected the end of the world to come within thirty years. Paul was writing to meet a special, passing exigency in Corinth. It was a corrupt city. The church represented a new life and a new hope; and, accord-

ing to the ideals existing at that time, it was not respectable for a home-keeping woman to take part in public affairs. Paul wished to keep the church free from suspicions like these; and so he advised the women to keep quiet, not to be speakers in public, to ask their husbands if they wished to know what had been done. His advice was right and wise to meet the conditions that then existed; and he is not to blame because he is quoted nineteen hundred years after his time as applying to conditions that he had never heard or dreamed of. There is no reason in religion why we should oppose the freedom and independence of women.

Is the home in danger? I am ready to take the ground that the one great predominant interest is the integrity of the home; that nothing must be done that threatens that. But there are thousands of women who have no homes in the sense of having husbands and children about their feet, thousands that never can have a home of that sort unless we become converted here in the East to Mormonism. What are they going to do?

I believe that the woman who is independent financially, who can earn her own living, who can stand on her own feet, and is intelligent enough so that she understands the conditions of life and knows what they are, is a thousand times more likely to make a wise and happy marriage, to be a true mate for her husband, a noble mother for her children. At the present time thousands of women are trained with the idea that they must be married because there is no other career open to them that is respectable and that befits their station; and they are incapable of taking care of themselves, of standing on their feet and leading their own lives, so that they feel they must marry, whether they find the right man, whom they can really love and intellectually respect, or not.

I believe that there will be more true, noble, ideal, happy homes when women are not compelled to marry, but are free to choose some one whom they can both love and respect. So it seems to me that the elevation of the home is

to be looked for along the lines of the higher education and the larger liberty of women.

And as to occupations. It is curious. Once in a while I hear that men are opposed to women's working, because, they say, they are encroaching upon their opportunities for a livelihood. This is precisely the same kind of argument which has always been advanced by unwise and near-sighted laborers against the introduction of machinery.

They have said, If you introduce machinery, you will take the work away from the laborers, and they will starve. But the world has gone on, and more and more and finer and finer and more efficient machinery has been introduced; and what has been the effect? Has it taken work away from people? It has made possible a hundred times more work. For man is civilized by as much as a large number of wants are developed, and he reaches out in the endeavor to supply them. The more different things and the higher and better things a man wants, the more of a man he is; and the advance of civilization means the development of still new and unknown resources of nature in the creation and the supply of more and more human desires.

Women's coming into the field of the activity of men simply means the creation of more kinds of work, and larger and higher demands on men and women both. I believe that every girl, no matter how rich her father is, should have the finest education he can possibly give her, and that she should be taught some specific, definite way of earning her living.

We need to revise our whole conception of education. We talk of a man's being educated only when he is a graduate of some university where the emphasis is laid on the classical courses. The graduate of a school of technology, of a school of mining or engineering, is coming in the near future to be regarded as educated as completely as a man who knows the classics. A man who is trained in any direction, so that he is a competent man, a woman who is trained

so that she is a competent woman,— he or she who is master of himself or herself,— these are the people who are coming to be regarded as educated and honored as educated; and we must get over the idea that it is honorable for a person to do nothing, and live a lazy, idle, useless, luxurious life.

When we get half-civilized, this kind of life will be treated with contempt, as unworthy either a man or a woman; while the man who does anything, I care not what it is, that needs to be done for the welfare of the world, is to be treated as honorable. This when we get at least half-civilized, as the most of us are not as yet.

I believe, then, that every girl ought to be educated in the highest and noblest sense, and, if it is possible, trained to do something by which she can earn her living. Does this mean that homes are going to be dissipated, that there are to be no more marriages or children, that the world is coming to an end?

I do not believe it. I believe that there is hardly a woman in this world, I care not how much she knows or what she can do, who, if the chance were placed before her of a profession in which she might win honor and fame or a home with a man whom she could love and at the same time look up to with reverence and respect, who would not choose the home, because this is the strongest element in her nature, because God has made her that noblest of all things on the face of the earth, a noble woman.

I do not believe, then, that this is going to stand in the way of the home. It is only going to set women free, so that they shall be able to choose the home, and not be driven into it merely for self-support.

Is it going to injure the woman, this development, intellectual, industrial? There are certain defects, they tell us, in woman's nature. I am inclined to think that they are defects, if they are over-developed. Women are generally too strong on the sentiment side; they are apt to be too conser-

vative; they are apt to care more for persons than for principles. It is perfectly natural, when you look at what woman is and the part she has been obliged to play in the history of the past.

But train and develop women intellectually, give them independence so that they can stand on their own feet and live out their own lives, and these defects will be remedied. I would not have women less in these directions; but I would have other sides of her nature wrought out so as to balance these that are weaknesses, when carried too far.

Now, at the end, I believe what? Am I in favor of woman's voting? I am not sure. That is too large a subject to go into now, beyond saying this: If you put it on the basis of right, and claim the right to vote yourself, I have never yet found anybody who would give me a half respectable reason why the woman has not as much right to vote as a man has. That is too large a subject to discuss this morning.

What I argue for and plead for is this,—the breaking down of all barriers and setting women free. Do I want women in the pulpits? Yes, if they want to preach and people want to hear them: that will settle itself. I do not know how many will want to preach, how many will find audiences, even if they do: that will take care of itself.

Do I want women lawyers? If they want to be lawyers, and can find clients, why not? Do I want them physicians? If they want to be physicians, and can find patients, why not? I would throw down every barrier, and let women be free, trusting to God and nature that they will stay women, whatever else they become, and that they will live out a larger and nobler life, if they have the opportunity.

There are gardeners, have been in the past, who have been accustomed to clip and train the trees into all sorts of artificial shapes; and the most horrible thing imaginable to them is the idea of letting a tree alone, to grow as it will. So men from the beginning of the world have been accus-

tomed to interfere with the natural forces of development, not only of other men, but predominantly of women, until it seems to them something horrible beyond expression that a woman shou'd be left free to become anything she can become and wants to become.

Now God understands and Nature understands that a pine-tree will become a nobler and grander and finer pine-tree out on the hill-top in the wide air and the free sun and the rain, and let alone, than you can possibly make it by any kind of interference. It will grow into the noblest ideal of a pine.

We are beginning to find out that a man can be trusted to grow into the ideal of manhood, and to feel that he has a right to be free, to be let alone to grow. And I plead for the idea that we must, as we get civilized, accept the thought that women, also, can be left free,— free to become what they can become, what they should become.

I do not believe that the home is in danger, or religion, or man's work, or the ideal woman. I believe the only serious danger is in our assuming to know more than God and Nature.

Throw down the barriers, trust to that Nature which they have told us so long is perverted and depraved, but which, we are beginning to believe, is true and divine, and let the end be what it will.

Father, we ask Thee that Thou wilt guide us, that Thou wilt put into our hearts that love and that trust in Thee which will enable us to live nobly ourselves, and do what we can to help on the ideal development of the world. Amen.

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BY

## M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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# "THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD WIFE."

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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# "THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD WIFE."

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."— PROV. xxxi. 10.

THE picture we saw in our lesson of an old Eastern homestead must have been a study from the life; but no man can guess now who painted it, or who the good wife was we see there, or her good man, or where to look for the place on a map. All we know about the land is that it lay well toward the north, where the snow fell in winter, and good warm happing was needed because of the cold; and the days grew so short that you had to rise before dawn in the morning and work after dark, or the day's work would not be well done.

And I suppose the picture was painted with no thought at all that it would ever find a place in their Bible; but they loved it so for its own sake that the day came when a wise seer no doubt said: "Why, this is good enough to go into the rolls we read in our synagogues. So let us set it at the end of our Book of Proverbs. The other men in the book have had enough to say about evil women. We will match them with a good woman, and see what honey will do, if the aloes fail of their purpose with the youth of our land."

So this was done; and there the homestead stands among the vines and olives all these ages, with the corn lands about it, the cattle in the meadows, the sheep on the uplands, and the goats, with the sun shining through the windows by day and the lights gleaming out at morn and even forevermore.

And the good genius of the home is this woman we see there, who has not one word to say for herself, and yet stirs

some human heart to speak for her to this fine purpose; who has no name, and yet has won the noblest; a woman who, if this be indeed a study from the life, came to this man in her sweet, fair maidenhood, to be a true wife to him, and was true wife; that and no more, that and no less. No slave of his whims and fancies, or wife to wonder in what mood he will come home, and whether his first word will be first cousin to a kiss or a blow; and no drudge to wear her life out in helping to make a fortune, as his first wife, he will spend in jewels on the second, if she dies first. True wife to true man, clothing herself afresh to his heart, as her beauty fades, with a beauty that cannot be seen. True wife and true mother, raising her children to make other homes like this they love so well, cossetting them a little, we may presume, and her grandchildren a great deal when their turn comes; for what would such a woman be if she did not nourish the "simple, merry knack of tying sashes, fitting baby's shoes, of stringing pretty words that make no sense, and kissing full sense into empty words"?

So, true wife to true man, we can see her there in the far-away years, growing old at last, and not so active as she was or so full of care. The snows fall softly on her hair, the afternoon shadows grow longer, the sun sets; and she falls on sleep, never thinking in all those years that her memory would stretch beyond two generations. And yet here I am, after more than two millenniums, and in a world she never heard of, setting her sweet old portrait in the light of a day of which she could not dream.

And, in trying to open my thought, may I not ask you to notice, first, with what large free lines this picture is drawn. There is no such limitation to her nature as we have to note in some women, who are very good, indeed; but, then, their worth is like the reports we hear of some rare old wine,—it takes up but little room, and is apt to be hidden away in cabinets, and only brought out and used on choice occasions. There is no such trouble about this portrait of a woman of

the old time and tenor. It is a large and ample nature God has given her, which not only fills the place completely, but is felt far and wide, so that, while some will say she is such a man's wife, others will say, when you ask about him, he is such a woman's husband; and so the honors will be divided.

You may notice also that she has what we call faculty,— the quality a fine Frenchwoman had,* who said that, if she should fall on evil days, she knew how to do twenty things, by any one of which she could and would make her own living. In that busy home, where things are done very much as they were done in New England on the farms a hundred years ago, you feel sure there is not one thing she has to see to that she cannot do better than ever a woman she hires; and the place is in perfect order, because her own presence pervades it from cellar to attic. So there they are at the old homestead, busy as bees,— the house-mother and the maids, who will also be mothers some day and have homes of their own, while she is not only mother, but missionary to them, and her great plentiful nature overflows into finer issues than those that lie in bread and butter and home-made cloth and yarn.

It is not very often we see or hear of a woman, again, so superb in faculty and oversight who can maintain through it all a sweet and even temper. These demands on her life tell on her nerves; and she is apt to have what those who know her best call "a temper of her own," and the breath of her mouth has in it a touch of the east wind. Such an one was our good friend Mrs. Poyser. There are lovely touches of tenderness in the woman there who fronts the world and fights her battle; but how Martin Poyser managed to find the home a man wants to find within that old manor-house I cannot even guess, nor can I guess how he would ever make up his mind to stroke her hair after a few years, or say tender and loving words to her, except when

* Madame de Staël.

she was down with one of her fits of sickness, and then I think she would be apt to break in on it all with some question about the cream. But this good wife's nature is struck out in one line, — "In her tongue is the *law* of kindness." So you can hear the sweet tones pervading the house always; and by ruling her own spirit she was queen in her own domain, while her good man would never think of the proverb, "It is better to dwell alone on the housetop than with a scolding woman in a wide house."

It may easily fall out again, and does fall out, that your good woman, who is so true to her home and fills it so well, will be quite content with what the man calls her "sphere," and will not care to do anything outside this, beyond what such women love to do in their quiet way, in the tender charities that come home to them as women, the social duties that belong to our finer life, and the care, it may be, of their church. It is the man's habit to say also, if he is much of a man, and has had the good fortune to win one of these noble women for his wife: "My dear, what do you know about business? You must leave that to *me*." And then, if she has promised to obey him,— not if I marry them, though,— there is no more to be said, and only one surmise to be made just here: that it is precisely because the man despises the woman's swift and sure intuition as the ally of his slower judgment that many of our business men come to grief in so many unexpected ways in our own time.

Now there may have been some little trouble of this sort in the way of this good wife; but, if there was, it is all over and done with before we come across this picture, and she is not only caring completely for her home, but is also a capital woman of business. She has money of her own, made or saved; has seen a lot that lies well to the sun, and will make a good vineyard; thinks the matter over carefully and well, sees her chance and seizes it, buys the field, and has it planted for a vineyard, and, let us hope,

can leave it to whom she will. And then, if there has been a little cloud between them as they sat by the fire, I think I can see the good man open his eyes wide, and hear him say, "Why, my dear, you *do* understand business, after all."

I notice, again, it is not good marketing up there in the north. There is scant choice when you want to buy, and too many taking toll when you want to sell. But she is not only a good woman, and able, she is wise also; and so she opens a way directly to the primal buyer and seller,— for so we must read the words which compare her to the merchant ships,— while you cannot palm off on her a poor and mean article, for "she perceiveth that her merchandise is good." While, of course, being the woman she was, the officers at the custom-house would not feel their life was made a burden to them between chivalry for her sex and fidelity to their oath of office. I speak only as a man. So it is not in her home alone, you will see, and in society, that this ample nature is content to move: she has her own bank account and makes her own investments, and we may be sure made them wisely, or else her good man never would have said, "Many a man's daughter has done well, but thou excellest them all."

We might fairly infer, also, that with so many cares our good wife would grow a little careless about herself in the course of time, and neglect those nice points in her adornment which, in despite of all we say about following the mode, do hold their own intrinsic worth in a woman's life. She did not make this mistake. She seems to have said in her heart: "Did I adorn myself for the advent of my lover? Well, that was not as the purple and gold anglers use to catch a fish withal: I will still adorn myself to please my husband. Has the glamour of those early days when we were lovers ripened into a sort of comradeship? Then my comrade shall be as proud of his wife as he ever was of his sweetheart. Does yeoman Agur's wife over there on the next place say it

makes no matter what you wear in the house, so that you keep a sharp lookout of the windows? It is not sound doctrine. Men, at the best, are curious creatures, and think a great deal more sometimes than they say. My good man shall never say I do not care more for the glance of his eye than I do for that of all the women between here and Jerusalem. Or is there something in dressing to your fortune, and is the silkworm a factor in the scales of commerce and the arts as well as the flaxseed? Then what a woman of my fortune may do with a splendid propriety, I will do, so that, when my good man sitteth among the elders at the gate, they shall not whisper: 'A good man, and a very able wife. Pity she should be such a fright!' Here, also, are my daughters growing up; and it will be the lovely old story over again of the youths coming with shining eyes to look on the maids who have taken them in the old sweet thrall. They shall feel no cold chill as they glance my way, and wonder whether maids so beautiful, and with such exquisite ways, will ever grow to be like their mother in bearing the cares and burdens of life. I will see to these things for my husband's sake, and theirs also, and the life in which we hold the right to move."

So we see her *in* her best, as well as *at* her best, in this fine old picture; and her clothing is silk and purple, while you see the household also, as well as herself, gleaming with touches of color, scarlet against the snow.

Then another fine touch comes in we must not miss. There was a real danger that this woman, who could easily have made her living doing twenty things, would lose her heart's pity and sympathy for those who could only do one, and were not clever even at that, and, failing to understand how that could be so hard to them which was so easy to her, nourish for them a certain scorn and contempt. Or woman as she was, with this fine faculty in her for "making money," as we say, she might have come to have too hard a clutch on what she made, and because she had her eye also on

another lot which would lie so nicely in the lap of the first, and would go to Miriam while that went to Deborah, when she was through with earth and time, she must save every dollar and every egg, the hundredth part of a dollar, and so keep on saving and investing to the end of the chapter. Nor need we doubt that she could have easily recited reasons in plenty for such a course if she had been of that mind. The poor are thoughtless; they will not lay up for a rainy day; they are extravagant and wasteful, and do a sight of things we never think of doing, to their hurt and loss. Yes, and every word she could say might be true. Yet she would be an untrue woman for closing her heart to all these poor who came for some little gleaning from her bountiful harvest; and even if the good man should come to be hard and keen after money, too, he would not like her so well, or hold her in such reverence, because men do not like themselves so well for such a reason. The question never came up. The fine, affluent nature responded well. "She stretches out" not her hand to the poor, but her *hands*. And I warrant you it was none of your back-door charity done by the maids, and therefore done all wrong. *She* stretches out her hands, this lady of mark, in embroidered silks, and does it for her own sake as well as theirs, because she is God's almoner. So it is in the crowning glory of the good wife that she stays good and generous;, and the purple has no steel under it, fencing the heart against God's pity and his Christ's.

There is one touch more, but it is like one of those fine touches Hogarth leaves hidden now and then in an inference. "I have not given her that upward look," the writer seems to be saying, "which is in the eyes of the saints." But, then, she never thought of her religion as something apart from or above her life. She simply lived it out day by day without reference to frames and feelings. And so he only adds this line: "A woman that feareth — reverences — the Lord, she shall be praised." She has shown her faith by her works. What would you have more? So I will leave the fine old picture as he has left it, to draw one or two conclusions.

1. Let us believe all this for our comfort, if we need any now, or for our instruction, if we shall need that to save against the time to come, that a woman of such a splendid nature and so strong a will must have found there were hidden oppositions in her good man she had not suspected when she took him for better and worse; and he would have to say, more than once or twice, "Women, the best God ever made, are an enigma to a man!" And then they would find out that with this faulty and finite nature they were both of kin to the Infinite, and these mysteries of the unguessed must come to the surface now and then. Nor can lives so near revolve as the planets do, and never strike fire. But the sun would break out again after the electric fires had met in the mid-heaven of the home, and all things grow calm and sweet, and the trouble would be forgotten.

2. May I not say one modest word, also, about the fine power this woman reveals, as it rests and turns on a good constitution,— for he has painted us the picture of a woman healthy as May,— and say it for this reason? It is a matter of deep concern to a good many that the woman over here is losing her hold on life, and there are few such wives and mothers as there were in the old days. There is one answer to this as a wide proposition. It has always been the outcry ever since we have kept the records; and, if it were all true, there would be no women by this time, and no men. It is not true in the wider sense. It is only true, in any sense, as we forget or refuse to learn the great true laws of life, and, as this man says of this woman, gird our loins with strength and strengthen our arms. That wise and good woman, Lucy Aikin, says in a letter to Channing: "Eighty or more years ago our ladies in England had pinched figures, pale faces, weak nerves, and miserable health. Then we began to discard the things that had worked such mischief for us, wore stout boots, bid defiance to what we call foul weather, became great walkers; and now the

new generation has a new bloom on the cheeks, active habits, firm nerves, and good constitutions." The great-grandmothers of the new race in England then were very much like our girls now, only not so peerless fair. The race has been restored to a splendor England never saw before; and ours also, wherever there is a touch of wisdom about the true laws of living, is gaining ground, and nowhere more surely than in New England, where I think the trouble began. You would not thank me to pursue this theme, but I could not pass it without this word. When the chief in one of the South Sea Islands wanted to be sent to another island as a missionary, his fellows said: "Yes, let him go. He is a two-right-handed man: he has a good wife who will take hold with him, and do what he cannot do." So will this race be, with the good wife to double all the powers of the good husband. And her children will rise up also to call her blessed, and her good man say, "Many women have done well, but thou excellest them all"; and *her* works also shall praise her in the gates.

In these Old Testament scriptures we are at no loss for studies of a noble womanhood, flashing forth in Miriam who leads the great choir in the song of deliverance from the bondage in Egypt, and in Deborah, the prophetess, the magnificent impersonation, as Dean Stanley says, of the Jewish people and the Jewish life, who, when the tribes were in deep despair by reason of the heathen who beset them, came forth, as Joan of Arc came when the princes and statesmen of France were cowed and cowering before the lion of England, and turned the tide from utter defeat to clear victory. So Deborah arose a mother in Israel, found a leader in the battle, and her song of victory still rings through the ages. And Hagar in the desert with her boy, cast forth by Abraham, his father,— for which I have never forgiven him. The bottle of water is exhausted, the burning sun of the desert has them in his grip: they must die. There is some touch of shelter for him under a bush. She

lays him there, and moves "as it were a bow-shot away, that she may not see the death of the child," and lifted up her voice and wept,— the old, old story is still wet with her tears,— but God opened her eyes, and she saw a well; "for God had heard the cry of the lad; and she went and filled the bottle, and gave the lad to drink." And the Idyl of Ruth, how this still holds the heart,— Ruth, the heathen, the foremother of the Christ, if we may trust the tables! The widow in the famine, also, with the handful of meal and the drop of oil, who, when the prophet finds her, has picked up two sticks that she may bake a cake; and then they must die, the mother and her boy.

And the yeoman's wife of Shunem, who welcomes the wandering reformer with such a charm of hospitality, and, when their child dies God has given them, goes out to meet the man of God, and, when he says, "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" answers, while her heart is near to breaking, "It is well." Nowhere else in the great old books of the world, my own heart says, can you find such a treasure of a noble and beautiful womanhood in portraits taken, as it were, in the flash of an instant, and with but scant words of the times before or after.

But here is the "perfect woman nobly planned" in her home and her commune, moving easily and quietly through the years from maidenhood to the close of her beautiful life, true wife to true husband.

> "And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be."

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# SPRING IN NATURE AND IN HUMAN LIFE.

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# SPRING IN NATURE AND IN HUMAN LIFE.

My text is from the Song of Solomon, the second chapter, the eleventh to the thirteenth verses, "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree ripeneth her green figs, and the vines are in blossom, they give forth their fragrance."

As spring recurs, year by year, the first impression it makes on me is always of its beauty. How fair that new, soft look in the sky, that touch of green that begins to show itself on the far-off hilltop, that little misty cloud of life and color that the trees make against the blue, the beauty of the grasses, as they appear wherever there is a place for a blade to grow!

These common grass-blades, much more important to the beauty of the world than the roses and the orchids,— and something might be made of this thought if there were time. As one drives in the park, or, if he is fortunate enough to be able to walk along a country road, everywhere beauty, the new life that is opening, thrusting itself upon us, is so fair.

On a certain occasion, looking upon something that impressed him very much indeed, it is said that Lowell exclaimed, "What a poet God is!" So we may say, What a lover of beauty God is! what an artist God is! how delitely he paints the leaf of a flower!

Gray has told us,— and we are apt to take these sayings of the poets for true,—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I cannot agree with the poet. I rather feel, as did the old artist when some one suggested to him that he need not have finished so delicately certain parts of his work, which the average gazer would never notice. He replied, "The gods will see it." And so I believe that not one gem in the depths of the ocean is lost sight of, not one flower in the wildest wilderness is unnoticed, not one bird-song from the depths of the most uninhabited forest is unheard.

All our love for music, beauty, sweetness, perfume, for all the things that are fair and fine, are only little reflections, broken rays of that which is perfect in the Infinite Life and Thought and Heart. God is infinitely glad in the beauty of this little earth, in the beauty of the countless constellations that swing in space, every point of which is packed with beauty. It is only a little tiny part of the beauty of the spring which any of us ever see.

The microscope, since we have invented it, reveals to us that the parts of the universe which the eye can take no account of are exquisitely finished from the point of view of the most perfect art. And I believe that God has loved and rejoiced in all these things millions of years before there was any microscope.

The beauty of spring,— that is the first thing that is suggested to me.

And, then, the wonder. Where does the tinting of the rose come from? It comes out of something that has no tinting, to our eyes. Where does the fragrance of the rose come from? From something that does not appeal to our senses. Where does the life come from? Out of something that is dead, so far as we can see. The wonder of it!

As we look over nature, the fields of the earth, and see the stirring of this new life that we think of as having been there all the time, but which has been quiescent so far as our senses could perceive, there comes upon us a sense of the marvel of it all. As Lowell sings in "Sir Launfal,"—

> "Every clod feels a stir of might,
> An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

The wonder of it all!

And the old lesson is taught to us anew, if we have eyes to see, ears to hear, sensibility to feel,— the glad tidings that light is more than darkness, that warmth is more than cold, that life is more than death. Indeed, in the profoundest scientific sense of the word there is no such thing as darkness or cold or death. Man has never yet been able to find absolute darkness within the limits of the universe. It is only that the vibrations of the air or the ether which interpret themselves to our eyes as light are too slow for us to appreciate them.

The light is everywhere; and the shadows that we can notice exist only because there is light to cast them. And so the science of the world has never been able yet to discover absolute cold, absolute zero.

Heat, they say, is a mode of motion; and there is no such thing known to man as complete absence of motion. The universe everywhere is thrilling with life.

And there is no such thing as absolute death in the sense of the passing of anything out of existence. Science teaches us that matter and force persist forever: it is only forms which disappear. They change; but the material of which they are constructed enters into other forms. Nothing ceases to be.

So we may look out over this universe and catch the whisper of spring, to the effect that light and love and life

fold all things in their arms, and that God is not the God of darkness or cold or death. He is the God of light and love and life.

Out of numberless lessons which might be selected to illustrate the suggestions which the spring has to make for us, I have chosen four to which I wish to call your attention for a little while. The selection is in the nature of the case an arbitrary one: there is no reason why I should not have chosen others, except that these particular four are the ones which for reasons of my own I decided to press upon your attention.

And, first, the fact that there is no such thing in nature, that we can find, as absolute death, no hopeless condition of things. You look out upon a winter scene, and it certainly seems as though no life was in nature. The wind sweeps bitter cold over the landscape, everything is covered with snow and ice; and because we could not live there we are inclined to think that everything must be hopelessly dead.

> "Had one ne'er seen the miracle
> Of Maytime from December born,
> Who would have dared the tale to tell,
> That 'neath ice ridges slept the corn?"

And yet, dead though everything looks, the sun slowly comes back from the south. The drifts that first catch its rays, south-sloping, are melted away. By and by the streams shake off their fetters, and sing in their new liberty again as they dance down the hillsides towards the sea.

The earth becomes bare, and looks all brown and desolate. It would seem a miracle to us, and all the world would go out of doors to look, if it occurred only once in a century or once in a thousand years; but this brown, bare, dead earth, under the impulse of the eternal life that never slumbers or sleeps, shows itself living. Little tiny spears of green thrust themselves through the brown mould. On what looks like a hopelessly dead branch a little bud ventures forth,

tiny leaflets unfold, and before you are aware it has burst into a cloud of blossom. The whole thing is alive,— that which seemed so hopelessly dead.

Or, to change the figure so we may get a fuller illustration, go to a clearing in the spring. I remember many such when I was a boy. It has been burned over, and everything looks black and desolate. You would suppose that every rootlet had been consumed, that even the seeds had become crisp and turned to ashes. It looks utterly dead. But let this wonderful spring sky brood over it a while, let the sun shine upon it, let the April rains drip gently down, filter through the charred and blackened soil, and that will hunt out the little hidden roots and seeds; and by and by that which seemed hopelessly dead is all bursting with life and beauty again, and you have learned the lesson over once more that there is no place in nature anywhere that is really dead.

Take the alkali plains in the West. There has hardly been anything fair or beautiful or wholesome that has grown on them for a thousand years. They have been supposed to be cases of hopeless death and desolation. And yet they are now urging on the general government to turn all these into fruitful fields and parks and gardens; and we have proved that it can easily be done. Only water is needed, and the death becomes life again.

I have spoken of this only to press upon you the human analogy of this great natural and, therefore, divine truth. It has been one of the hopeful doctrines that the liberals of the modern world have preached that there are no hopeless cases of human barbarism or degradation. Ministers every little while are preaching us the doctrine of conditional immortality; that those who actually do attain the other life are the aristocracy, the finest specimens that have been developed. They have given up the great masses as incapable; and so the orthodoxy of the past for nearly two thousand years has doomed the great majority to eternal

loss. Death has seized upon them, as they say; and death is to hold them forever in its power.

But we liberals have been preaching another doctrine. We have held up the ideal of the essential nobility and dignity of all mankind, the divinity of the human soul, however degraded, however steeped or dead apparently in sin and evil. And we believe it still, and believe it more when we read the lessons of the world around us, which are the teachings of the Father who manifests himself through this world around us.

Have you not known — I have — of men who seemed hopeless? Something has happened that started them, has waked them up, and, lo! there was a God in the soul, something capable of responding to the Divine and manifesting the noblest qualities of character which we think of as finely and tenderly human.

Suppose Augustine had died when he was a young man. He would have been regarded as a hopeless castaway. He was given up to every kind of evil living. His nature looked all worn out, exhausted, dead. But God shone upon him. The divinity that was in the mother heart of Monica brooded over him, and by and by new life appeared coming up through the burned and blackened surface; and Augustine became a sun to shine as one of the leaders of Christian history in all the centuries.

Byron is not regarded by any one, even yet, as a saint. He laid his life and his heart bare to his time, apparently delighting in shocking the sensibilities of the proper British public. Given over he was to everything selfish and passionate and evil, so far as his fellows could discern; and yet, at the last, what did he do? He flung all the fiery nature that was his into a magnificent cause, dedicated his money, his time, his genius, his strength, and gave his life for the liberty of a people not English, and not bound to him by any natural ties. He was not all lost then. There was the possibility of a divine life in the midst of this apparently burned-out crater of a human soul.

So I believe that no one, whether in the slums of the East Side or West, in the Tombs, at Sing-Sing, sitting in the electric chair, swinging from some gallows into the unknown, is hopelessly dead. All are God's children; and some time, somewhere, the desert shall blossom as the rose, and it shall be proved to us over again that "life is ever lord of death."

One other thought: This power of the spring is seizing with apparent impartiality upon everything that is capable of unfolding: not only orchids and roses and beautiful blossoms, but weeds, are being developed on every hand. Wherever there is a place where anything can live and grow, there something is living and growing; and the great majority of the things that are growing in the midst of this beautiful spring of ours are uncultivated, they are beyond the pale of our parks and gardens, they are out of the range of what we are accustomed to think of as fairest, as beautiful, cultivated growths.

And yet the weeds are all of them flowers in their own place. In their own range of life and judged by their own standards, they are all flowers. What we call weeds, from the human point of view, are simply what might be called flowers that are out of place, that get in our way.

The farmer will treat acres of daisies as weeds that he struggles and fights against and tries to extirpate; and the poet will sing songs about them. Weeds are only things, from our point of view, misplaced, things that get in our way.

There are human weeds. A great majority of the growths of humanity are weeds, from our civilized and cultivated point of view. The great majority of the world to the Christian is still heathen; the great majority of people, from the point of view of the artist, have no taste; and the great majority of people, from the point of view of the scholar, are uneducated; from the point of view of the logician, are illogical; from the point of view of the society man or woman, without cultivation or manners. The great majority of the people of the world, then, up to the present time, are

only weeds, not flowers, from the hothouse or the garden or the horticulturist point of view.

And yet they are flowers. There is a fragrance, a beauty, a sweetness in these lower ranges of human life, as we sometimes call them. And I find myself, as I study them, as I get better acquainted with them, wondering more and more at the supercilious attitude we take towards them. There is just as much heart in the poor, uneducated, struggling mother as she gives her life watching over her babe as there is in the rich mansion on the avenue,— sometimes more.

There is as much heart in the father — and I have known a case like this within the last week — who literally works himself to death for the mother and the little ones as there is in the man of wealth who surrounds those he loves with luxuries. Is not there a little bit more?

We speak of the generosity of the rich, and they are very generous, more generous to-day than at any time in the history of the world, and I recognize with admiration the man who gives of his millions for education, for art, for the beautifying of life, for the uplifting of it in any direction; but I have learned that the poor are the generous givers of the world.

Carnegie and Rockefeller give their millions; but, comparatively, they give very little, indeed, when placed side by side with the poor, who share their crusts, their last meals, with each other in their extremity. You go and study the poor, and see how they watch over each other, loan each other from their little saving, contribute generously to the very last for the sake of helping one another.

And I think of what Jesus said many years ago when he noted the rich putting their large sums into the temple treasury, and then the poor widow who put in two mites, which was all her living; and he said, "She hath given more than they all."

So there is not an essential human virtue that you do not

find down among these human weeds, as we are superciliously apt to think them. Do not despise them, then; recognize the humanity, and remember, as Burns has so grandly sung, that, whatever the rank or the wealth may be,

"A man's a man for a' that!"

Respect, then, the humanity, and not the superficial distinction; and do not despise those that have had no such opportunities as have been yours.

One other aspect of this life of spring. In speaking to the children at Easter, I referred to the marvellous fact that, if you place two flowers side by side, or two plants, or two trees, and they gather from the soil, the same soil, from the atmosphere, the same atmosphere, apparently the same materials, each particular growth turns these raw materials into itself.

The rose gathers out of this storehouse, and makes everything it clasps over into rose; pink makes everything into pink; the pine-tree turns everything into pine; the birch-tree, everything into birch; the prickly cactus, out of the same storehouse, takes the materials, and makes cactus of them; the poison ivy, out of the same storehouse, gathers the materials, and makes poison ivy out of them.

What is the lesson of this? There are a good many: I have no time for them all; one or two only can I suggest. You find two people here in this city of New York, belonging substantially in the same social grade, living in the same kind of house, surrounded substantially by the same class of books and papers, moving in the same society — and yet what? One out of this raw material of living turns himself into a consecrated, devoted, loving, serving, helping man. Another man takes these same raw materials of life, and makes of himself — what? A grasping, selfish, close-fisted, hard, unfeeling, unneighborly kind of man.

Two women, one of them out of this raw material of life makes herself sweet and tender and self-sacrificing and lov-

ing: the other makes herself the slave and plaything of fashion, a woman who neglects her children, a woman who is bitter and selfish and sarcastic and slanderous in her relations with her fellows and neighbors; and all out of the same raw materials of life.

Two men again: One is a hopeful man, who sees good everywhere, who gets materials for trust, who believes in his fellow-men; instead of denouncing them for their weaknesses and fallible qualities, he recognizes them and makes allowances for them; he believes in the goodness of the universe; he is an optimist. And another man, side by side with him, getting supplies for his thought and feeling and life apparently out of the same storehouse, is bitter and hard, sarcastic towards men, has no belief in them, sees all the dark things in the universe, and has no trust in God, is a pessimist by the time he is fifty, and claims that it is because he is wise and sees things as they are that he is thus hopeless.

Again, take two women: One of them loses a husband or a child. She becomes bitter and hard, forgets that ten thousand times ten thousand women have been through the same experience since the world began; and, though she was hopeful and trustful in spite of that fact, when it touches her, she becomes bitter and hard.

Another loses husband or child, and, though stunned and heart-broken and hopeless for a time, she becomes tender, she is touched with this sympathetic quality until she feels the sorrows of all the world, and folds them in her divine arms of sympathy, and wishes to help and to cheer; and she becomes a ministering angel, a source of life and comfort and peace to all who come in contact with her.

These two characters made apparently out of the same raw material.

The same thing is true in the intellectual realm. A man makes up his mind that a certain thing is true; and he reads and studies the same books that another man reads and

studies, and he forgets everything that does not go to the supposed establishment of his ideas, and makes everything minister to his particular opinion. Another man finds in these same books, reviews, and facts of nature, a reason for believing something precisely opposite.

What does this mean? It means that we carry in ourselves, in a very large measure, responsibility for our point of view, our outlook for what we make ourselves, for what we are. Plants, flowers, and trees cannot help themselves: we can. We can look up, we can look forward, we can determine as to whether we will let the conditions of life crush us or whether we will master them, and wield them into material for hope and cheer and service.

One other point, and this is the last: I wish to turn the thought with which I have been dealing around another way, see another aspect of it which is quite as true as that with which I have been dealing. You go to some place in China or Japan, and you find the most delicate and dainty products of the tea plant. You take slips of this, or the seed, to some other part of the world, and set them out; and they tell us that it is practically impossible to get the same quality of tea. There is something in the soil, in the atmosphere, that was found in China or Japan, that is not found in other parts of the world.

In other words, the quality of the growths that we see going on around us depends very largely, sometimes, on their environment, the natural supplies which are furnished them, with which they are to build up the structure of fibre and leaf.

What is true of the tea plant is true of others as well. I remember some years ago I visited a beautiful island in a lake in Italy. The owner of the island, so far as it was possible, has gathered specimens of trees, shrubs, and plants from all the world, and has them growing there; but the botanist, the man who studies them carefully, would discover that they are not precisely what they would have been if

they had been left to grow in their natural habitat. They have taken on certain habits, characteristics, determined by the changed environment.

Now let us take the suggestion of this to human life. We are apt, when we come in contact with people, to judge them by some absolute standard, and one generally which we furnish ourselves. If they do not come up to our idea of what they ought to be, then it is all wrong. Possibly they have not had the opportunity.

Take a little boy, for example, who grows up in the slums of this city, who never hears the name of God except as part of an oath, who is not taught anything about the love or care of a Father in heaven, who sees no satisfactory specimens of human love, knows no home. He is preyed upon from the time he is able to walk by some boy that is a little sharper than he, until he learns to be sharp on his own account; a little animal, trying to get the advantage of other little animals. This is all he knows of life.

Would you judge him as you would a boy grown up on the avenue or in one of our sweet and tender homes? But in an unfortunate environment of some kind, as compared with our own, are not the great majority of men and women developed?

Let us learn, then, a lesson of charity, of sympathy, as we deal with people who have not had our opportunities. And not only the poor boy. We sometimes refer with a sneer to the story of the princess at the time of the French Revolution, who, when told that the people were starving for want of bread, naïvely inquired why they did not eat cake. Why not? She had never known what it was to want anything. She had never had any opportunity to develop sympathy for suffering, a touch of kinship with the poor and degraded, with the wrong-doer. We need sometimes, some of us, I think, to have a little sympathy for the children of millionaires, as well as for the children of paupers and tramps. I think that the child brought up never to want anything is to

be pitied. I have known cases of persons utterly without the power to sympathize with people who were struggling with narrow means, utterly without power to appreciate mental and moral quantities which may come out under conditions like that,— persons who all their lives long had anything they wished merely by turning over a hand.

Do you now see that those conditions are not favorable to the development of the finest, sweetest, gentlest, most sympathetic, most charitable qualities of the human heart?

Let us, then, learn to judge people — this is the voice of the springtime — not by an absolute standard which we erect for ourselves, but from the point of view of their own opportunity, of the possibilities that have been granted to them.

Now at the end just one brief suggestion of hope: If the farmer does not plant his seeds at the proper time in the spring, then no harvest for him; and he must await another year. But in these human lives of ours there is no limiting time like that. Every day is harvest, so far as the past is concerned. Every day is a judgment day on which we are facing the results of what we have thought and of what we have wrought; but, thank God, no matter how old we are, how white our hairs, how wrinkled our faces, how little time on earth is left us,— no matter what our conditions, every day is planting time for men and women, if they choose to make it so.

We can begin now to sow seeds of gentleness, of love and truth, of charity, of peace, of goodness, of help, and know that the great Husbandman will send his sun and his showers, and that we shall reap fruit to life eternal.

Dear Father, we bless Thee for the hope that is whispered to us, as we listen, by the gentle voices of spring; for the spring is but an expression of Thy thought, Thy love, Thy wisdom, Thy life. So it is Thou that art whispering to us,— whispering words of hope and of cheer. Amen.

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*"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"*

# MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

## SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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# THEY THAT BE WITH US

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
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104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1902

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# THEY THAT BE WITH US.

My text you will find in the Second Book of Kings, the sixth chapter, the fifteenth to the seventeenth verse, inclusive,— "And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host with horses and chariots was round about the city. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

At the outset let us get in mind with a little clearness the circumstances that have given us our text. There was war between the king of Syria and the king of Israel; and the Syrian king's plans failed so many times that he suspected treachery among his own followers. And he called his officers about him and consulted with them; and they said, No, there is no treachery, but there is a man of God with the king of Israel who tells him every word that you speak in your bedchamber.

The Syrian king then laid a plan to capture this man of God, and sent forth spies to inquire as to where he was. They found that he was in a little hill city called Dothan; and so, during the night, he sends detachments of his army and surrounds the city, so that in the morning, when the servant of the prophet Elisha wakes up and looks out, he sees that they are surrounded on every hand by their enemies, and he rushes to his master with the cry, "Alas, how shall we do?"

And his master calmly replies, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And then he asked that the young man's eyes might be opened, so that he might see the reality of their situation; and the story tells us that when the prayer was answered, the young man saw that the hill was surrounded by horses and chariots of fire, which God had ordained for their protection, but which ordinarily he could not see.

The lesson which I shall try to draw from this story perhaps you have already begun to guess. I do not care to raise any question as to whether the tale is historic or not. There are some things which are truer than facts; and it is this spiritual truth, the inner and ordinarily hidden truth of things, which we wish to try to see this morning if we may.

The prophet Elisha is not the only man in the past history of the world who was surrounded by difficulties that looked insurmountable. I suppose that all men and women everywhere have some time in their lives felt that they were in a position where the forces that threatened them seemed so overwhelming that they were ready to despair. All of us, first or last, have experiences which make us feel that the majority powers of the universe are our foes, that we are deserted, that we are desolate, alone.

Note a few of the things that cause this feeling: We are ill, perhaps, and have lost courage and heart. The illness is prolonged; and we wonder as to whether we shall ever feel ourselves again. Or a friend is ill, so ill that our hearts are heavy as we watch the progress of the disease. Or we have lost a friend, some one very near to us has died. Or we have lost a friend in a sadder way than by the process of death,— by misunderstanding, by alienation, by betrayal of some sort.

For there are sadder things, friends, I think we have learned, than death. If the memory of the dead be consecrated and sweet and true, their loss is easily borne com-

pared with a living loss that has about it the touch of betrayal or disgrace.

Perhaps, then, you have lost a friend. Perhaps we have lost money by which we had expected in old age to be made comfortable. All the things we have accumulated have been swept away. Or we have lost ideals. We had brave dreams when we were young. We started out lured and led on by beautiful visions; but they have faded, and we have found that the earth is very commonplace, our eyes are dimmed and irritated by the dust of the highway, and life has become a weariness and a care.

Or we have sinned. We have put ourselves out of right relation with things; and we carry the inner consciousness that we are burdened in such a way that we cannot easily free ourselves, no matter what has been the cause of it. So many of us come, some time in life, to feeling that the powers of the world are enemies to us; we are surrounded, hedged in on every hand. We feel as though we were struggling against foes that are too strong for our weakness, and we lose heart and are ready to despair; and we cry out, O Master, how shall we do? as we see these closing in upon us.

Have we a right, as the result of our knowledge of the facts of human life, without too much strain on our faith, to believe in our case the assurance of the prophet,— They that be with us are more than they that be with our enemies? Have we a right to take the comfort of that thought to our hearts?

It is to suggest some thoughts which look towards the answering of this question that I speak this morning. It is a large theme, concerning which books have been written by the score. You cannot expect me, then, to cover the ground or exhaust even any one part of it. I shall only select here and there certain phases of the general theme, so that I may hint what I believe to be the universal truth,— that the world is our friend, that God is our friend, that the

universe is not an enemy, and that, in whatever condition we may be, we have a right to feel and to say and to take to our hearts the comfort that goes with the feeling and saying,— They that be with us are more than they that be with them that oppose us.

I wish you to note the truth in its very lowest aspect first. Primitive man, when he first waked up to consciousness and faced the facts of the world around him, looked upon most of the manifestations of power on every hand as hostile to him; and we have inherited that way of looking at the universe. Most of the old gods were cruel. They were gods to be bought off, pleaded with, placated, if possible.

It is very striking to notice that nearly all the worship of the past has carried with it the implication that God must somehow be bargained with, in order to be good and kind to us; and this means, of course, if you stop and analyze it a moment, that the impression which the early world made upon early man was that of being hostile to him. The storms and tempests, the clouds, the burning heat of the sun, the swollen and rushing rivers, the great waste of the sea, the lightnings,— all these powers seemed to be in the hands of forces or beings that were ready to strike and injure men.

But what have we learned as the result of our study of the universe? We have learned at last that all these mighty powers are ready to be our friends, our helpers, our servants, if only we will learn to understand them, recognize them as manifestations of God, as acting under law, and if we will find out how to become obedient to those laws. We do not, as we sometimes boastfully say, wield the forces of nature; we have not grasped and tamed the lightnings. These are not wild forces to be curbed by any might of puny man. They are God's eternal, everlasting, law-abiding, orderly workers; and we gain control of them for our help by learning the conditions and being simply and humbly obedient to those conditions. In other words, the minute we know

how, we can have God's omnipotence in the natural world behind us as our backer, by our side as our ally, instead of being opposed to us as a supposed enemy. It only needs that we have our eyes opened, so that we may see, that we may understand.

Take the streams, for example, the rushing rivers, the torrents which used to be difficult to ford, which used to suck down under the current and bear away the swimmer, until the ignorant people of the time thought there was some water spirit there that was an enemy to the life of man. These now turn our mill-wheels, and develop for us electric power, become our servants in any one of a hundred different ways, just so fast and so far as we learn the law of water moving and falling, and understand how to comply with its conditions.

So the winds, the hurricanes, tornadoes, that swept and desolated the world. Since we have learned how to adapt our ships and sails to them, they are our friends, to carry us from port to port across the sea. And this electric power, which in all the mythologies of the past has been the sign of an angry god, the bolt wielded by Jupiter to affright the heavens and cower suffering humanity, has become — what? Our post boy, to run on our errands; the source of power to move our machinery. By complying with its laws we have made it light by night. We have just begun to understand it; and, lo! it is our friend, our helper; it is God caring for, guarding, guiding, serving his children.

And the same thing is true in every phase of the natural world around us: it is all thrilling, throbbing, with the life of God, the present, living activity, the working of God; and, as I said, the omnipotent, the all-wise and all-loving God, so far as the natural world is concerned, is at our back in any legitimate undertaking, is by our side as our ally and friend whenever we try to understand and co-operate with it.

Leaving that, then, let us take a step higher, and note another aspect of this same universal truth. It has seemed

to men in the past as though the universe was one subtle enemy to our physical health and condition. Pestilences, poisons, diseases, pains, evils of every kind, have seemed to lurk in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the fruits of the trees and the growths of the earth that we eat,— everywhere there have seemed to lurk invisible enemies to our physical condition. And yet I venture to say, as opposed to that, that the entire universe is in favor of health: the things that seem to oppose us are not so much as those that are in our favor.

Note one fundamental principle from which you can deduce everything I am going to say. *The universe must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws.* And, if I am able to keep the laws of the universe perfectly, so far as my physical being is concerned, then I must be in perfect health. It is only a breach of these laws, knowing or unknowing, which is the cause of every pain and of all physical disability of every kind.

In other words, God is in favor of health; and, if we choose to study the divine methods and ways, find out his laws, the conditions, and comply with them, disease will gradually be banished from the earth. We have learned within the last few years to control certain great epidemics, pestilences of the world, so that we are on the borders of stamping them out of existence. And how have we done it? Simply by finding out God's methods and noting the fact that God's ways are ways of health. The time will come, I suppose,— I do not quite like to admit that it has come yet,— when it will be a disgrace to be sick, when people will be ashamed of it because it means either ignorance, the ignorant breaking of laws, the conditions of health, or else the purposed, deliberate breaking of them, one or the other.

I remember some years ago hearing a play in which the hero was a worn-out roué, who had broken all the laws of his body in every conceivable way; and he sends for his

physician. The physician tells him, Now you must do this, you must not do that, and you must look after another thing. When he gets through, the man says: Why, I know all that well enough. What do you suppose I want of a doctor? I want somebody to keep me well and let me do as I please. That is what most of us want: we do not wish to study carefully and obey the laws of health. We wish to be well and at the same time at liberty to break all the laws of God that touch our physical constitution.

God is in favor of health. I do not mean by that, and I do not believe, that God, by fiat, is going to make anybody well. I do not believe he ever wrought a miracle for the cure of a disease. I do not believe, as some do at the present time, that matter does not exist, that thought is all, and that by the direct power of thought you can put disease, or that which is called disease, out of existence.

I do not know what matter is: I do not know of anybody who does. I do not know what mind is: I do not know of anybody who does. But the two things which we call matter and mind are to us the most intimate and intense of all realities; and I believe that God manifests himself in these diverse ways, and that in each range of life there are fixed and definite laws and conditions which must be found out and complied with if we wish the result which is health.

The universe, then, is not in favor of disease. Colonel Ingersoll some years ago said in a lecture, in reply to some one who asked him if he would suggest any improvement on the universe, that, if he had had his way, he would have made good health catching, instead of disease. It seems to me he overlooked the fundamental fact that good health is catching, just as much as disease, and that the universe does not need any improvement in that direction. It only needs that we learn the laws of the universe and co-operate with God; and then the health and the joy and might that come with health may be ours.

There is another thing that the universe is in favor of, contrary, it seems to me, to the popular impression. The universe is in favor of goodness: God is in favor of goodness. The popular impression that I got at any rate from the old theology was that in the long run, if you took heaven into account, God was in favor of goodness, but that it had rather a hard time of it in this world; that, if you wished to be happy in this world, you would not follow the path of righteousness. That was the idea with which I grew up, nurtured in it, trained in it, somehow, directly or indirectly, I hardly know which. I got it from church services, I breathed it in the air, I had it sung to me in the hymns. This world was a vale of tears, it was a place where the good were aliens and outcasts. It was ruled over by the god of this world, who was not in favor with the God of the other. If we wished to be happy in heaven, then we must deny ourselves all the pleasures and happiness of this life; and then we might hope to obtain that ultimate reward.

That was the conception of the world that was taught to me in the old days, or that I somehow inherited or imbibed. I think this has been the popular idea. I think it is entirely contrary to the facts. This world, right here and now, is in favor of goodness. There are certain things that look against it for the moment. I know that, if we wish to gain some high ideal, live in the higher ranges of our lives, we must sacrifice, put under our feet, certain lower things which are incompatible with these; that is, we cannot go in two directions at the same time. But, if we choose that which on the whole we prefer, choose the high, sweet, unselfish, loving, noble life, we have that which is the best: we do but sacrifice the mean and injurious things.

I know it is said that the good have been sacrificed in the past. People point to the typical example of the Nazarene, and say, This is the fate of the man who will be true to his God and to the highest. Two things I would like to say concerning this: In the first place I do not for one mo-

ment believe the popular conception as to the general unhappiness of Jesus. I believe that the life of Jesus was supremely blessed. How could it be other, conscious as he was of the fatherhood, the loving care and guidance of God, conscious as he was that he was living for the noblest and sweetest things, that he was giving his life to the help of his fellow-men? How could he be unhappy?

And, as you look over the history of the past, is it not true that the world, this "wicked" world, this selfish world that we talk about so much, has apotheosized, deified, lifted up on pedestals, has glorified, honored, loved, worshipped, the true and the noble in every age? Where is there one single instance of a man who was found to be essentially bad that the world has ever kept on loving and honoring? Is there one? I do not know it.

This proves that the common, every-day men and women are in favor of goodness, that they love it, they recognize it, they praise it, they honor it, they try, so far as their power and circumstances permit, to imitate it.

And what do good people expect? I am amazed sometimes to hear an individual talk about these things. A man says, I have tried to be good, but have never had any business success. I have tried to be good, but I have won no social distinction. I have tried to be good; and I ran for office, and was beaten by my opponent, who was not so good as I was. I have tried to be good, and have never distinguished myself in any particular way.

Just stop and think a moment. Has God ever promised that kind of reward for goodness? What do the Beatitudes say? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall"—what? Get rich, get into office, be famous? "They shall see God." Is that so little?

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall"—what? Have money, fame, glory? "They shall be filled." Filled with what? With righteousness. Is that nothing? Is the consciousness of being

noble and true of no account? Is it so poor a thing to develop yourself into the likeness of God that you want to be paid for it?

The universe is in favor of righteousness; and it cannot be a bad universe and be that. Once during the last year I quoted two or three lines of a little poem I have in my hand. I wish to quote it all now for its significance as bearing on this theme. It is "The Good Great Man," by Coleridge. You will notice, I think, the complaint put into these opening lines: —

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
  Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits
  Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! Renounce this idle strain.
  What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword had slain?
  Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
  The good great man? Three treasures,— love and light
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath,
And three fast friends more sure than day or night,—
  Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death!

One more point I wish to make. I have said the universe is in favor of goodness. I wish to press the matter a little farther, and say that the universe is in favor of happiness. If we say, as we look back over our lives, that we have been surrounded by forces combating our happiness all the way, then I wish to challenge that statement. I wish to ask you to reconsider. I believe that the powers that be for our happiness are more than they that be with all the forces that oppose us.

Note here again. The universe must be in favor of happiness: it cannot help it. Why? I laid down the

fundamental principle a little while ago that the universe must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and, if we keep perfectly the laws of the universe, the result must be the music of happiness.

Take it in the physical realm, for example. If we are in perfect health,— that is, if we keep all the laws of God so far as the body is concerned,— then it is joy merely to be alive. The play of every natural function is a source of pleasure. It is pleasant to breathe the air, for the eyes to behold the sun, to smell the fragrance of the flowers, to look out on the beauty of the earth, to look up to the stars at night, and feel the awe and wonder that they distil. In every direction, if we are in tune with the world, we find that its forces are fingers that play on us, and that the result is the music we call joy.

The universe, then, in spite of all our unhappiness, is opposed to our being unhappy. I wish to note one or two superficial facts. In the first place, I do not believe that anybody has had half as much unhappiness during the course of his life as he thinks he has.

Look back for a little, and you will find that there was a whole day, a week, ten days, a month, that was sunny and sweet and beautiful, and when everything went your way. You took almost no note of it. But let there come one hindrance, one interruption, one fact that you do not like which intrudes itself, and your whole nature is all in rebellion against it, and you feel as though everything was your enemy. In other words, you remember the cloudy days, the things that were not pleasant; and you are very apt to forget and overlook the others.

As I look back over my life,— and I think I have a right to feel that I have had my share of the unpleasant things,— I am ready to say that the great majority of the days have been days filled with things that ought at any rate to have ministered to my pleasure and content.

This hints another source of unhappiness which need not

exist. You have no right to charge against God or the universe the unhappiness which you choose to bring upon yourselves for no adequate cause. How many people make themselves unhappy through envy, jealousy, discontent, ambition for something they have not yet attained! What I mean is this: they have abundant sources of happiness, but they fling them behind them, overlook them, and complain of the universe because something else has not been theirs.

I have seen a little child on the floor, at play by its mother's knee, crying with discontent, surrounded by more playthings than it knew what to do with, but wanting just something else at that particular minute. That is an image of human life. We are grown-up children, and are constantly doing a similar thing.

Look out over the world, and see. There is one thing which makes me believe in the goodness of things,— the fact that all the grandest, highest, deepest, noblest sources of satisfaction are open to all men, women, and children of the world, just in so far as they are developed into sufficient capacity to appreciate and understand them. There is no monopoly on the part of any kings or nobles or wealthy people of the finest and best things of the world. The best things are ours; and by ours I mean they belong to all who make themselves capable of having them.

What are the best things? Well, there is love: that is the best thing in the world, and is open to all of us. There is friendship, the next best thing: that is open to all of us. There is the opportunity to be of service, to help somebody, that which makes the highest joy of the angels, as we dream of angelic life, the ability and the opportunity to be of service, to help somebody: that is open to all of us.

All of us who can see have all the resources of the universe,— the day and the night sky, the rivers and the sea, the trees, the brooks, the birds, the song of the wind,— all the wonders of nature. And, if we do not own one foot of ground, in the sense that we have paid money for it and

have a title-deed, all the beauty and glory of the earth are ours if we are capable, as we can make ourselves, of appreciating it and enjoying it.

And the higher things are coming to be the common property of everybody. Almost everybody now can read and own the treasures of the world's thought, which are so cheap that any man can have them if he will. There is not a man in the city of New York to-day who cannot have the best books of the world if he shows that he wants them. Pictures, statuary, works of art,— the most of these to-day, or the best specimens of them,— are accessible to all mankind.

And so in every department of life: it is true that, if we will only open our eyes and see, we shall discover that the forces at work for human happiness are more than those that work against it; and, if we will only co-operate with these forces,— that is, take our places by the side of God and help him work and let him work for us,— our lives may become songs of gratitude and joy.

I would like, as chiming in with this theme, merely to glance up for a moment, and suggest a truth with which I cannot deal to-day. The prophet prayed that his servant's eyes might be opened; and he saw the whole mountain full of the horses and chariots of the Lord. The traditions of all the religions tell us of invisible beings that watch over and work for men,— the guardian angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" said one New Testament writer.

I believe that this visible universe is an atom, the smallest part of all; that this little earth is an island, floating in the midst of all-surrounding spirit. I am inclined to agree with Milton when he says,—

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

I am inclined to believe that perhaps those who have loved us and have gone away from our sides may be very

nigh to us, invisible, as well as the horses and chariots of the Lord to Elisha's servant, but here none the less, guarding in ways that we can only partly understand, ministering to us.

I believe, therefore, that this whole universe, visible and invisible, is the manifestation of divine power, divine wisdom, divine love, and that we, as his children, have all this universe on our side, ready to favor, help, uplift, lead, strengthen us, just as fast and in so far as we learn how to co-operate with him.

And the end, then, is what? That we have a right not to worry, no matter what our condition. We have a right not to get discouraged or disheartened, no matter how much we suffer, no mater how ill we are, no matter how many friends we lose, no matter whether we are misunderstood or not, no matter whether the world seems to be going our way or against us. We cannot get into worse straits than was the Nazarene that Friday afternoon outside the city when he cried out that even God had forsaken him.

But let us remember that there is no power in this universe that is opposed to God that can hurt us, unless we co-operate with it. And all the powers of God and the universe are with us, when we co-operate with them. There is only one force in all this universe that can really do us an injury; and that is ourselves. There is no other power that can work us any essential harm.

We have a right, then, to share that serenity and trust which Whittier so beautifully expresses in his "Eternal Goodness,"—

> "No harm from Him can come to me,
> On ocean or on shore."

Father, let us, then, trust in Thee. If the way is dark, still let us trust. If we be surrounded by enemies and cannot see our defenders, still let us trust. Let us reach up our hands through the dark, and take hold of Thine, and be led and comforted. Amen.

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# SYMPATHY

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# SYMPATHY.

My text you may find in the fourth chapter of the Book of Hebrews, one clause of the fifteenth verse,— "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

I have chosen this as being one typical illustration of the place, the power, the divine office of sympathy. I propose to ask you, however, to consider it under several different aspects. I want, if I may, to help you see its place in life,— its importance, its relation, to a good many phases of life with which we are not accustomed perhaps to associate it.

But, first, what is sympathy? It comes from two Greek words; and the literal meaning of it is to suffer, or to feel with,— to share the condition, the emotion, the hopes, the fears, of another. It is made up of several elements: it has an intellectual side; and the person who does not think, if he has any sympathy at all, has only an instinctive and very narrow kind. It is largely intellectual; and, as the world grows in this direction, it also grows in its possession and manifestation of sympathy.

The intellectual side of it, however, is connected very largely with a faculty that we, perhaps do not commonly think of as being intellectual, in the strict sense of that word: it is connected with our power to imagine,— mentally to picture, to think of accurately, another person, a thing, a condition, a situation; and then the other element of it is the power of feeling, emotion. We must think first, be able to picture; that is, we must put ourselves in the place of another, occupy the point of view of another, and then we are ready to share the appropriate feeling that this position

calls for. So much by way of simple analysis of sympathy.

Now I wish at the outset to suggest to you how this development of sympathy enlarges the range of our life: it is by sympathy that we become richer in every direction, that we come into possession of the finest and sweetest things in the world.

For example, it is by the power of sympathy that we learn to appreciate a work of art. Take some beautiful picture. I have walked, as you have, by the side of friends or casual acquaintances in an art gallery, and seen them look at some painting utterly untouched, unmoved, while it told a wonderful story to me. Or — for I do not wish to suggest any superiority on my part in this direction — the case may have been reversed. I may have looked without any comprehension on a picture that had a world of meaning for some one else.

But if we are to comprehend a work of art, if it is to mean anything to us, we must imaginatively get beside the creator of that work, feel with him, look through his eyes, and try to share the emotion that was in his soul while he was creating this beautiful, this significant thing.

Most of you, I suppose, who have been abroad at all, in Switzerland have looked across the little lake at Lucerne, and seen Thorwaldsen's lion. How much did it mean? If it is to have its full significance for you, you must know in the first place at least a little about the French Revolution, the difficulties and dangers of those days; you must know about the Swiss Guard, their devotion to the unfortunate king; how through their faithfulness they yielded up their lives. Then, as you look at this wonderful work of the sculptor, it not only talks to your mind, but it touches your whole emotional nature; and you are thrilled with sympathy for the heroism, the suffering, the utter devotion of which men are capable.

The same is true in literature, in music. A boy reads

Shakespeare, out of curiosity perhaps. He becomes interested in one of the historical plays merely for its story, or because of some famous name with which he may have become familiar. But he grows older, he experiences more of life, he comes into contact with the world's sorrows, its heartaches and its tears. And then he comes back to his Shakespeare again; and there is a whole world of sympathy that is open to him now, a thousand points where he and Shakespeare touch that did not exist for him as a boy. It means that he has thought more, has felt more, his life has grown richer; and so more and more of that apparently exhaustless wealth of the great poet comes into his possession.

But just here and now I wish to illustrate this point chiefly by a reference to the attitude which we hold towards the natural world around us. I had occasion a Sunday or two ago in another connection to speak of the fact that the early men were afraid of the forces of nature. And well may we be still, sometimes, in the presence of their more appalling manifestations.

But this was the general attitude of the childhood world. If you are familiar with ancient literature, you know that there was very little sense of the beauty of the natural world manifested in it as compared with what we find to-day. If you are familiar with ancient art, you know that the beauty of the outdoor world played practically no part in it whatever. In Greece and Rome there were few landscape paintings; there was little sense of the beauty of things developed in this direction. But to-day, with the expansion of our knowledge of nature, our recognition of it as an orderly universe, a manifestation of the wisdom and the love of God, there has been a marvellous development of mere delight in the beauty of the world, the skies, the mountains, the rivers.

Wordsworth is a typical illustration of it. You remember how in one of his lonely walks he discovers a beautiful cluster of flowers along the border of a lake; and then, at

the end of his little poem about them, he pictures himself as in the solitude of his study, remembering all this beauty, and adds,—

> "And then my heart with rapture thrills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

He is the one, more than any other writer, who has helped us to become sympathetically conscious of the life of God in the natural world around us; and in view of this life he says,—

> . . . "Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains, and of all which we behold
> From this green earth."

Byron gives us beautiful touches of this simple delight: —

> "There is a pleasure" —

not a terror any longer —

> "in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Thoreau, Burroughs, Jeffries,— any number of other writers,— all help us at last to see the beauty of the little things all around us, by our doorsteps, by the roadside. Men used to be afraid of nature. They fought it; and then, in imitation of that long warfare, there came, and lingers still,— though it is dying out, thank God,— the sportsman's instinct, not to kill in self-defence, but to kill merely for play. We are substituting now the kodak for the gun; and, instead of shooting a bird at sight, people are sitting quietly, hushed, on a fallen tree in the shadow, making friends with the bird, watching it, learning its ways, its notes, the color of its coat, the method of its life, and the development of its young. People are loving, entering sympathetically into all this lower life around us.

One more poetic expression of this delight I wish to read to you: —

"I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

"Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
So full the simple grass is of delight.

"And if by chance a redwing, passing near,
Should light beside me in the alder-tree;
And if above the ripple, I should hear
The lusty conversation of the bee,

"I think that I should lift my voice and sing;
I know that I should laugh and look around,
As if to catch the meadows answering,
As if expecting whispers from the ground."

This marvellous life of the world all around us, full of God, full of power, full of beauty, of suggestion, inspiration,— this has become ours through the extension of our power of sympathy.

It is sympathy also that makes friendship and love possible. The selfish man, the man who tries to live shut up within his own personality, bounding his care by the range of his own personal interests, we not only regard now as weak: we regard him as very simple, as foolish, unwise, poor. For a man's life is rich by as much as he touches the world at more and more points, and is able to include in his all-embracing sympathy the cares, hopes, fears, aspirations, ambitions, joys, of other people.

If a man has one friend, he is rich. If he is to have that one friend, however, it must be through the extension of the power of sympathy; he must think about that friend enough to appreciate the kind of life he is leading; he must enter sympathetically into the life of that friend, occupy that

friend's point of view, look at the world through his eyes, feel about things with his heart. But if he has two, three, a dozen, a thousand friends, he is richer still. He is rich by as much as he can find something to sympathize with in myriads and myriads of other lives.

That man who can care only for an American politically is relatively poor. If he can rejoice in England, in France, in Italy, if he can say with the old Latin poet, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is foreign to me," then I say he is rich. He has expanded and multiplied his own life by a million.

If one is to be a lover, here, again, the most tender, delicate, and beautiful manifestation of sympathy is required. He must get out of himself, and make his home in the life of another, care more for that than he does for his own, think this other's thoughts, share this other's feelings, be burdened by this other's cares, be lifted by this other's aspirations, thrill with this other's ambitions and exaltations: it is by the power of sympathy that we have love.

But now I come to what may perhaps seem to you a somewhat more practical side of my theme. No man can be just in this world except as he develops his power of sympathy and cultivates the faculty of the imagination, so that he can put himself in another's place. There is no injustice on earth so narrow, so pitiless, as that of self-content, — good people who erect themselves into standards, who make their own feelings and opinions bars of judgment before which they call other people, other causes, books, pictures, everything on the face of the earth, dividing them on the right and the left hand according to their own narrow, petty whims and feelings.

And all of us have a strain of this about us somewhere. Very few of us are sympathetically broad enough to begin to do justice to other things and other people. One of the finest things in the world that is said about God is that he sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. One of the

finest things in Walt Whitman is where he says that whatever God and nature do not reject he will not reject. One of the finest old epilogues that has come to us from the East is that which tells the story of how a man of another religion came to Abraham one night, and asked for entertainment. And, when the old saint found that this visitor was not going to worship God according to his ideas, he proposed to thrust him from his door, to refuse him his hospitality. And then the voice of God comes to him, and says, "Abraham, I have borne with this man for seventy years: can you not bear with him for one night?"

We need to cultivate this power of sympathy, not for the sake of charity,— I am not pleading for charity now,— but for the sake of being just.

Consider one or two illustrations before we come up to human affairs. When Wordsworth appeared, his poems were almost universally scoffed at and rejected. Why? The traditions of Queen Anne, and of Pope and his school were so strong that the people of England were not able to appreciate this entirely new note in literature. When Millet began to paint, and, indeed, throughout his life, as you know, he was almost universally cast out. He lived a life of poverty and hardship; and to-day the least work of his brush would bring money enough to have given him to live a life of ease.

Why? The traditions of the older school in France were so dominant that there was no place, no sympathetic, open door for a man like Millet, who was doing an entirely different kind of work.

When Wagner first appeared, he was universally looked down upon. Indeed, throughout the larger part of his life he had only a few friends and admirers. Why? The older school of music had created a standard of taste and judgment so hard and fast and fixed that there was no ability to appreciate an entirely different class of music.

So it is in regard to our intellectual judgments of things.

If people would only stop to think that, when they pronounce an off-hand judgment on a book, a picture, or a bit of statuary, or a musical composition, they are pronouncing a judgment on themselves at the same time, they would be less free with their speech and busier with their thinking. We too often simply show to the world that we have no sympathetic power to appreciate, when we say off-hand, I do not like this or that or the other thing.

But the most important field, of course, for this manifestation of sympathy, in order that we may be just, is in our human relations. We grow up in a particular kind of home. It is natural that we should look with reverence upon our past. We loved father and mother; and we are very apt to think that their way of doing things was the way for all mankind.

We go through a certain training in a certain kind of school. Our literary, our artistic opinions are moulded and shaped by our environment; and, after all, we get certain hard and fast and fixed ethical standards concerning things that may be radically, fundamentally right or wrong, but that also may not. And yet we hold these fixed opinions.

Do you remember the spirit and temper that is manifested in one verse in one of the Psalms? "Do not I hate them that hate thee?" the psalmist says, addressing God. "I hate them with perfect hatred." We are so apt to identify our opinions with God's, and then to think that we are rendering him service because we say, "Do not, O God, I hate them that hate thee?" And we fold ourselves round in ropes of self-righteousness, and look down with contempt upon the publicans and sinners of the world.

Remember — oh, if Christendom only could have remembered it always — that Jesus never had one bitter word for human weakness and frailty. The only men that he scathes, that he blasts with the lightning of his indignation, are just this same kind of unsympathetic, self-righteous people that I have been talking about. He has words only of tender-

ness for the fallen, for the weak, the publicans and sinners: never a word of unkindness for those that differ from him ever so radically in other things.

We find it, however, so hard. Take the case, for example, of those that we think have radically transgressed our ethical laws. How shall we feel towards them? I want to read you, because it seems to me that it carries a whole sermon in itself, a bit of verse by Alice Cary: —

"Thou, under Satan's fierce control,
Shall Heaven its final rest bestow?
I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.

"I judge thee not, what depths of ill
Soe'er thy feet have found or trod:
I know a spirit and a will
As weak but for the grace of God.

"Shalt thou with full-day laborers stand,
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?
I know not, but I know a hand
With an infirmity like thine.

"Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,
E'er wear the crown the Christian wears?
I know not, but I know a heart
As flinty but for tears and prayers.

"Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!
For, even while I name Thy name,
I know a tongue that might have lied
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

"Fighters of good fights,— just, unjust,—
The weak who faint, the frail who fall,—
Of one blood, of the self-same dust,
Thou, God of love, hast made them all."

If we wish, then, to be merely just to those we think are outside the pale, to those who radically differ from us in any way, let us first at least, before we judge them, try to get sympathetically by their sides, try to think their thoughts,

try to look at the world as they see it, try to look at society as they see it.

I do not mean, of course, that you shall say that right is not right, and wrong is not wrong; but, before you judge people, try to understand them, get into sympathetic relations with them, and in most cases then, I think, you will feel like saying that judgment belongs only to God, the one who can see and understand all.

How difficult it is for us to be just towards an opponent, towards one whom we think has done us an injury, towards one who radically differs from us on fundamental problem! Take it in politics. I have known crises in the history of this country when it was practically impossible for a red-hot Republican to believe there was any possible good in a Democrat, or for a red-hot Democrat to believe there was any possible good in a Republican.

In the case of our great war. If there had been an intelligent, sympathetic understanding between the North and the South, there never would have been any war. And to-day, when we are fighting over the unsolved and unfinished problems that we have inherited from the past, let us try to get into a comprehending, sympathetic attitude towards the people living in conditions so utterly unlike ours before we judge them harshly.

I am always instinctively ready to judge the South from the point of view of the old abolitionist contest. But suppose we had a condition of things in New York such as exists in Mississippi or South Carolina. Suppose this alien, colored vote could have outnumbered us by hundreds, thousands, we should have had to do differently. I am not saying that the white men in the South are always doing right; but, before we judge them, let us try to live imaginatively and sympathetically their life and understand their problems.

And in dealing with other religions. I know,— for in my time I have done my share of theological battle,— I know

how hard it is to be sympathetically kind and just and true to a man who sees the world in so different a light from that in which it appears to me. But, if we will be just, we must cultivate this power of sympathy.

One other phase of my subject I must deal with for a little; and that is the importance of this development of sympathy for the charitable and reform work of the world. What is it that has led to the change I hinted at a moment ago in the attitude the world has taken towards the lower forms of life around us?

A hundred years ago people, with very few exceptions, thought little of animal suffering? Why is it that Mr. Henry Bergh did a work here in New York which has become the type of a similar work started in almost every city in the civilized world? Because he felt with the animal life around him, he put himself intellectually in their places. Do you suppose Mr. Bergh could go away in the summer and shut up his beautiful aristocratic home, turning a cat that has been a household pet on the street to wander, to starve in his absence, merely because it was a little trouble to do anything else? Mr. Bergh could not neglect or abuse a dog. He could not pass a horse on the street being beaten or overloaded or fallen, and say, This is none of my concern.

Why? Because he felt so keenly. The power of sympathy in him was developed to such an extent that it hurt,— hurt him,— when other things suffered pain. This is what it means to become sympathetically developed.

Think whether you would like it, if you were in their place. Put yourself in that place and stop long enough to ask yourself, How should I feel? Then, by as much as you are a man, you must work for the deliverance of whatever can suffer.

What was it that led to the anti-slavery agitation? I do not think that in its working it has always been just, as I intimated only a few moments ago. But what led to it? It

was because of the tremendous development of the power of sympathy in this modern life of ours.

Do you suppose an Indian who has tied his captured enemy to a tree, and has stuck his flesh full of pine splinters and who loves to set them on fire and watch every contortion and writhing of his victim,— do you suppose that Indian has the power of sympathy which you and I possess? It would be uttterly impossible for him to bear it if he had. No man can bring pain upon another who has the sympathetic imagination that makes him capable of imaginatively feeling that pain. It is thoughtlessness, it is because we are careless, if we are cruel.

So it was the development of modern sympathy that made a hundred thousand backs of people in the North tingle and thrill when the lash struck the back of one in the South. This is what led to emancipation.

And so with regard to the poor. If we are really to help the poor, those we speak of as poor, who are struggling merely to live, we must not stand off at a distance, and merely contribute something in an indefinite way. The Settlement Work in modern cities is the type of what a wise sympathy is shown by going among the poor, learning to see life from their point of view, learning to appreciate their problems, their difficulties, learning to see the universe as they see it and feel it as they feel it, learning to be keenly and humanly alive.

This is the solution of our relations to the poor; this is what has revolutionized the modern world's treatment of the insane; this is what has developed a change of attitude towards the criminal classes. We no longer think of these criminals as so utterly unlike ourselves.

In tune with what Miss Cary has said and which I have already read to you is the saying of the famous John Newton in England, who, seeing a man going by in a cart on his way to the gallows, turned to a friend, and said, "There goes John Newton but for the grace of God."

We are beginning to look upon the criminal classes in this way, to think of them, not simply as the result of their own inherent and chosen wickedness, but as the product of an environment, of an inheritance, that has made it harder for them to be ideal citizens than it has for you and me. And so, while we do not tolerate crime, we do not any longer judge criminals.

I do not believe that any judge, any lawyer, any jury on the face of the earth, has a right to say, "There is a man who has such and such an amount of guilt, and he deserves such and such an amount of punishment." No one is wise enough to know. Two men might commit the same outward act and one be ten times as bad as the other. Nobody knows: we have a right only to protect society. If a tiger gets loose on the street, we shoot him, not because we blame him for being a tiger, but merely to protect ourselves.

So we are looking towards the criminal classes of the world from the point of view of an enlightened sympathy, and we want first to protect society, and then to redeem the criminal if we can; for, if we have redeemed him, we have protected society just as effectually as if we had hung him, and we have added a good citizen as well.

So in every direction, all the charities, all the amenities, all the glories of the modern world, are born out of the new development of sympathy that has come to us. It is this that has reformed the old theologies. You might argue against them till doomsday, you might refute them by texts of Scripture in a hundred ways; but, as Whittier says,

"My hands are weak to hold your iron creed."

The human heart has become tender and loving; and it cannot believe in a cruel God, it cannot love a cruel God any more, it cannot believe that there is any power in the universe infamous enough to torture forever a new-born babe. It cannot believe that there is any power in the universe unjust enough to torture forever and ever and ever any man

for anything he could possibly do in fifty or seventy or eighty years of life here on earth.

It is this development of intelligent sympathy that is giving us a new God, a new heaven, a new earth, a new theology, a new and humane religion.

Suppose you do not possess a large amount of sympathy: can you develop it? Yes. If any man will stop and think before he speaks or before he acts,— and we all can do that if we will,— then he can say to himself, I must think over this condition, about this person, this book, this action of somebody else, about this situation; I must try to understand it first. You can do that. You can cultivate this power of thinking, of comprehending, of putting yourself in the place of another thing or another person.

And then you can ask yourself, How would I feel if I were in that condition? And then, feebly at first, if need be, you can begin to feel with, sympathize with this person. Just as all faculties develop by use, just as you can cultivate your memory, your muscle, your power of thought, so you can cultivate and develop and enlarge the power of sympathy. And a man becomes a great man by as much as he deepens, heightens, widens, his sympathetic power. You add to your ability, to your joy, to your capacity for help. So life becomes richer, fuller, grander, more like God's.

Father, let us try to cultivate in ourselves this which shall make us akin to Thee. Let us feel the sorrows of others, share their joys. Let us understand their aspirations and hopes. Let us be touched by their fears, let us know what their infirmities and weaknesses are, and let us try, like Thee, to help. Amen.

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# "THE OVERPLUS OF BLOSSOM."

BY

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# "THE OVERPLUS OF BLOSSOM."

"I went down into the garden . . . to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished." — SOLOMON'S SONG vi. 11.

WE had a cherry-tree in our garden out West which broke into a wonderful splendor in the spring, and sent its fragrance floating through my study window; but, as I would watch it day by day, I had to remember how it had done this before with no great success in the way of cherries, and then I began to muse over what one might call "the overplus of blossom."

I had been away to the South also while as yet there were but few signs of spring in the North, and had found this glory haunting the woods and wild pastures, and crowning the farms with its beauty; and from this time I had thought of the blossoms sweeping slowly northward until they came to my own window, covering the land as with a mantle woven of sweetness and light, while after they had passed our line I could still see them sweeping northward, and knew they would never halt until they set one lonely bush afire a dear friend of mine found blooming in the hither edges of the arctic circle, as the bush bloomed for Moses in Midian; and then at last I knew that, like a great tide, this blossoming would toss its spray over into the lands of utter and hopeless sterility, and touch the mosses with specks of blossom as beautiful to those who have the eye to see them as the crowned splendor of the peaches and the apples in the rich, warm lands.

Then my musing blended with old memories; and I found myself wondering whether hosts of children would

not fall into the trouble I struck in my own childhood, about the one tree which broke out every spring into these extravagant promises of the fruit, so dear to boys, whose very notions of heaven seem to abide as yet in this matchless liking for what they seem to have liked best in Eden. I wondered whether such boys would not get their first back stroke, as I did, through their appetite and expectation, and as a great many children do of riper years. That luckless tree never did keep the promise in the summer it had made to me in the spring; and I remember one year especially, after an almost matchless outburst of blossom, how there was the meanest yield of fruit I could remember in my tiny tale of the years, and it was then I said in some misty way common enough to children who are trying to true the world about them to the world within: "God cannot do as He will, then, or else He changes his mind. He certainly set out to give us all the plums we wanted this year. Now what does He mean by sending the blossoms and then keeping back the fruit? Would it not be better to do as I would do if I were in His place, make every blossom stand for a plum, and so save Himself and save me also all this trouble?"

After that haggard year I think it was never quite so bad again. There was always a fair show of fruit; and, then, I was getting somewhat used to the frustration. Still, I never could make September quite keep terms with May,— better and worse, but never up to the promises. And so, as I bore the trouble of that tree toward my manhood, and found I had to long for full and plenty of other fruit I must not have, I began to wonder whether it was not of the very exuberance of blessing that this overplus of beauty and fragrance comes to us, and whether on the tree of life also there may not be a blooming which never comes to anything but the bloom, and yet this in itself may be so good and true that, when we touch the heart of the mystery, we shall neither say He has broken His promise to us, nor that we have lost our chance to make this promise good.

And as in the springtime on the trees all about us there are ten blossoms that will bloom through their brief day, and then just shower down in the wind, to one which will set and ripen into good fruit, so on the tree of my life may there not be ten beautiful aspirations to one good fruition, and yet may not these aspirations themselves be very sweet and good in their own way, and be counted as the blossoms are in the glory of the year? Surely, it must be true that they came as the blossoms came, out of the overplus of the divine grace and of our own abounding life, not to dishearten and lead us to doubt, but rather to believe in this good Providence as insuring us a grand and good margin,—to believe that God feels toward us as we feel toward our children when we are good enough and wise enough to be content with such simple and scant fruition as they can attain to, never reckoning with them over-sharply as to what has become of their wealth of good intentions, but listening still with a large and tender interest to the endless story of what they mean to do, and glad to hear about it all, because the aspiration is very beautiful to us and very good, even when we know all the time that they will forget ten of these intentions where they will carry one out clean to the end and make it bring forth good fruit.

"Dear hearts," we say, as we listen to them, "it is all right. The blossom itself is fruit in the long, fair year of God; and what a wealth of it you have, to be sure! Why, you can intend and aspire enough in ten minutes to ruin you, root and branch, if you should try to make all your intentions and aspirations ripen into good fruit in the seventy years we have for our human span."

And so, I think, it is a good thing for us now and then to turn to this quieter and more restful thought of what we can do within the lines of the truest life, compared with what we can aspire to do and intend to do, and how we can no more expect or afford to turn the whole wealth of these aspirations into equally noble actions than the trees can

afford to make the promise of the spring good to the last blossom in the fruit they will give us in the fall.

Margaret Fuller preserves a letter written, as I judge, by a woman, who says: "I went this morning to hear Dr. Channing, and came away sadly tired listening to one of his great sermons. He set us up so high and expected so much from us as the consequence of his doctrine that, when I got home, I was fain to take my New Testament and read where Jesus says, 'Ye are more than many sparrows'; and the blessed old word rested me and did me a sight of good, because it was not so exalting and flattering." And I think I can understand that feeling. The soul cannot live forever in the white light of her own glory any more than the sweet wood violets can live forever in the sun. And so, while it is true that no man can ever tell the whole worth of what is waiting in the waiting heavens as the fruit of God's sending and of our own human striving, still that tender glance the woman got through the heart of Christ is very restful and gracious, when we try to measure the distance between the aspiration and the attainment. And so you must not be over-troubled, if, while you are quite aware of the wider vision and the stronger pinions, you can neither soar so high nor fly so far as your eager hearts would have you.

"Ye are the branches, and I am the vine." So bear what fruit you can, then, this year without damaging the stock for the next. Take good note that one of the fine fruits of the spirit is peace. Believe in the trees if we cannot quite believe in ourselves, and note their happy lesson, that the blossoms in themselves are good. They *mean* ten times more than they *do;* but what beauty and fragrance still abides in their meaning! How it floats over the homes of men as a delicate aroma nothing can slay! And so we can thank God for the blossoming in our nature of beautiful and good intentions, which will be sure to fail as we are taught to think of failing, and for the good fruit

which will be sure to ripen from some of them if we do the best we may.

Because this is the first thing to be sure about,— that there must be in us all this plus of the promise over the fruition if there is to be any great worth in us besides, and that in our childhood especially it may be just this, and very little more, when we are left to live our life as God would have us live it, and when those who have the care of us and love us for ourselves are wise to see how this is about all they can expect from us, exactly as a good pomologist neither looks for nor wishes for fruit from the mere sapling, because he knows how this would fatally injure the tree. So he is quite content, you notice, to see the small things stand there and shake down their blossoms into the grass time and again, and to wait for the fruit by and by.

The strength, he will tell you, is gathering in the roots and the stock, which will come in time to a noble fruitage and repay him for all his waiting.

And so it is a sad sight to me to see fathers and mothers who have no such wisdom for their children as these wise men have for the saplings, and cannot be content to let the child be a child, and nothing more, but must still burden the tender plant with demands which belong to the strong and able tree.

Fathers and mothers who are not content to keep the saplings clean from the evil things which burrow around the roots or stab the bole, and to see that the soil is good from which they draw their strength and nurture, keep them straight and true, and let the sun shine on them and the sweet dews of their childhood refresh them,— who cannot be content, I say, with all this, and the blossoming into the bargain, but must still be urging them on to fruitful action, while as yet the choicest gift of God to them is this simple aspiration.

Nothing should be expected from these feeble folk save what is perfectly natural (as I think, who have had many

children) and fitting for their childhood; and to imagine that they can never begin too soon to assume the cares and burdens of our life, if we can prevent it, is a terrible mistake. The Scriptures say, "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth"; but I would make the yoke easy on the youth God intrusts to me, while on the child it should lie light as the white blossoms on the spray.

The best fruitage in children of a tender age is simply to bloom, and to cherish their budding aspirations with the most royal disregard as to what may become of them. The heaven of our earliest life is white with these blossoms, which are of no use except to sweeten and make more beautiful the way on which we go dreaming toward our youth. It is then that the giants are forever slain as they are never slain, and the little hand tingles and aches to get at the wolf. the small slipper finds the fitting foot, and the cat is the best treasure on the ship what time the bells have been chiming over Highgate Hill, and the children wander forever through the woods so sweetly forlorn, until the bird whose breast became red trying to pluck the thorns from the brow of the Blessed Christ comes through the green archways and covers them with leaves. Leave them to their dreams, I say. Such things are the child's Bible. Leave them to their dreams: these are the blossoms on a tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself. God has made them as they are in His eternal goodness, as He makes the sapling to bloom until the years bring forth strength for bearing.

> "They mingle with our life's ethereal part
> Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore
> By beauty's franchise disenthralled of time."

And once more, when we grow to that estate in which it is to be expected we shall attain to something more than the trees which blossom, but bear no fruit at all, you may notice how there is still in many natures, and very often in the finest, a splendid overplus of aspiration and intention which

can never be more than as the overplus of blossom on the trees. I suppose, indeed, that now, when the elder men and women among us have learned some pregnant lessons on this matter, we can still tell of mornings when we woke up feeling so full of life that we were able to lay out a day's work ample enough to lead us to wonder, as the evening shadows fell, how we could have done so little when we meant to do so much, and were ready to cry with the old Roman, "I have lost a day." It is the eternal distinction nature draws between the lusty blossoming and the moderate fruitage, set to the simplest experience and brought within a morning and an evening.

But, then, it may be, we can see, if we will, how the overplus of purpose had still this fine quality in it after all; that we should neither have done so much, nor done that much so well, had we not risen and gone forth with this fine ambition to be doing boiling in our blood; and it was to the afternoon, when we began to feel the pull of the hard day, what the early rains are to the drought which lasts from mid-June sometimes to September, filling all the springs so that every root gets its share, and the mills are turned by the overplus in the woods and the mountains. So, I imagine, it is very seldom possible for those of a hopeful and aspiring nature to make the aspiration and hope of their youth come even with the fruitage of their manhood or womanhood, and least of all in those things which seem quite essential to the fulfilling of their life.

Poor Haydon, the painter, I notice, breaks out in his youth into one great cloud of blossoming, when he dreamed he would storm the world by his genius and usher in the new great day of art. But then the trouble is this: that the dream of his youth becomes the misery and blight of his age, simply because he never could or never would understand this open secret of the overplus of blossom. He did bear some good fruit; and if he could have said, "Thank God for that: it is the best I can do, and I am content," he might

have been a far happier man than he was, and waited for the angels to come and bear him away instead of rushing out of life unbidden and before his time.

And so there are men and women everywhere who, when the strong tide smites them, catch this crown of splendid aspirations, and wear it with a great deep joy.

They will write books the world must read, they will create things for which the world will go down on its knees, almost, to thank them, or take a place in their profession and hold it against all odds, or make themselves seen and heard from an eminence no man may question, or make a fortune no disaster can pluck out of their hands.

It is all very good to dream such dreams, and there may be a true worth in their pushing us on: only this is the trouble, that I cannot take this truth into my heart, it may be, of ten blossoms to one good apple; and so all my later life is touched with disappointment. I certainly have known men in my own calling whose lives were made miserable by their failure to remember this lesson of the trees. They began their life as if they were quite sure that all they had to do was to just march on and storm the world,— men whose lives blossomed in the early days into the loveliest hopes and aspirations, but who found, when their spring was over, that much of this had come to naught, and then they could not feel it was a divine thing at all that had befallen them. They imagined a globe would set in every cup and grow and ripen, and so the day came when the sweetness and light of their life left them; nor did they care that even what fruit they had on the tree should find the sun and ripen the best it might, there seemed to be so little of it, and it looked so mean against the background of their early visions. And so a blight came on their whole career, and that was sour which might have been so sweet and good if they had but known this secret of the overplus of blossom.

We may see once more how this lapse between the blossom and the fruit may enter into the whole range of our

life to help us if we will but consider its law, or to hurt us beyond all measure if we will still insist on a fruit for every blossom.

The young man leaves his home in the springtide of his life, and feels sure that, if he does his best, he will win a good place, and do whatever he hungers and thirsts to do, to find at the end of twenty or thirty years, perhaps, that he is not at all the man he should have been if the fruitage had been equal to the blossom; and then he is in danger of growing bitter and doubtful, not about himself alone, but about the good providence of God, which, as he thinks, should have helped him to make his aspiration come true or else have left him more moderately endowed. I would like to get hold of that man, and ask him to note what nature is doing in the woods and orchards this morning, and then tell him it was a splendid thing to have the aspiration, and that was good fruit also of its kind, and, if he has been true to the inner impulse which crowned his youth with this fair crown, he has done far better than the man who did not aspire and did not care.

There is always some good fruit soon or late from the blossoming in every one of us, just as much as we could carry, perhaps, if we could only fathom the whole secret. And so we should no more doubt God's providence because so much of the promise has fallen dead about us than we doubt Nature's providence as she snows down her overplus of blossom about the roots of the trees.

This is the secret again of a true content in the life of the heart and the home. For not over-many men and women, I suppose, have found that their wedded life answered completely to the dreams of their courtship; but in all the world you will not find a gracious and true-hearted man or woman who will not thank God for the overplus of blossom which came with the sweet, brave days, and was so divine while it lasted, or who will enter a complaint against heaven because May does not quite match with

October. That fine glamour, if I may touch my figure again, is like great early rains. If they treasure it in their hearts for what it is worth and what it means, it may tide them over many a dry and dusty day, and still keep terms with them that a fair fruitage shall not be wanting when they come to the ingathering of the years. If my experience is to be of any use, I think a thunder-storm, even, can do no great harm to this blossoming, if it was not too savage and relentless. I have known such storms clear the atmosphere under the roof as sweetly as they do above it. And, when again I hear of people who have lived together a great many years and never had the least difference, I wonder whether they have not had rather too much indifference for a true man and wife, and am ready to say with Paley, when he heard of such a pair, "It may been verra bonny, but it must have been a little stupid." So God help those who cannot let the fair sweet bloom go for what it is worth, but must fret their life out over the vanished glory, or poison each other's existence with mutual regret because they cannot live to the end of their days in the sweetness and fragrance of the spring.

It is the lesson we have to learn once more through our saddest and most painful experiences. Nothing can be more natural and beautiful than that the longing we feel touching the fair blossoming of our children should come to its full fruition in every life, and yet for the most of us this can never be. The bloom fades and falls on which we have set our hearts, and in the one peerless blossom, as it always seems, we loved best, because it was so beautiful and caught the light so winsomely, the trouble of its falling shakes the soul to its centre, and we sorrow more for those that have gone than we rejoice for those that abide and fulfil all the promises of the spring.

It is a long day, then, before we can thank God for their blooming that have faded, and say He did indeed give us the blossoms. They could not stay; but they did come,

made May for us in their coming, and left the fragrance of May forever in our life.

Let the trees be my teachers, then, if I will be taught in no diviner way, and Nature tell me of God's grace, if I will not hear the still small voice.

I remember how I stood one morning by Niagara in the latter spring, watching the play of the great emerald on the heart of the greater Falls as the sun smote it here and there and the rainbow bent over the eternal white mist. It was a still morning, and, as I stood there alone, I was aware of an exquisite fragrance stealing across the cataracts I had never noticed in any visit before, and, wondering how this should be, I saw that over in Canada the trees were still all abloom, apple-trees in the orchards and blossoms on the wild bushes clinging to the cliffs, all white and crimson, gleaming through the greenery; and then I knew it was the overplus of blossom sending its fragrance on the wings of the soft June morning across the great chasm.

And so I have thought of these blossoms which bloom and fall on the tree of our human life, and float their fragrance across the turmoil of the days, and across the white mist, and through the bow of our hope. Just a bloom, and no more, some of them, but still a bloom which abides with us while we stay on this side the great river, as that sweet vision abides with me. Shall we not thank God, then, when we come to our better mind, for the blossoms which fall to so divine a purpose, or shall this human sorrow prevent my sense of the divine gift, and my lifelong regret for their fading blind me to the divine love which lay in their exquisite advent and grace? I would fain grow great enough some time to bless God even for this overplus of life in my home, and think of it as the outpouring of His heart on me for love's sake. I want to grasp a faith which will assure me He could not find it in His heart to give me only children, but would slip an angel here and there into my life in this sweet disguise. These I have with me might

well anchor me too stoutly to the earth, but those I *had* with me may draw me wonderfully, if I will let them, toward the heavens where they wait and watch until I come.

And then, if I turn on myself, and say, "What is *my* hope, when my life here is but little better than a broken trust, turn where I will, ten resolutions broken where one is made good, the wrecks of undone or half-done duties strewing themselves over the roots of my life, the very hopes and anticipations of the better life not what they were at all in the brave outbreaking of my spring, and my whole manhood or womanhood poor and scant to weeping, compared with what I once thought it might be?"

Well, if even this is my trouble, I will not be over-troubled. The splendid hopes and aspirations of the soul's life are all beautiful and all good, though there be but scant fruit from them, after all, to my poor thinking. I will tell my heart, then, how God knows better than we know what we are able to bear on to the harvest, what harsh winds from which there was no shelter may have blown on the tree, and what fatalities from the old years before we came here to live our life may have hidden themselves, God help us, in the setting fruit to smite it with withering.

I will rest me in the parable of the overplus of blossom. I will say, "I am more than many trees." I will stand within the law of their life, and they shall stand within the law of mine. I will not be troubled or dismayed overmuch because poverty has come where I looked for wealth, in these unattained desires and these withered aspirations, I will not be over-troubled. I will not give way to despair. I will say to my soul: "If that bush afire with the spring splendor could so storm one poor halting man in Midian that it seemed as if God spake verily to him out of the bush, and the fruit of that blossoming was for the deliverance of a nation and the help of the world, then my fair hopes and aspirations, which have come to such scant fruitage as I look at them now, may have been fruit in their

own time to others who needed just such a pulse of inspiration and aspiration to help them on their way as I had in my nature when it was all radiant with the blossoming of my spring. God knows beyond all my knowing, and He alone can measure the lapse between the blossom and the fruit."

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# SEEKING COMFORT.

THE words of my text you may find in the tenth chapter of the Book of Job, a part of the twentieth verse: "Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little."

No wonder that Job wanted a little time for peace and rest. He had lost his social position, all his property, his children; and now those who claimed to be his friends had gathered around him, and were charging him with secret sins which he was supposed to be hiding away, and which they thought were the causes of all his trouble.

No wonder, I say, that he wished for a time of comfort and peace. And yet, if he had had the comfort that he desired, we should have lost the wonderful lesson, the magnificent inspiration, of his story. And this is equally true whether we regard Job as an historic character or treat this marvellous book simply as a great drama, like "Macbeth" or "Lear."

The desire of Job is the universal desire. We all, instinctively and of necessity, seek comfort, places that are comfortable, feelings that are comfortable, thoughts that are comfortable, situations that are comfortable, theories that are comfortable. We do this instinctively, I say. We do it naturally; and there is no harm in it, provided it be not carried too far, and we do not pay too big a price for our comfort.

We cannot choose that which we do not choose; we cannot desire that which seems to us undesirable; we cannot voluntarily wish for pain, for discomfort. So, as I said, this seeking comfort is perfectly natural. But, as I also inti-

mated, it is quite possible that we seek it at the expense of something which is more valuable than peace or temporary satisfaction.

Let us note, as a preliminary, some of the ways in which comfort is instinctively sought. Something similar to this we find in the natural world around us, before we come up to the level of human intelligence. All natural forces, scientific men tell us, move in the lines of least resistance. If there is a fountain up on the hillside, and a little brook starts running down towards a lower level, it will wind in and out according to the conformations of the soil, seeking the easiest way.

If you dislodge a stone that is balanced on a hillside, it will fall and roll until it finds a position of natural rest. Let the winds disturb the ocean, and lift it up in waves, and each wave necessarily seeks the level of the ocean once more. So, if I chose to carry out the idea, I could show you that, in the rhythmical movements of the heavenly bodies, everywhere throughout the universe, this law holds. All forces follow the lines of least resistance, and all moving bodies tend at last to come to a place of rest.

And this is true of us physically. We seek for a place where our bodies are comfortable. If we are not in comfort as we stand up, we seek to sit down or lie down; and, when we do that, we try to find the easiest, most comfortable position; and we are uneasy and restless until the desired comfort is found. And so in every department of life. This simply as a suggestion and illustration at the outset.

Now let us rise one grade higher, and come to our mental life, and see how the principle works here, and get a suggestion as to how it tends towards results which are evil when we put the comfort above and before certain things which are of more importance.

You have noticed, as you think and observe your own mental processes or as you become familiar with the thinking of other people, that we always tend to have our minds

"made up," as we say, about everything. Almost all persons, if they have thought at all along certain lines or concerning certain subjects, have what are to them for the present, at any rate, certain satisfactory opinions or theories. All the men who care for politics have made up their minds substantially about the tariff, about financial questions, about all the great problems that disturb the political world. And, the smaller the mind is,— I wish you to note that,— the smaller the mind is, the more readily it gets made up, and the more it is disturbed if it has to reconsider its opinions.

One of the most difficult things in the world for a person, and it is one of the last and highest results of culture and mental development, is to stay for any definite period without any fixed opinions concerning certain matters; that is, to hold the mind open.

I remember once with what admiration I listened to one of the most learned men I knew, who, when I asked him his opinion about a certain matter, simply and quietly said, "I do not know: I have not made a special study of that." Now I felt perfectly sure that that man did know more about that subject than most anybody else in the city; and yet he was holding his mind open because he had not been able to make an exhaustive study of it.

Most persons would have been perfectly certain they knew, and would have given an opinion off-hand; and their opinion would have been worth very little. I had great respect for that man's opinions when he did profess to have any, because I knew he had come into their possession as the result of a long and careful study of all accessible facts.

But most people, as I said, have their little theories all made up, and it is a great discomfort to them to have to reconsider, to make over their opinions; and this is one reason why truth has such a difficult way to make in the world.

It is not always the little minds: there are great minds who are what we call bigoted. What do we mean by that? We mean that they have their minds made up, and are not

willing to pass through the discomfort of unmaking and remaking them in the light of new discovery.

I would not have you suppose, either, that I think all the bigots are religious bigots. I know political bigots, industrial bigots. I am acquainted with financial bigots. I have met some very distinguished scientific bigots. They had made up their minds, accepted certain theories of the universe, and were not willing in the presence of a new fact to pass through the serious discomfort of reconstructing their theories, making over their universe. And so this instinctive desire of ours for comfort stands in the way of our finding larger and higher and nobler truths.

This is an industrial obstacle also. People settle down in certain ways of living, certain methods of carrying on the work of the world; and, when some new and higher truth comes, and demands that a reconstruction of things be gone through with, they are not willing to pay the price of the discomfort involved, and so fight against this larger and higher life that offers itself.

If you should read the history of the industrial struggles of the last hundred or two hundred years, you would see how true this is,— how, for example, the workmen fought obstinately against the introduction of machinery. The men had become accustomed to their little looms, their methods of quiet work in their own homes; and it did mean discomfort, disturbance, upheaval, unrest, to change their whole method of life, even though there might be in it the promise of something larger and finer for civilization.

This is true in the religious sphere, and perhaps more markedly true here than almost anywhere else in the world. The most difficult thing for people to change is their religious ideas, their religious theories. They have settled down into certain thoughts about God, the universe, the Bible, Jesus, salvation, their own characters, human destiny in this world and the next; and they do not wish to be disturbed. And here this desire for the religious comfort of maintaining their

present opinions is re-enforced and augmented by other considerations. They have been taught from childhood that certain ideas have been infallibly revealed to the world; and so it seems a direct impeachment of the wisdom and the goodness of God to question any of these things which they have been accustomed for years to receive as settled.

I had a strange practical illustration of this some years ago in the West. My Sunday-school superintendent, one of the most active of all my church workers, a prosperous and successful business man, was seriously disturbed by my preaching. I had advanced certain ideas which were new to him and inconsistent with the positions which he had been accustomed to hold. He came to me one day, and said: "I have been trained in a certain set of religious ideas. My father and mother believed them; I was taught them as a child; I have inherited them in this way. I am satisfied with them, I am at peace; and, even if they are wrong, I do not want to find it out."

This he frankly said. This is an extreme illustration possibly of that which is, after all, really very common. People do not wish to be disturbed in their religious ideas. They are at peace, at rest. They find comfort in holding the old ideas; and they wish that you would let them alone.

My purpose this morning is for a little while to consider some of the things which are more important than our comfort. It is right that we should wish to be comfortable; but it is right that we should have larger ideals than the mere being at peace where we happen to be to-day, and that we should look out towards a larger and more wide-spread comfort for the coming ages of mankind.

I wish you to note, then, for a little while with me some of the things for which we must sacrifice even comfort, contentment, peace, happiness, if need be, and note the fact that, whether we wish to be disturbed to-day or not, we have the most boundless admiration for those historic characters who have put away comfort and peace, that they might be of ser-

vice to the world. It is not the men of the past who led comfortable lives that we honor. There is very little history connected with comfort; there is very little achievement or service to the world wrought by the people who have an over-desire to be comfortable.

I wish to note, then, in the first place that one of the most important things in the world is growth, the advancement towards something higher, something larger, deeper, than we have at present; and, if we wish to grow, we must pay for it the price of comfort.

Look out over the face of nature on this spring day, and see what it is that is taking place. The world — this northern world of ours — has been asleep; but by and by the sun comes from the south, and this sun, which is a life-giver, is a great disturber of the peace and quiet of the earth,— everywhere stirring, stimulus, movement, lifting, growth. And there is no peace or comfort in our common use of that word where this process of growth is taking place.

Look at one of our spring fields where the farmer is at work. The plough goes along, tearing up the roots and grasses and flowers. I suppose that the mouse that was disturbed by Burns's plough, and which he has embalmed in immortal verse, must have thought that the world was coming to an end when its nest was overturned; and the old world for him was coming to an end. But it was for the sake of a larger and finer life.

If there is to be any growth, present conditions, however beautiful, fair, comfortable, they may be, have to be disturbed: that is what growth means. And this world of ours is like an army on the march. An army pitches its tents on a certain evening. The men have had a long march, and are weary. They spread their blankets, and lie down to rest. They are seeking comfort,— comfort which they have earned, comfort which they ought to have. And yet, if they should decide at any particular day's end that comfort was the one

thing henceforth to be sought at the price of everything else, there would be no more marching, no further advance, no winning of new victories, no reconstruction of the affairs of the world.

Camp, if you will, and where you are, for needed rest, for temporary comfort; but break camp, and onward march again with every new morning. This is the only way by which the world can grow to anything finer and higher than it has yet attained.

It is at the price of comfort that all learning is attained. The young man who wishes to make a conquest of his own mind, to become master of his own faculties and powers, to understand the facts of nature about him, to be a scholar,— can he do it, and seek for comfort at the same time? He must do this, in the words of Milton in "Lycidas": he must learn

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

So in any department of the world. Take it in the world's industries, to which I referred a moment ago. The master mechanics of the world, the managers of the great industries, the factories, the coal-miners, the steel trust men, the men engaged in the great work of the world,— it would be greatly for their comfort if their workmen would always be patient, always be contented with their wages, never desire any larger or higher life than they have yet attained, if they would be willing to stay quiescent where they are, and let the masters enjoy the comfort of the luxurious positions which so would then be theirs. But, if the world is to grow, if the lower levels of the world are to be lifted, there must be paid the price of this temporary disturbance, upheaval, discomfort.

And the men who are perfectly comfortable and do not want anything more are the ones of whom there is no hope. One of the wisest of the industrial writers of our time has referred in a recent lecture to a very significant fact which

occurred in India a few years ago. The workmen had been accustomed to receive a few cents a day for their labor. They had adjusted their methods of living to that wage. They did not understand why anybody should want anything more: it disturbed them to rearrange their methods of life, and desire for more and larger things. So, when the employers attempted to get more work out of them by doubling their wages, the result was that they only got half as much work. They had worked for so many cents a day six days in the week; but, when their wages were doubled, in an effort to stimulate them to higher activity, they simply stopped work three days in the week. They were perfectly comfortable as they were. They did not wish to be disturbed and to reconstruct their way of living; and the employers had to cut off their wages again, in order to get the same amount of work as at first.

This is an illustration of how comfort stands in the way of growth. Consider our North American Indians to-day. They do not like at all to become civilized: it disturbs them. There is no end of discomfort in the process to them. They are contented with their wild life on the plains. To ask them to become the owner of a piece of land, and cultivate it and become a man, is labor and effort.

And so everywhere it is only until men have gained an idea of something higher, finer, better, and are willing to be uncomfortable for the sake of attainment, that there is any hope of growth. Whether that growth be physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, the same law holds. Comfort, if it becomes overmastering, means stagnation.

There is another thing that the noblest men of the world have been willing to place higher than comfort in their estimation; and that is the attainment of truth,— truth, without any question as to whether it was practical or not,— truth. Have you ever stopped to think how very modern this pure passion for truth is, and what power of revolution there is in it? You will find, as you study the Bible from beginning

to end, that there is almost no recognition of the importance of mere intellectual truth, such as we understand it in the light of our modern scientific study.

When I was arranging my little hymn-book a few years ago, I was looking for hymns representing different phases of thought and life; and I was surprised to find that I could not discover anywhere, in any hymn-book, a hymn devoted to the celebration of the truth. The first hymn I ever saw on this subject I wrote myself. I speak of this simply as an illustration of how modern this idea of truth-seeking is.

And truth has proved to be one of the most serious disturbers of the comfort of life that the world has ever known. Think what it has been doing for our Presbyterian brethren during the last few years. The question crept into the minds of ministers and laymen here and there as to whether the Westminster divines saw and gave utterance to all religious truth. A good deal that they thought was truth seemed inhuman, cruel, unworthy of God, and hopeless for man. And this disquieting question, as to whether the Westminster Confession was literally true, has disturbed and upheaved the Church for years. There was no rest when once that question was raised; and by and by they were compelled, in spite of hopes and fears and opposition of every kind, to try to state the truth of God in modern terms, and to fit the higher, clearer, nobler thoughts of the modern world.

I am not criticising now the Presbyterian Church or its creed: I am referring to it only as an illustration.

Truth is the greatest disturber of the world. The man who has once come to love it, caught a glimpse even of its loveliness, can never rest until it has been made his possession. Let me hint to you some illustrations.

Take Copernicus. Copernicus came to believe that the old theories of the universe were not true. Suppose they were not. The world could live very comfortably as it was. Crops could grow, the harvest be gathered, people could

have friends and build their homes, and love and labor, and be born and die, in the Ptolemaic universe as well as in the Copernican. But this question as to whether the old theory of things was true had mastered the interest and the mind of this great thinker, and there was no rest; and though he knew it was at the risk of his life, and as the Church at that time thought at the peril of his soul, he must seek the truth.

And so Galileo, although the Church could force him to his knees, and in order to save his life make him utter a verbal confession, yet must he whisper under his breath as he rose to his feet again, "The world does move for all that."

Truth dominates the mind of a man who has once gained a vision of it; and comfort and peace, and life itself are of no avail after that.

The late Professor Gould, of Harvard University,— I love to think of a man who can do things like that,— went to South America, and for more than twenty years lived an isolated life in the Andes, turning night into day,— for what? What difference did it make? Why, to map the heavens and find out the truth about the stars.

And Tyndall,— what difference does it make whether you know the law that governs the glacier or not? but Tyndall goes out, and with no end of discomfort lives on the Mer de Glace days and weeks, in cold and storm, and watches to discover the natural truth about the movement of the glacier.

And the men who are seeking the north pole. What difference does it make if we ever do get to the north pole or not? There is nothing to eat or wear there, there is no wealth at the north pole; but neither pleasure nor ambition, nor wealth, nor any other power, is able to move men as this thirst for the truth to be discovered by finding the north pole. Men have been knocking at those icy doors for years. They have sailed up in ships that have been crushed by the ice, they have started north on sledges at the risk of their

lives, they have attempted to cross the open polar sea in balloons: every device has been resorted to. Is it foolhardy? I think it is sublime. And in all weather, against all obstacles, men will pursue this truth until it is discovered, and we know the secrets of the farthest north.

And so, truth in nature, truth in morals, truth in religion, truth everywhere, men have been willing to pay any price for. How I love to think, in spite of their tragic ends, of men like Giordano Bruno, Michael Servetus, the one in the market-place at Rome, the other on the hilltop outside the city of Geneva, one as the result of Catholic prosecution, the other as the result of Protestant prosecution, being willing to be tied to a stake, and feel the curling fire hiss and blacken the limbs and eat away the flesh until the spirit ascends in a chariot of fire to heaven, for the sake of truth!

It must be that finding truth is finding God, else the children of God would not be so ready to consecrate themselves to any discomfort or sorrow for the sake of the attainment.

And is it not wonderful, and every way admirable, that men have been willing to pay any price of discomfort for the sake of helping their fellow-men, for the sake of rendering a service? And here let me refer to one or two women and men who have been willing to pay this price of discomfort for the sake of making life easier for somebody else. When you stop and ask the question, Why is it not quite as important for this particular person to be comfortable as it is for her to live a life of discomfort for the sake of making other people comfortable? And yet we get on our knees and bow our very souls in adoration before these people who are willing to be uncomfortable for the sake of others.

Dorothea Dix, that noble Unitarian woman, instead of enjoying herself in literature and art and with her friends,— as she might well have done, for she had tastes in all these directions,— spends her whole life long travelling from State to State, talking with governors, with representatives, with

legislatures, with men of affairs, that she might make the position of the insane more comfortable, that she might do away with the old barbarisms and help to a civilized condition of affairs.

William Lloyd Garrison was a man of literary tastes, culture, and ability; but, instead of making himself comfortable, for the sake of a lower and degraded race he spends his life in pain and toil, and is willing to be dragged by a mob in Boston with a rope around his neck for the sake of the future, far-away comfort and welfare of others.

And so John Howard travelled all over Europe, that he might make the criminals of the world more comfortable, that he might civilize the prisons, that he might introduce methods of reform, and give the men who are hopeless and outcast an open way towards climbing back to their manhood again.

Do we not honor the men who give up comfort for the sake of ends like these? In that far-off time towards the twilight of history we see an Indian prince, Gautama, the Buddha. He sees a case of human suffering, and the fact of human pain at once takes possession of him; and he gives up his throne, his home, all opportunity for pleasure and personal enjoyment, and devotes years to a search for what? For what he believes to be a way of escape, of salvation, of human deliverance from tears and heartache and death.

And the supremest example in all history for us, the lovely son of Joseph and Mary, he of Nazareth, with a tender love for his fellow-men, for his friends, with a passion for beautiful flowers, with a capacity for happiness and enjoyment perhaps surpassed by none,— what does he do? He goes preaching the kingdom of heaven, the gospel of deliverance; dedicates himself to going about doing good; faces the authorities of his day with his new religious truth; consecrates himself to this truth, to the service of his fellow-men, and shrinks not from pain, the last, full price of physical agony, mental despair, and death.

Well do we honor souls like these, who sought not their own peace, who were willing to pay the price of their own comfort, that they might make the way easier for others; that they might make the path of life, confused and darkened, a little lighter; that they might lift the loads that press so heavily upon human hearts; that they might help solve the problems of right and wrong; that they might kindle trust and hope, and help men, in spite of the darkness and evil, to believe in the love and tenderness of the Father.

It is well for us to seek comfort, to care for comfort; but it is better to forget it for the sake of the higher and larger things to which we may consecrate our lives.

Now, at the end, I wish to suggest one more truth in this direction. There is another kind of comfort that we need. Some of us have lost friends, father, mother, husband, wife, child; some of us will be haunted as long as we live by the memory of faces dearer to us than life itself; some of us would be willing to give life for the sake of winning these faces again; some of us, in some moods, are ready, if it were possible, to break down the door and force an entrance into that world where they have gone, for the sake of looking into their eyes again.

And we need comfort. But even here, friends,— and this is what I want to suggest,— there is something better than being comforted in our sorrow; there is a nobler thing to seek than comfort. Indeed, unless we are careful, this comfort-seeking becomes a means of degeneration. We become lowered and less than we might be, if we are too solicitous even for consolation. It is selfish, or may become selfish, for us to care more to bind up our bleeding hearts than to do anything else in all the world.

There is a beautiful parable of Buddha's. I wish I had time to read it to you. He tells the story of a woman who lost her child; and she, like all of us, in the first rush of her tears, had the feeling that nobody else in all the world had

met with such a loss as hers; and so she goes wandering the world over, seeking for some one to give her help.

And by and by, at the lips of a wise old man, she learns the lesson that there is not a home in all India that is not shadowed. Everybody she converses with says, I have lost a father, a mother, a wife, a child, a brother, a sister, a sweetheart, I have lost friends; and she wakes up to the fact that this is the common lot, and to the deeper lesson that the real, highest consolation to be found, after all, is in taking the great wisdom which comes to us, if we let it come, with our losses, and going out as a comforter and helper to other people whose burdens are even heavier than our own.

So even here there is something better than selfish comfort. There is the development of that great power of sympathy that makes us thrill and be touched with the sorrow of all mankind, and leads us into that divinest thing of which we can conceive, the helping of others.

Dear Father, let us be grateful to Thee that we are permitted to share with Thee the work of making life easier for others, of making it lighter, of helping to carry burdens, of helping to solve problems, of giving heart and life and cheer, of saving men. Let us be thankful to Thee for this, and turn all our sorrows and discomforts into joy and service. Amen.

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# THE GLORY OF THE NATION.

FOR a text I have chosen some of the words which are to be found in the second chapter of Daniel at the thirty-seventh verse. These words read, "Thou, O King, art king of kings, unto whom the God of heaven hath given the kingdom, the power and the strength and the glory."

I will take the liberty of modifying these words to adapt them to modern times and present conditions: Thou art the people to whom the God of heaven hath given the country, the power and the strength and the glory.

The echoes of Decoration Day are still trembling in the air; and, before they grow fainter and entirely die out, it seemed to me fitting that we should consider something of the glory of our nation, some part of which Decoration Day is intended to keep forever in memory.

There is a strange feeling lying in the background of many minds, possibly I may call it a lingering superstition, to the effect that a subject like this, though appropriate on anniversary days, though fitting perhaps for a Sunday night address, is yet something more of a lecture than a sermon. There is a distinction to be drawn between a lecture and a sermon; but I do not think it is along these lines.

If this morning I should speak about Abraham instead of Lincoln, if I should discuss some phase of Jewish political history in the times of David or Nehemiah, if even I should devote myself to some symbolic meaning supposed to attach to the furnishings of the tabernacle in the wilderness, everybody would call what I had to say a sermon. But people seem to forget that God is alive to-day as much as he was five thousand years ago, and that the

greater, more significant struggles of the modern world towards light and civilization and the uplifting of man are as sacred as were similar struggles in the olden time. I do not recognize the distinction which would make Jewish history sacred and English or American history profane.

Soon after I came to New York I heard of the case of a lady who thought it was not proper, on Sunday and in the pulpit, to speak the name of the city of New York, though of course she thought it was quite appropriate to refer to Jerusalem or Babylon, or any town that happened to be mentioned within the limits of the Bible. It is not a lecture which I propose to give you this morning. I am to try to preach a sermon.

If the personal hopes, trials, difficulties, fears, aspirations, of people, are the things which they like to have dealt with ordinarily on Sunday mornings, and in sermons, let us remember it is because a country like ours exists that we are free to secure the satisfaction of our intellectual, moral, spiritual desires. It is the country that gives us the opportunity, and makes our worship here to-day a possibility. And, then, I know of no more pressing obligations and duties personal to every one of us than those that bring us into direct and practical relations with our country. I am not lecturing, then: I am preaching to-day.

The first glory to which I wish to call your attention lies in the fact that a nation like ours has come to be. I have had occasion to call your attention in the past to the difficulty which men have found in organizing order and liberty combined. The wonder of it grows upon us as we study human history, and note the obstacles against which men have struggled in making this great achievement.

As you go back and down towards the beginning of human history, order is secured always at the expense of liberty. Some man comes to the front, bands a tribe together, holds them for defence against all the world; and the individuals of that tribe pay for the amount of safety which they obtain

every vestige of personal freedom. No such thing as individual liberty is dreamed of under those conditions. And it was ages and ages before anything worthy to be called by the name of freedom was attained.

Mr. John Fiske has pointed out three significant stages of governmental advance. It is worth our while to note what they are. When a tribe or a people in the olden days expanded, took possession of some other tribe, what did it mean? It meant simple conquest, conquest without incorporation. They did not become a part of the conquering nation: they were simply its slaves or its subjects, to be exploited for the benefit of the conquerors.

Rome took one step ahead of that. She conquered nearly all the peoples of the then known world, and she incorporated them into the Roman Empire. She made them a part of the empire; but still there was little of liberty allowed to them; they had no representatives in the central government at Rome; they were a part of the empire, but had no voice in its control.

After two thousand years, centuries of struggle among the Germanic and English peoples, we at last have crowned our English inheritance of liberty by the federative principle. We expand, we make other people a part of our nation; but we do not hold them in slavery. We do not incorporate them into our body politic without giving them a voice in the government of the country: we admit them to equal representation with ourselves. We have established here at last order *and* liberty.

Glance back and down along the pathway of human history some time at your leisure enough to note what this means. The human race has been here on this planet, conservative scientific men tell us, two or three or four hundred thousand years; and only within a century, or a little more, have we attained this wonderful combination of order and freedom.

Look into one of our town meetings: what does it mean?

The people of the town have control of all their own affairs, with no interference from outside; the county has control of its affairs; the State has control of its affairs. We have a liberty so extraordinary that only now and then, when we need to call on the force that the government represents for the sake of defence or protection, do we become aware that there is any government; and this, of course, is the idea,—as little government as possible,—and this means that, as the result of the ages of human growth and advance, the law has become at last written in the minds and hearts of enough of the people so that they can be trusted with this great gift of freedom.

Here, then, is the first wonderful glory of our nation,—perfect order, perfect individual freedom; freedom to think, to study, in industrial matters, in moral matters; in religion, such freedom as was never known since the beginning of history until it was established by our fathers here.

The next phase of our national glory that I wish to dwell on for a little is the marvellous inheritance of great characters, noble men, that is ours. Why is Christianity so potent an influence in the lives of people? Why were it not as well to have the abstract precepts of ethics, of good and evil conduct, unattached to any personal character or personal history? Jesus is the centre of our religion because he not only teaches, but he embodies, our ideals, and becomes a character of more persuasive power over our lives than any utterances that ever fell from his lips.

And herein are we exceeding rich as a country. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that no other country in the world has a list of heroes so cleanly, so unselfishly heroic as is ours. The great ones of the past in most instances have been such as Jesus himself described. He said, The rulers of the Gentiles exercise lordship; they have authority over the people; they govern the people for their own behoof, for their own glory; they exploit them for their own advantage. He said, In my kingdom which I have come to set up it

shall not be so: the great ones in the kingdom of heaven shall be they that serve.

In what other country on the face of the earth are there so many of these ideal great ones, such as Jesus described, as those that belong to us? Men great not merely because of intellectual power, not merely because they were mighty captains in war, not merely because they were distinguished in fighting at sea, not merely because they conquered, not merely because they won for us an extension of our domain, not because they made our power known and feared in the far places of the earth: they have been men who have led us in statesmanship in time of peace or to victory in time of war, with the most absolute negation of self; men who fought not for glory in a worldly sense, not for power, for dominion, not for land or wealth, not for personal distinction. They have been men who, in their leading of us in times of peace or of war, have forgotten themselves for the great ends of human liberty, of freedom, of peace, of truth, of righteousness, of progress, for the benefit of mankind.

Is there any other nation in the world that can place a mate beside George Washington? I do not think he has a second of his class in the history of the world. Washington was an aristocrat. He belonged to the people who cared for birth, and he had inherited wealth. We have shown that we can not only lead the world in the wonder and glory of a character from that department of human life; but what other nation since the world began can give us a second to Lincoln? And Lincoln belonged to the common people, common of the common, poor, uneducated, in the ordinary sense of that word, and yet a man matchless in ability, in character, in utter devotion to the welfare of his country and of the world.

Lowell has embalmed him in the greatest poem which this country has produced, his "Commemoration Ode," and has described him in words which will never be equalled and will never be forgotten. But not only Washington and

Lincoln. There are others,— Franklin and Jefferson and Hamilton and Paine, a group of men who are a glory to us to remember, a wealth of inheritance to us and our children for all time, an inspiration to the noblest patriotism, a consecration to all that is high and fair and fine.

Another glory (I can only refer briefly to these great epochs in the history of our nation) is that which is the heroic age to us, and is coming to be so more and more,— the years of the great Civil War. If I speak chiefly this morning of those who fought on the side of the North, it is with no purpose of underestimating the valor of those who in those days — but thank God are so no longer — were our enemies. We are far enough away from the war to-day, so that we can give credit to those who were on the side of the South for as much honesty as we had, for as high and noble character, for as much consecration to what they regarded as loyalty and duty.

I for one — I do not know how the rest of you may feel — am obliged, as I look back and then look within, to confess that, if I had been born and trained in the South, I should undoubtedly have fought for that which all of us to-day are glad was the losing side. So, at length, we can take pride in their valor and devotion as being American like our own.

But the point that I wish to fix our attention on this morning is this great fact that the men of those days consecrated themselves for — what? What were we fighting for? For money, or wealth, for glory, for the subjugation of the people? For what were we fighting? We were fighting for liberty, for nationality, for the freedom and the hope of manhood, for an alien and subject race, fighting for as unselfish ends as ever led men from the foundations of the world into battle.

And we not only had great leaders, but that which was of more importance than even that,— we had great followers; millions of men, of women; soldiers who went to the front; mothers, sweethearts, sisters, wives, who were willing to

send them to the front, while they labored for them night and day, and wept their hearts out with anxiety as they wondered whether they should ever see them again.

This was the wonder of our great Civil War. I wish to read you just a word or two from Lowell. I am old enough to remember what these things meant in those days: —

"Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
That never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'."

"Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dusk of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death."

This was the price we paid in those great days of the war. Paid for what? Paid for that which is the peculiar and

distinguished glory of our nation; for this kind of freedom combined with order of which I have spoken; for the hope of the race; for liberty to think, liberty to worship, and for an opportunity to grow in every department of thought and feeling and practical life; for the chance to be men and to give all others on the face of the earth an equal chance to be men. That was what we were fighting for; and that is the meaning of the glory of our nation.

I spoke a moment ago of the inheritance of great men, great names of the past. I wish to speak now for a moment of the great men, the consecrated, the noble of to-day. There is a curious tendency in human nature — I hardly know how to account for it — to glorify the past and depreciate the present. I suppose to most minds all the greatest and best men are dead. We rarely think of the living as worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the noble of the past. I do not share that feeling. This idea was satirized with a bit of keen sarcasm once by Hon. Thomas B. Reed. At least it is said that some one asked him one day for a definition of a statesman; and he said, "A statesman is a politician who is dead."

We rarely think of the people living to-day as statesmen in the same sense, at any rate, as those who are consecrated by having passed into the unknown; and yet I believe that there never has lived in this country any nobler men than the men who are alive to-day. I am not speaking of intellectual greatness. I raise no comparison between any living person and the intellectual ability of Washington or Hamilton or Franklin or Lincoln. I speak only now of that which is more important than intellectual ability,— character and consecration to high and noble patriotic ideals.

I suppose it comes to us to-day as a shock to remember that Washington was ever bitterly criticised. That is because, as Colonel Ingersoll said, we have idealized Washington until we have put him away out of touch with ordinary human life, and "turned him into a steel engraving." I wish

to read you an extract from what a Philadelphia paper said about Washington on the occasion of his retiring from the presidency: —

"The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with our fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evil upon the United States. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption. A new era is dawning upon us,— an era which promises much to the people,— for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name."

That is what they said of Washington when he was leaving the Presidency. We forget that, and feel at liberty not only to criticise our living men, to blacken their reputation, but to forget the fine and noble qualities which have lifted them into the positions which they hold. Some of us are old enough to know that never were more bitter, blacker words uttered than those which were constantly spoken concerning Lincoln during his incumbency of his high place as our leader and savior.

The moral of this is simply here. We have a right to rejoice in the glory of the nation as illustrated in its great and noble men to-day. The newspapers heap all sorts of contumely upon Congress, the Senate, and the House. I declare to you with all sincerity and earnestness that I do not believe there has ever been a time in the history of America when nobler, truer, more intelligent, more patriotic men, on the whole, made up our House of Representatives or our Senate than constitute them to-day. Never did a man sit in the Presidential chair who was a truer American, nobler, more patriotic, more earnest, more devoted to do the very best he knows for the welfare of his country than Mr. Roosevelt. No man, I believe, ever held in his hand the portfolio of the Secretary of War who was a truer,

nobler, more earnest, more devoted, more patriotic man than Secretary Root. No nobler, truer, more devoted man ever served the people than Mr. McKinley. Who shall point us to a finer type of American than John D. Long? Where was ever a more consecrated patriot than George Frisbie Hoar?

Finer men than those that make up the cabinet, in my judgment, have never been the advisers of any President from the beginning of our history. Criticise them if you will, find fault with them if you must, let them know that we are watching their course of action and are ready to hold them to the highest ideals to which they have ever given expression; but let us trust them when they prove themselves worthy of trust, let us honor them, honor their high position, and let us make them know that we are behind them and ready to help, ready to follow in their leadership which shall constitute in future histories the glory of our nation to-day.

And now I must touch on one or two phases of our more modern life, to see whether we are true to the glory of our past here. What of Cuba? I remember hearing Colonel Ingersoll say, soon after the war was declared, that it was the most righteous, the most unselfish war that the world had ever known, not forgetting even our Civil War.

Our Civil War had about it an element of selfishness, if you please: we were fighting first for our country, for our hearths, our homes, our institutions; but, when we declared war against Spain, what were we fighting for? For an extension of territory? No. For wealth? No. For glory? No. For conquest of an alien people? No. We were fighting to set an alien race free.

And what did we do? We gave millions of money. We gave thousands of lives. We gave toil and struggle and care,— not at all in any way for our own behoof or our own selfish advantage. We were fighting a purely unselfish war for human liberty, to give a struggling people an opportunity to stand on its own feet and work out its own destiny.

I was one of those who wished for the impossible at that time. I wished that instead of declaring war we had bought Cuba and given it outright to its inhabitants. It would have cost less money, and we should have saved all the lives; but that, of course, was a dream of an ideal that is too far ahead of us to be realized at the present time.

But our going to war with Spain was a purely generous act; and now, if we can only follow the advice of our President, and establish such commercial relations with Cuba as shall set her on her feet industrially and financially, we shall crown the wonderful work that we have already done, and set up a monument to distinguish an act such as from the beginning of time the world has never seen.

Now I must come to a theme still hotly, and in some quarters bitterly, disputed. Are we to tarnish our national glory in our treatment of the Philippines? The battle of Manila Bay, as you are aware, was only an incident in our war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba; but it has entailed a long train of consequences, the end of which is not yet in sight. We have had such conflicting reports from the Far East that it is quite natural that men should have in their minds different statements concerning the facts, and that they should have different opinions based on these differing views.

I claim here this morning only the liberty which I accord to you to discuss what I believe to be certain facts, not for their own sake, but for the sake of dealing with the underlying ethical principles which are our great concern, and which alone constitute the glory of a nation.

What was the result of the battle of Manila Bay? It destroyed the only government which existed in the Philippines; and it threw back on us,— did it not? — the responsibility for the condition of those islands. This responsibility came upon our shoulders whether we would or whether we would not. We had destroyed the only government there was. It was our highest duty, it seems to me, to see that the last state of things in the Philippines should not be worse than the first.

Why did not Admiral Dewey weigh anchor and sail away after that battle? In the first place, he was ten thousand miles from any neutral port. In the next place, in my judgment, he had no right to flee from the consequences of his act. He represented the country; and the country faced a condition which his guns had created. If we left the Philippines, dropped them at once, then what would have been the result? Either internal dissensions and chaos unspeakable, or else the islands would have been taken possession of by some other power. In any case, it would have been on our part a shirking of the moral responsibility of the situation.

Why did we not do with the Philippines at the outset as we did with Cuba? Why did we not tell them that we were fighting only for their liberty, and that, as soon as the war was over, we would turn the islands over to their control? It seems to me the answer is very simple and plain. Note the condition of Cuba. It was inhabited by one race of homogeneous people. What is the condition in the Philippines? Thirty or forty or more different tribes; no end of different languages; different manners, different customs, different social and political ideals; a civilization ranging all the way, they tell us, from a high and fine type of Christianity to the lowest barbarism, illustrated by the fact that the offering of human sacrifices still is practised there. There are not only nominal Christians, there are Mohammedans, Pagans of the most barbaric type. In other words, if there had been a homogeneous people inhabiting the Philippines, as such a people inhabited Cuba, then we might have dealt with them in the same way that we dealt with Cuba; but that condition of things is only imaginary. It does not exist, and it never has existed. Then we assumed, by the terms of the Treaty of Paris, certain international obligations, which neither Congress nor the President had either the power or the right to disregard.

Did Aguinaldo represent the Philippines? President

Schurman, one of the noblest men we have in the country, who was the president of the first Philippine Commission, has told us that it was utterly impossible that we should have turned over the Philippine peoples to the tender mercies of Aguinaldo. For what was he? He has been held up to view as a sort of second George Washington. Can you conceive of George Washington's sending an emissary secretly and foully to murder one of the revolutionary leaders who he thought possibly might turn out to be a rival? That is what Aguinaldo did.

Aguinaldo prepared and proposed to establish a constitution in which there was to be set up an order of nobility, and the lands of the country were to be divided among his faithful followers. This is the kind of liberty that he proposed to give to the Filipinos. We are not "imperialists." I believe the word is only a nick-name for what does not exist, and never has existed.

We believe in government founded on the consent of the governed. If we had turned over the millions of people in the Philippine Islands into the hands of this one insurrectionary leader, would we have been guaranteeing their liberty and an opportunity to progress? Let me read you just a word from Governor Taft. He says that there are 90 per cent. of the people there who are weak and helpless, and who need protection and care, and an opportunity to grow and become civilized.

"It is the protection of these people, of this 90 per cent. of uneducated, timid, childlike wards that constitutes the chief duty of the United States to remain in these islands; for it is absolutely certain that, should the United States abandon the islands, ultimately a despotism in some form or other would be introduced which would leave this 90 per cent. to the rules of forced labor and indifference to their individual rights which was shown under the Spanish régime and would continue under any purely Filipino government."

This may not be infallible; it is the opinion of one of the

wisest and noblest men who has dealt with the situation. I believe that, if the time ever comes when the great majority of the people in the Philippines come to a national consciousness, are welded together into one people, so that we can speak of them as we speak of the Cubans; and if the time ever comes when the people, so organized and united, want to be independent and free, they will be independent and free. It is entirely against the genius of this country of ours to hold any people in forcible subjection to our mere power. If this condition of things exists to-day — and some tell us that it does — then it is our clear duty to help them to a civil and independent government of their own. To continue to live, to be true to its own nature, its history and its destiny, our country must never hold any people, however feeble, in forcible subjection. To do so would be not merely a disgrace, it would be national suicide.

But meantime I believe that it is our highest duty, and will help constitute the glory of this nation in the future, to establish peace and order and civil government, so far as possible, in these islands. And I believe that this might have been done two years ago, had it not been for passionate and unwise interference here at home. I claim no infallibility for this opinion, which is based on the best dealing with the facts of which I am capable. I was told by a man only this week that, when the news reached the islands of the death of President McKinley some of the leaders of the insurrection said, Now our friends have come to the top in America and murdered the President, and we will have our own way.

Everybody knows, who has studied the matter, that documents criticising the President and his conduct of affairs are scattered broadcast all over the islands, and keep alive the disorder. One of the noblest and bravest men we ever sent there said before he died, "If I should be killed in this war, I might as well have been shot by a rifle held in the hands of one of my countrymen at home." He and others with

him have believed, as I did, that the war there would have ended two years ago if it had not been for hope on the part of the insurrectionists that a political overturn here would give them the victory which they desired. And it has never been made clear that these insurrectionists represented the united wishes of the islands.

So this victory, mind you, is not clearly a victory for the Filipino people. It is a victory for certain tribes and insurgent leaders. It is power which they seek, not merely for their own liberty, but to control and dominate and exploit the millions of other inhabitants. This is the condition of things, as I understand it, which makes the problem in the Philippines quite other than that which confronted us in Cuba. I believe that we should do everything we can to establish there civil order and liberty, and then to find out what the people want.

Note one other point as I pass. The country has been terrorized, the people are mild and weak and inoffensive, large numbers of them; but they know perfectly well that it would be at the risk of their lives to declare themselves until they find out who is to come to the top and control public affairs. When we can establish order and peace, then we can get a vote of the people, and find out what they desire; and then, if they desire liberty, I believe that our country will rise in its might and majesty, and tell them to go on their way, as a free people, and win a position among the other nations of the earth.

So I think that we are not to tarnish the glory of the nation by our treatment of the Philippines. It is the same old country, with its magnificent traditions, the same love of liberty, the same care for order, the same desire for human progress and prosperity in dealing with the Far East that has made up our character in all the history of the past.

There have been cruelties there, they tell us. They will be severely punished; they will be utterly stopped. The nation will not bear that, even in the way of revenge, any

soldier clothed in our uniform should be other than humane and noble and true. Those who infringe the laws of civilized warfare; those who give way to cruelty and personal revenge, no matter under what provocation; all such must be tried and punished. But even so let us not forget the hard service, the marches, the jungles, the rivers, the mountains, the fevers, the love for tortured and murdered comrades, all the terrible experiences of a far-off war, while we sit quietly here in our homes. These soldiers are our fathers, brothers, sons, neighbors and friends. In the main, they are like us, as true and as humane. I do not palliate or apologize for any wrongs. But it is only fair that we understand and remember, as well as judge.

Let us, then, bear ourselves so simply, so bravely, in regard to these last problems that confront us that we shall be worthy of the inheritance we have received from the fathers. Let this flag of ours, representing the moral grandeur and glory of a great people,— let its white stripe stand ever for light and peace; let its red represent that one blood of which God has made all the nations of the earth, and so speak ever for human brotherhood; and let the white stars against the background of blue be like those in the heavens that promise and precede the dawn; and, wherever that flag shall float in the air of any sea or any clime, let it be a terror only to evil-doers, to those that oppress and would hurt their fellow-men. To the weak, to those who have lost heart, to those who are down-trodden, let it be strength, let it be courage, let it be hope, so that the glory of this nation may be the glory of mankind.

Father, we thank Thee for our country, for the inheritance of the past, for its aspirations, for the hopes of the future; and we ask Thee that we may be true to that which is best in this great nation, and so live and so serve its high ideals that we shall help on the coming of that kingdom in which all the people of the earth shall be blest. Amen.

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# BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

THE text is from the sixth chapter of Galatians, the second verse,— "Bear ye one another's burdens."

There is another passage in the New Testament with which you are familiar, which tells us that every man must bear his own burden; and we know that in a certain deep sense this is true. We know also, however, that we can all of us help other people bear their burdens, and that at least some other people can help us bear ours.

I wish at the outset to remind you what some of the burdens are that all of us, first or last, feel weighing upon our brains and our hearts.

There is the burden of sickness. It does not seem to me so bad if one has an illness which, with its natural term and limit, expires at the expected time, and we are free and strong again. The burden of illness which presses heaviest upon people is that which is prolonged. It is not so much that one suffers, bearing pain or discomfort of any kind: this is the least part of it. It is to feel that your illness is a burden upon the hearts of other people, so that they are anxious and careworn and worried, week by week and month by month and perhaps year after year.

And it is not so much even this: there is another side to it possibly harder yet. That is the disability: to look out over the world, and to feel that there is so much to be done, — books to be read, and you cannot read them; avenues of investigation open and inviting in this direction and that, and the feet too feeble to enter and follow to see where they lead; work that needs to be done, and you cannot do it. It takes patience and a great trust to bear these things

sweetly; and we can help each other bear burdens like these, if we will.

And there is the burden of poverty. There are so many people who look out over the world with desire for this thing or that which can never be theirs. They are struggling, perhaps, merely to live, wondering how they will get clothing,— not so much for themselves as for those whom they love or who are dependent upon them; heartbroken because perhaps the children are hungry for bread, or for some little luxury, which sometimes is so much more than bread. Poverty is a burden that, in spite of the wealth of this modern time, more than half of the world has to bear.

But there is a phase of poverty harder to endure than just this to which I have referred: it is that of the person who, as we say, "has seen better days,"— some man, some woman, born and trained in, if not luxury, at least comfort, and by and by, perhaps through no fault of theirs, the wealth "takes to itself wings and flies away."

I have known cases of persons who as they got along in life had to surrender, one after another, this comfort and that; not able perhaps to buy a book that was desired; obliged to economize in every little way, and at last possibly having to climb the stairs, not of their own house, but of the house of a friend, as Dante said he did, and finding it the weariest work of all; obliged perhaps to eat the bread of no matter how loving a charity. These are burdens not easy patiently to bear.

Then there is the loss of friends; and there is more than one way to lose a friend. You can lose one through misunderstanding, through some sort of alienation; one that you have thought would stand by you for years, for life, separated by a word, a look, the whisper of some one who has interfered to separate you.

Then there is the loss of friends by separation: business, an exigency of one kind or another, compels one of two that are closely bound together to live in some far-off land.

And there is that loss which comes by the going of one into the Invisible. We call it death. What death is we do not know, only we know that it is silence; and we long for a word of assurance which perhaps does not come.

There is another burden, the loss of one's ambitions. How many men and women there are in the world who, when they were boys and girls, dreamed dreams! They stood perhaps in the streets of the little country villages where they were born, and looked out over the hills and dreamed of the great world; and they were to do something, to make themselves a name. They were to write a book, be a poet, an orator, an artist,— make themselves a name, occupy positions of influence and power. But the years have gone by; and they are just ordinary people still. Perhaps they have almost done it: they have seen a vision of success, grasped it, and it faded and eluded them; and the meaning of life is gone out for them and everything is commonplace; in one way or another the poetry of the world has become prose.

There are those who have lost their ideals,— their illusions, perhaps, they have come to call them. They dreamed, not so much of doing things, of winning fame; but they had high and lofty personal ideals. They loved poetry, they worshipped truth, they had a keen sense of honor; but the hard exigencies of the world have destroyed these, and they have come to feel that for them, at any rate, there is no opportunity of working out these grand results that used to haunt them and delight their souls.

There are persons whose lives, in one way or another, are straightened. I have such tender sympathy for these. I know of people who love books, study, music, the kindred association with people of tastes similar to their own; but all their lives they have been hedged in, limited, hampered, they have been obliged to keep themselves to the utter commonplace. Perhaps it is because of the illness of a friend, perhaps straightened financial conditions; but in some way they have never been able to expand. They feel

in them possibilities, not of making themselves great,— they do not care for that,— but of appreciating and enjoying that which the world has to offer for the fine and cultivated minds and hearts and souls ; and they have never been able to indulge in these.

This is the dream of Tantalus in the old fabled Hades of the past,— longing and hungry for fruits, and the wind waves the branches almost within his reach, but he cannot quite grasp them ; thirsty, and waters bubble in a spring close at hand, but he cannot reach them with his parched lips. These are burdens hard to bear.

Then there is another kind of burden, which I wish merely to indicate: this, it seems to me, in some ways is sadder than all the rest; and that is the loss of faith in the universe, in humanity, in the goodness, the integrity, of things. There are large numbers of true and noble souls who are carrying this burden to-day. I know of men trained in some narrow form of religion in their childhood, who, as they have studied, travelled, come in contact with the world, have been obliged to give up all this. They used to believe in God and a heaven after death. They are not able any longer to accept the idea of God in which they were trained as children, they are no longer able to believe in that kind of heaven ; and the sadness, the burdens of the world, the calamities, the suffering, have made it so difficult for them to believe in the goodness of things that they have had all the faith eaten out of the heart by this gnawing scepticism of question and doubt; and they stand in the midst of this tremendous play of forces, feeling that they are unable to cope with them, doubting whether there is any wisdom in it all, or any love, and only stoically bearing, as best they may, what they have no hope to change and hardly courage to endure.

Such are some of the burdens that press upon the minds and hearts of men and women. There are hundreds of others which you will think of, some of which you have experienced or observed; but these are enough to open out

the problem and prepare the way for the next step,— as to whether or not there is anything we can do to help each other bear them.

I begin with the very simplest thing of all,— simple, so simple that perhaps we do not think it worth while at times, and yet there is a power in the simplicity. We can help each other by merely telling one another that we wish we could. So many times it is true: the burden is there; it presses on the brain of our friend; it presses on his heart. We cannot lift it with the force of a little finger. After we have said everything, after we have done everything, the burden is there; and it must stay there for the time at any rate; and perhaps we feel there is nothing whatever we can do, and it is not worth while even to express ourselves. But there is tremendous power and help in merely saying to a friend, I know I cannot do anything, but I wish I could.

Merely wishing you could does help; and this wish may not always be on the part of a human friend. Have you not had the experience of sitting, brooding over some trouble, when your pet dog has noticed that something is wrong? He cannot understand, he cannot sympathize in that sense, he cannot make the burden any less; but he comes up to you with that look of tenderness and half comprehension in his eyes, and thrusts his muzzle into your hand or lays his head upon your knee, and you are stronger just for that sub-human touch of fellowship.

Some years ago I ran down from London with a friend to visit a school founded by a man who had made himself wealthy; and at this school there was a large picture gallery. There were some very striking and beautiful paintings. There is only one of them that I remember this morning with any definiteness; and it carries the lesson which I wish to express. I think the artist had called it "Sympathy." A little girl is sitting at the top of a stairway; and, oh, such a look of grief on her face! Some childish sorrow, no matter

what, was burdening her heart; and her big dog, almost as large as she, is sitting beside her, with his head lying on her shoulder and looking with eyes of grief which are a reflection of her own. And there is help in merely this recognition that help is needed and that you cannot give it.

I remember reading a little incident not a great while ago. It will make you smile, perhaps; but it carries its lesson. A little girl, whose father was a minister, had cut her finger; and she rushed into the study, where perhaps her father was writing his sermon, and he said, "Run away, run away: I can't be bothered or troubled now." And she goes away; and by and by, possibly with a touch of penitence in his mind, he says to her, when he meets her again: "You know I was very busy, and I couldn't do anything. You had hurt your finger. I couldn't change that fact any: I couldn't do anything." And she said, "Yes, papa, you could have done something: you could have said, 'Oh!'" Simply saying, "Oh!" sometimes has a mighty power to lift a burden that is crushing the heart.

To carry the matter a step further, if we do have something more than this mere wish to help, if there can be comprehension, understanding, fellowship, in regard to this burden that crushes us, then there is so much of help. Even though you do not lift the burden you make it lighter. There are two ways of helping one who is bearing a heavy load,— by lifting a part of it or by giving the one who is carrying it a new accession of strength; and you help bear the burden as much in the one way as in the other.

This loving, comprehending fellowship which we call perfect sympathy is perhaps the greatest help in all the world. You know how a little child wakes up from a bad dream, and is crying in the night; and her mother goes gently into the room and takes her by the hand, and she wakes up just enough to know that mother is there, and she understands that now it is all right, and goes to sleep again.

Some years ago I was talking with a physician who gave me a practical illustration of this kind of help which can sometimes be given to another even in the last extremity. He said he had a patient who was hopelessly ill. He called on him one day, and he said, "Doctor, how long have I to live?" And he had to reply, "Probably not more than an hour or two." It did not shock or trouble him; but he simply said, "Doctor, won't you stay with me then until it is through?" And so he sat down beside the bed, and merely took him by the hand and waited; and the minutes passed by, and the man was brave and strong, and he carried the load until death lifted it from his shoulders and he was free. He was strong merely in the clasp of the hand of one who, by his profession and training, he knew understood, comprehended it all.

One step farther yet with this idea. The Catholic Church has an institution which is called the Confessional. As a religious institution, I need not say that I cannot indorse it. It is so open to abuses, and it carries with it a teaching that I believe to be without any adequate foundation. The Church claims the power to forgive,— to forgive because God has endowed it with that power.

Now there is a power, friends, similar to that,— so like it that it is almost impossible to discriminate between the two, — which is natural and real. Peter is said to have had conferred on him the power to open and shut the kingdom of heaven, the power of the keys. We all have a natural power similar to this. If society refuses to forgive anybody who is burdened with wrong-doing and sin, it binds that burden upon the heart and the conscience and life and crushes out hope, and makes salvation, so far as this life is concerned, perhaps practically impossible.

We have power to set people free by telling them we believe in them, by telling them they have power of recovery, by giving them hope once more.

There is tremendous power for help in confession, in

opening one's heart, in pouring out one's sorrows and cares and sins in the sympathetic presence of some one who loves us and wishes to help. These are some natural ways by which we may help each other bear our burdens.

I wish now to take a step farther still. There are certain kinds of burdens that we can really lift and carry for others. In the case of these of which I have already spoken we can only manifest our love and sympathy, our good will and wish to help; but there are burdens that we can really carry. I saw a story told the other day of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. He was going along the street, and overtook a young man, — it was Booker T. Washington,— who had just left his train and was carrying a very heavy valise, apparently so heavy that it was difficult to get along with; and probably he did not feel able to spend the money for a cab. But Dr. Hale came and took hold of one of the handles and said, "Let me help you carry it." And the burden grew only one-half as heavy; and, when he found out who it was who had helped him, a great many other burdens were lifted, and courage for a good many of life's battles came into his heart because such a man had done a human thing like that.

Now suppose a person is poor; we know a case of genuine poverty, of some one who needs clothing, bread, some little real assistance in order to live. We can help carry that burden by sharing a little of the superfluous money which is ours, and which we can very well spare.

We can help this coming summer in regard to the poor and the sick in tenement houses, in the hospitals. We can help furnish delicacies, we can tie up a bunch of flowers or carry a bunch that some one else has tied up, we can sit beside some one who is sick for a little while, read to them or tell them of something that is happening in the outside world, so as to bring in a little of that which is unseen to them and lay it before their limited vision.

We can help the children here in the city to get a glimpse of the sky in the country, to run upon the grass, to smell the

flowers. We can help the sick babies to get down the harbor upon the floating hospitals. We can do some one of a hundred things to make the burden of life a little lighter for the poor and the sick and the troubled.

This is the kind of help that people are rendering each other all the time, not always by giving money. Money is a great help when it is needed; but it is the least of all the wonderful gifts that we are able to bestow on each other.

What a bearer of burdens for others is every true mother! — the burdens of the child's very life, its sicknesses, its cares, its fears, its sorrows, its hopes, its troubles of every sort. And how many cases there are of fathers! I have known fathers who have been poor, living in the country, working hard every day, lying awake and planning during the hours of the night — for what? For the sake of their children, that they might be educated, that they might have an opportunity to live a larger and finer life than has been possible to them.

I know cases of older brothers like this — who, when he has left college and is ready to enter upon the fulfilment of his life's dreams and ambitions, is faced with the fact that father and mother are old, and can no longer carry on the battle of life; a younger brother is sick, and must be provided for; a younger sister must be cared for until she is able to go alone; another brother must be helped on his feet and enabled to make his way in life. And so he bravely shoulders the load, and carries the burden of father and mother and the whole household, giving up his life's ambitions, perhaps sacrificing that which had been the dream of his whole life.

And there are cases like this,— I have referred to it quite a number of times, I think, in this presence,— but it is so sweet and tender and carries the lesson so beautifully that I venture to speak of it again. How did Charles Lamb carry burdens for others?— his father, old and losing his brain power, entering on his second childhood; his sister, periodically insane. He gives up his dream of love, the

idea of a home of his own, refuses to have those who are dependent upon him sent to institutions of charity where they might be cared for by others, and carries the burden of insanity and age for those dependent upon him.

Oh, what a magnificent burden-bearing there has been in the history of this old world! How did the Nazarene carry the world on his heart! and how did he long for a little touch of sympathy which too rarely came to him! No wonder he loved that home at Bethany where, it is said, they gathered around him with the sheltering love that sympathized and partly understood. Note the hunger and loneliness of his heart as it expresses itself in the garden of Gethsemane. The shadow of the great tragedy was already darkening the sky, and he was fighting that last battle, wishing that, if it were possible, the cup might pass from him, and yet ready to drink it; and he goes to one of his sleeping disciples and wakes him and says,— what a tender, human yearning there is in it for sympathy! — "Could you not watch with me one hour?" Just now, I am so soon to leave you, waiting death, carrying this all alone! Oh, if some one would only just watch with me an hour! It would make the load lighter!

But he carried it alone,— the burden of the world's sorrow,— that we might have hope and be free. I am not talking theology now. I am not referring to any theological interpretation of what occurred. It is a purely natural thought,— just as natural as in the case of Lincoln, who, next to the Nazarene, perhaps, is the most conspicuous figure in all the history of the world of one who was bruised for the world's transgressions, of one who carried the sorrows of nations upon his heart.

And all the line of the great that human history has to tell us of from the beginning until to-day, how they have carried the burdens of the world! In our political life, how many brave, noble men have been crushed under tyranny and oppression, that we might stand up here to-day and be

free! How many men have struggled to throw off the bondage of theological terror and wrong, that we might be able to think in perfect liberty and without any fear! In every department of life men have carried burdens that we might not have them to bear any longer; and so we in our places can take our little part, and, if a burden is laid upon us, stand, be strong and brave, rejoicing in the magnificent fellowship of those who have been burden-bearers from the beginning, and knowing that we can minister a little towards setting the weary world free.

And now one last thought. There is another way in which the noble and true of the past have made the burdens of the world lighter. I spoke of those who were oppressed with doubt and fear, who found themselves unable to believe. Is it not true that all of us now and then find ourselves swept off our feet by some great wave of question? Is it not true that the most cheery and hopeful of us find ourselves sometimes with sky clouded? Does not there come into the mind of us all at times a question as to whether wisdom and goodness control the world? No matter what our faith in the future, do we not have hours when we question and wonder whether we have been deceived, whether we have read things aright?

I know hearts who are burdened as they look out towards the future, feeling so alone, dreading to go, not because it means dying, but because it means leaving those whose hand they can clasp and wondering whether there is to be any loving welcome over there.

Now who is it that helps us in times like these? It is the great, tall souls who are able to see farther than we see, and who help us by what perhaps I can best call the contagion of faith. The disciple says in one place, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." If we can believe, why, then, no matter. Suppose we are sick,— I believe in God and the universe: there is victory. Suppose we are disappointed,— I believe, and there is an outcome,

something to redeem that disappointment. Suppose our friends are untrue to us,— I believe in God, and friends are ours once more.

So, no matter what happens, if we can say we believe, why, then, we are conquerors, and more than conquerors.

But how do these souls help us in this way? Have you not talked with a friend who has had a wide and deep and large experience of life, and felt touched and thrilled and lifted by the contagion of that personality, its hopefulness and faith, its belief in the grandeur and outcome of things?

Suppose a company of soldiers on the march along the road. They wonder if the enemy is just over the hilltop yonder. They cannot see. Some one of their number climbs the hill. He is no taller or wiser or different from his comrades; but he occupies the outlook, and calls back and reports the condition of things. And the troops march on with new courage.

So the great ones of the world, they are human just like ourselves. We have no need to deify them or idealize them until we have put them out of touch with our common humanity; but the great ones, like Jesus, like a thousand souls only less great than he, thousands as good, as true, as loving, as trustful as he, men who have wrought out of their life-experience of sorrow and care and trouble a great, deep faith, who stand firm and strong and are not to be moved,— and it is perfectly reasonable, it seems to me, for us to be encouraged by such souls as these.

Jesus I believe to be a man just like any of the rest of us. I believe he was born like any other man, and died just like any other man. But Jesus was a taller soul than others; and he tells us that he sees the Father, that he sees that this is a house of many mansions, and that those who precede us go to prepare places for us. He sees that good and love and righteousness are mightier than all that oppose them, and that they prevail; and, when we are confused and disturbed and cannot see, we can be helped by the contagion of his faith.

Let me give an illustration from modern life,— not one that you would select perhaps for a savior,— though John Addington Symonds, one of the greatest scholars and noblest men of the recent time, tells us that he proved himself such in his case,— not very much known, popularly judged chiefly by ignorant or flippant comment in the newspapers,— Walt Whitman.

There has never been any man who has lived with a confidence more superb in the integrity of the universe, in the goodness of things, in the fact that all souls, rich and poor, high and low, good and bad, lost and saved, were included in that goodness. He tells us it makes no matter where any soul is to-day, that soul, because it is born into this universe, must some time come to all that is possible to any soul.

He is unshaken. He says,

> "My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite."

He cannot be troubled; and there is no man who has ever lived who has written with such magnificent calm about death. Nothing affrights him.

Now I believe that a man like that saw more than the average man could see, and that we are safe in following his lead and letting the contagion of his great faith become an inspiration in our life.

There are thousands of others of whom a similar thing is true. There is no time for me to add illustration to illustration; but all the mountainous men of the world, all those who have climbed to high peaks of outlook, could see things that the most of us are not able to see, and so they become guides, and when they call back to us with voices of cheer and say, The road is safe and open, follow me, we may wisely go on.

I remember when I was a boy, a little tiny boy, how afraid I used to be of the dark; and I remember how patches of woodland, which seem to me so attractive now as I go back and visit them, seemed endless wildernesses. And in the

dark or out in these woods I was afraid. I could not see my way; but when my big brother was with me, and he said, Take my hand, I followed. I could not see any more than I could before. I did not know the way through the woods any better; but I believed in him. I trusted him. I knew he would find some way out; and so, clasping his hand, I lost all fear.

Our God, let us be grateful to Thee that there have been great souls, witnesses of Thy truth and love, who could show us the path; let us be grateful that there have been those who have been willing to carry the burdens of the world; let us rejoice that we in our little way can also bear one another's burdens, and so enter into this circle of help and deliverance.

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# IN REMEMBRANCE.

My text you may find in the twenty-second chapter of Luke, part of the nineteenth verse,— "In remembrance of me."

Now and again some one expresses wonder that Unitarians should observe the Lord's Supper. This wonder must be expressed, if at all, by some one who is not familiar with the facts of religious history. Commonly, it is on the part of some one who believes that Jesus was God, that he instituted a sacrament, and that this sacrament possesses supernatural power, and is the means of bestowing upon those who partake of it some supernatural grace.

It may be, however, on the part of some one who has become very radical, as he thinks, and who, not holding this old idea, imagines there can be no vitality or meaning left in the observance.

I ask you this morning to go with me for a little while, and try to occupy a point of view from which you may look out over the world through the eyes of Jesus and those that surrounded him. In this way we may understand the condition of things out of which this supper was born; and so we may hope to gain some knowledge of its vital significance, its natural, human meaning and power.

You are familiar with the fact that the Hebrews, in a way which I need not stop to consider, came to believe that a Messiah was to come. This Messiah was to be a man, divinely selected and anointed; and he was to deliver the Hebrew people from their bondage to other nations, and make them the centre, and Jerusalem the capital city, of a world-wide kingdom of God.

This was the deep-seated, widely pervasive belief of the Hebrew people in the ages just preceding the birth of Jesus. At the time when he appeared, and began his public ministry, the age was on tiptoe with this expectation. Jesus took up the proclamation of John the Baptist, and preached "the kingdom of God is at hand."

It was the popular belief that this kingdom was to be established by a world-conqueror; but Jesus, with his spiritual ideas, with his conception of God and of man and of duty which so transcended the common thought of his age, came to believe that a kingdom of God must be a kingdom in which divine principles should rule.

Whether at the first he believed himself to be the appointed Messiah, we are not sure. There are those who hold that he never believed it, but that this was an idea which sprang up after his time. I hold the faith, however, that towards the last of his life he did believe that he was the Messiah. He believed that through these principles of love for God and love for man the kingdom was to come, and that it was to be the establishment and recognition of these principles throughout the world.

But note one thing: Jesus undoubtedly shared the common faith of his time that this kingdom was to be miraculously established on earth. The Hebrews had held the idea that, when the fulness of time should come, then the great, the noble, the true who had died in the past history of the people were to be raised from the dead and were to share in this Messianic triumph and kingdom. There is no one thing that is so clearly set forth, so repeated over and over again, as is this wide-spread, practically universal belief of the age.

Jesus believed that there was to be a divine manifestation of power, the old order of things was to pass away, and that the kingdom was to be suddenly set up here on earth. Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew: it is full of this thought. Read the words of Paul: they are full of this

thought. Read the last book of the New Testament: it is on tiptoe with expectation. The trump was to sound, the dead were to rise. Those that were alive were to be suddenly transformed, and caught up to meet the Lord in the air. He was to descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God. Such was the manner in which this great change was to be ushered in.

Now you are not for one moment to think that attributing these ideas to Jesus is to criticise him, is to derogate in the slightest from his supremacy, his leadership, his power. The marvel to me is to see the great men of the past sharing the limitations of their age, and yet so transcending them as to become leaders and lifters of the world.

It is nothing against Sir Matthew Hale, for example, one of the most famous judges that ever lived, to recognize that he believed in witchcraft, that he shared the common ideas of his age. So it is nothing against the spiritual supremacy and leadership of Jesus to recognize the fact that he believed that these spiritual ideas were to be suddenly made mighty through the manifest power of God instead of being left to make their way slowly as the ages went by.

Such, then, I believe to have been the situation. Now Jesus recognized that his enemies were closing in about him, that he was not to be accepted as the Messianic leader by the authorities of the Jews at the time. He believed that he was to be put to death, or at any rate he knew that he was in imminent danger of it.

If you read his last words very carefully, you may note that there was a possible question in his mind. In Gethsemane he prayed that this cup might pass from him if possible, as though he hoped it might, and the revelation of God's power might come without his having to drink the cup of suffering to the dregs. And his cry on the cross

may be interpreted to mean a disappointment that the revelation of the divine power had not come in time to save him.

But this is no matter. If he was to die, he was brave and ready to meet it; but he believed, and all his disciples believed, shortly after his death at any rate, that, though he died, still he was soon to return with power and great glory in the clouds, and establish this Messianic kingdom.

Now it was in the midst of thoughts and feelings and ideas like these that they sat down to the supper. You will see at once, if you think a moment, that, in view of the fact that Jesus and all his disciples expected the end of that present order of things within twenty-five years,—"before this generation passes away," Jesus says,—he could not have had in mind the establishment of a sacrament which was to be observed two thousand years after his death.

What did he do then? He sat down with his disciples at the Paschal supper, he broke the bread and passed the cup, all with the thought in mind, I shall soon be with you again for the establishment of the kingdom, and I shall not drink wine any more until I drink it with you in the kingdom of God. He said, Whenever you sit around the table and break the bread and drink the cup, do it in remembrance of me. Remember me, wait for me, live in this thought till I come. This is the origin of the supper.

Why, then, should we be celebrating it to-day? I note the reason in the wonder of the fact of memory, and the power over us who live to-day of the past. Did you ever stop to think how marvellous a thing it is that yesterday is still alive with us, that last year, that last century, that the whole past of the world, is still ours? Where do we keep these things? The substance of the brain, they tell us, is in constant flux and change; and yet we carry the entire past of our lives with us, and are able to resurrect it at will.

It is because of this marvel of memory that we can live a continuous and rational life, that we can be inspired by

past memories, that we can learn by past mistakes, that we can make continuity of our action, and make progress day by day and year by year; and it is by reason of the world memory that we call history that civilization is possible.

We can learn by the mistakes of the past, be inspired by its grandeurs and glories, and we can by the accumulation of past knowledge start where the last generation left off, and go on to something higher and finer still. This is the power of memory, and, through this power, note, what perhaps you may not be ready to accept at first, that we to-day know Jesus better than Peter or John or Paul. No one of those about him in intimate converse knew him so well as we know him.

We know Shakespeare better than those who walked the streets and sat in the coffee-house with him; we know Washington and Lincoln better than those who were their intimates. We not only know the actions, the outward things which they did and the words they spoke, but we know now the hidden springs of motive which influenced them; and we are able to take these great characters, and set them in relation to the other great characters of the world, and so understand how great and true and noble they are.

Recur to Jesus for one instance. We know now all the great religious founders of the past; and we are able to see how Jesus out-towers them all. We can place him in his proper relation, not only to his age, but to all ages, and so understand him better than it was possible for the people of his time to understand him.

And so by this marvellous power which keeps the past alive we can to-day gather in this little simple memorial service, and remember Jesus,— remember him for instruction, for inspiration, for comfort, for hope.

I wish to point out a few of the great characteristics of Jesus that we do well to remember. And, first, we call him divine. He was the divinest man, I think, that ever lived.

I do not mean by that anything supernatural. Why was he? A flower, if it be situated in favorable soil, if the air around it is congenial, if it be supplied with rain and dew, may grow up, expand, open itself freely to all these influences, drink in the life power, and become the ideal embodiment of that which is most beautiful of its kind.

So may a tree; so may any natural growth. And Jesus, it seems to me, was one of those exceptional characters who opened his nature so completely, so fully to the Divine that the Divine flowed in, and filled his being, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. He lived in the Father, and the Father lived in him.

We sometimes, in our absorption in other things, get away at least from the consciousness of God, if not from God himself. Though he be very near to us and all around us, we do not have the strength that we ought to gain from him, or the comfort or the help. But, if we can remember that a life like this is possible, that it was actually lived in Galilee, that Jesus stood in such personal relation to God as not only to absorb his characteristics, but to give them out again in his relations with his fellows, then we may find inspiration and help in the remembrance, and may come back from our wanderings and into conscious personal, vital relations with God ourselves. This is one thing that we may well remember.

There is another characteristic of Jesus. The source of nearly all the evil and unhappiness of this world is selfishness. We know it; but we still keep on being selfish. We see that the world might be made ideally beautiful if only all people would live unselfish lives; and yet we keep on being selfish. We strive after the things that will minister to our immediate satisfaction, and hate people who get in our way and hinder the attainment of these things.

And so we keep on, and the world jars and is unharmonious, and is darkened and is miserable; and we wonder why God has not made things more fair, when it is we our-

selves who are marring the purpose of God, which we can plainly see.

But Jesus,— what did he do? Let us remember that there is one character in history who, so far as we know, never was guilty of one selfish act, never was guilty of one selfish desire. At any rate, if he was, he put it under his feet. Jesus "made himself of no reputation." Never did he seek personal aggrandizement, personal pleasure, personal satisfaction; never did he trespass on the rights or happiness of anybody else for the sake of gaining anything for himself; never did he speak a selfish word.

Do you not well to remember that there has been at least one character like that in history? I believe there have been thousands of them, but there has been at least one; and along that line is happiness and heaven right here. Let us, then, from time to time remember a character like this, and see along what pathway we may advance to bring in the perfect kingdom of God among men.

One more characteristic of his we may do well to remember. Did you ever note as to what kind of people Jesus was tender towards, and as to the only kind towards which he ever showed himself hard or bitter? Infinite tenderness towards the weak, the frail. Hard, if hard at all, only against those who consciously, selfishly, with clear intellectual insight, were willing to injure their fellow-men: to those who were weak, blind, stumbling, frail, falling, pitiful, tender, divine in his loving sympathy.

What do we do? Do we not look down upon people who do not quite come up to our standard? Do we not pull our skirts one side lest we touch people who we think are not quite as good as we? Do we not pride ourselves on not being like other people?

Jesus folded them in the arms of his saving sympathy and help; and this may we not well remember, that we may copy his divine power to lift up and comfort and redeem?

And one other thing. Of course, you will understand

that I select these from a hundred possible considerations. Jesus was faithful to his convictions, even to the death.

Our modern life is so easy that we are in danger of forgetting that there is such a thing possible as sacrifice for a conviction. Did any of you ever sacrifice anything consciously, purposely, for the truth? Did you ever work hard enough for it, so that it was a personal burden, a sacrifice, a loss to you? Did any of you ever give money enough for your conviction, so that you felt it and suffered a little on account of it? Did any of you ever stand up in the presence of those who did not believe, and face contradiction, contumely, being looked down upon, on account of your conviction? Did you ever sacrifice, really, for the truth?

What did Jesus do? He stood by his truth when he knew that it meant not only a crown of thorns and scourging, not only being cast out from the company of his friends, not only being regarded as a renegade to the religion he had inherited from his fathers, not only being treated as an enemy of God, but when it meant drinking the cup of suffering to the very last drop,— dying for his truth.

Thank God, we have reached an age in the history of the world when we do not have to die any longer for our convictions; but, if the truth is ever to conquer in this world, we have got to remember Jesus and his consecration enough so that we shall be ready at least to live for our convictions, to give some time, some work, some money, some consecrated effort for our convictions,— not think that we are disciples of Jesus when we simply drift with the currents of the age, and find things so easy and comfortable that the word "sacrifice," so far as we are concerned, might as well be blotted out of the dictionary.

Let us remember, and, when the time comes that something may be done for the truth, let us at least be ready to stand and meet the exigency of the time, whatever it may be. So far, at any rate, remember Jesus, so far honor and follow him.

And when we come to this table, this perfectly simple, natural, memorial service, may we remember others besides Jesus as well. Think how natural it is. We sit around our tables at home, and there is a chair that is empty,— a son, a daughter, a husband, a wife, some one who used to make the circle complete, is away, maybe in some foreign land to be gone for years, maybe passed into the Unseen. But how perfectly natural it is that, when we gather around the table and think of the place that used to be occupied, tender memories spring up, and we love to recall the scenes, the words, the actions, of the past! These become some of the richest parts of our lives.

When we come, then, to the table, we will not simply remember Jesus; remember all those, the long line of the leaders, witnesses, prophets, teachers, martyrs, the consecrated ones who have devoted themselves to creating this high and fine and noble condition of things which is our inheritance.

Remember Abraham, who listened to the voice of God, and without calculating went not knowing whither, following the voice. Are we ready like that? Remember Elijah, who stood against even the king for his principles. Remember Paul, who travelled all over the world, in the midst of danger and difficulty and sorrow, to spread the great faith which had come into his own life. Remember men like Savonarola, Wyckliff, Bruno, Luther, Servetus, Lindsey, Channing, Parker,— the men who have dared, the men who have been brave, the men who have spoken out their hearts, the men who have stood for what they believed, the men who have given themselves for the service of their fellows.

Why, friends, if we would not only remember characters like these, but incorporate the principles which governed them into our own lives, we should not be waiting for the kingdom of heaven: it would be here.

And why do we postpone so long being and doing the things which will wipe out evil, make suffering and sorrow

impossible, and bring the condition of things of which we dream and for which we ever pray?

Here at this table, then, to-day let us remember,— remember Jesus, remember the Christ-like characters of the past, remember those who have been near and dear to us, and who have lived out these principles,— remember them until we live like them.

Father, we thank Thee that this power of bringing the past back to us is ours, and that we may thus live with the noble, the sweet, the true of all the ages, that we may incorporate their characters into ours, and so may become influences to-day for the spread of Thy truth, and be seed for grander harvests in the time to come. Amen.

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# "ANGELS."

"The people that stood by said it thundered: others said, An angel spake."—JOHN xii. 29.

THE angels are God's errand-ghosts in our old mother tongue, and His messengers in our Bible, coming and going when the heavens were nearer to the earth and the human soul than they seem to be now,— the times when, to believe in their nearness, was to see them coming and going on holy errands, stealing across the line which lay for them between the seen and temporal and the unseen and eternal, or coming in human guise to sit with men at their tables and speak with them in their own tongue some word from the Most High.

These were the angels of the presence in the ancient time; but it is evident that the sacred books give a far wider meaning and purpose to the Heaven-sent messengers than that we think of now, for the prophets of the Old Testament are often angels, and the elect saints of the new. Nor are they always messengers from the Most High who take our human form and presence.

The lightning sent its bolt flashing through the thunder: it was an angel of God. The earthquake shook Lebanon and Carmel: it was His messenger. The water-floods rose in their fury as they rise on the great delta in the spring: they were His angels sent to do His will, and, as we should say in these days of light and leading, compel us, in God's name, to see to those embankments. They are God's also, and sons of God, the angels of the churches, of the nations, and of kings and statesmen, heroes and saints. Indeed,

the devout heart of the old time is forever open to their advent on the earth or from the heavens; while the hunger grew by the nourishing, so that some great teachers in the ancient Israel say all divine operations, natural or spiritual, are brought by them, and every grass-blade has its angel, for the ladder the patriarch saw in his vision is lifted everywhere from earth to heaven.

This is the great cardinal truth, as it lay in the heart of the old time. They are the messengers of the Most High, from the archangel who was to usher in the millennial glory to these that come in the May days from heaven on the shafts of sunshine when

> "Every clod feels a stir of might,
> An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

But in the words I read for a text we have to note the broad and deep line which seems to run between those men who are standing about the Master on that summer's day,— all, as I am fain to believe, sincere and true of heart and eye and of hearing; yet one man saw the flash of the angel's wings where the other saw only a flash of the electric fire. And this man said, "An angel spake," but that man said, "It thundered," dividing instinctively and on the instant, as if they had been driven apart by the electric storm.

And, again, as you look at them and listen, you are ready to say it must be so,— it could not be otherwise,— as, standing in the clearer light of our time, you notice how this man's good and able head is domed by those large chambers of the imagination, while the head of the other man is all compact and square, so that there must be some such difference between them as there is between your true artist and anatomist, or your noble poet and your stern and strict logician; while you would say they brought this diverse

manhood with them as their inheritance from the mother Nature, and therefore from the Most High, and that all the years of their life have only gone to round and ripen the gift which will listen for the thunder or the angel's voice. This, as I feel sure, would be our conclusion touching the question in debate that day.

Honest and true all round, each type of manhood must stand true to its diverse gift, and bandy back and forth no epithets of sceptic or infidel from the one side, or of fanatic or dreamer from the other, because of these differing reports of the soul, shall I say, and the senses.

The one must stand true to the nature and the grace also, which can only accept what the eyes can see and the ears can hear: the other must transmute and transfigure the flash and the sound, so that they shall be clothed in the glory of the immanent heavens, and be as an angel's song. The infinite azure vault, quick with the electric fires, must close down for one man to the clouds which lay on the crests of Sharon and Carmel, and open for another into the infinite mystery peopled with heaven's messengers; and then at the peril of his soul neither man shall dare to say what he does not most surely believe. I would love to have you notice again that the Master has no single word of rebuke for those who saw only the flash and heard only the sound, while still he turns to those who hear "the deeper voice across the storm," and says, "This voice came not for my sake, but for your sakes."

It was when the end drew near, when life and death were swaying in the scales, and the shadow of the cross lay on the hill, while his own soul was lifted in these moments high above the levels of our life to sink again on a night near at hand into the agony in the garden, and the cry on the cross of, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But, because he was the dear Son and the Christ, it was his divine gift to clasp these things to his heart the eye can see and the ear can hear, and clothe them with divine mean-

ings, hearing the Father's voice in them and seeing His presence. And so he never was or could be content with the bare and literal reality of the things which are seen and temporal. The birds of the air, the lilies of the fields, the sights and sounds of life and of the day he hides in his parables, he must inform them all with divine meanings, and make them as rungs in the ladder which reaches everywhere from earth to heaven, thronged with these angels, the things of the spirit in the world and in our life,

> "Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the master light of all our seeing,
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence."

So the voice had come for their sakes, he says; and I think they would never forget that day or remember what they had seen and heard as a mere illusion, because to their *hearts'* insight it was not a mere illusion, but a reality in the sacred sanctuaries of the soul. "An imagination," say you? Yes, I answer, but true all the same, and true as Goethe said once of a great master: "His pictures hold the highest truth, but not a trace of reality, because he could only use the reality to set forth the truth which was in his own soul."

But true, then, as their vision was who with pigments and a canvas created for us the Madonnas which hold the heart of the world in their strong, sweet thrall; true to the soul's sight above and beyond what the eyes can see, which from the brutal tragedy done once in Denmark created the great drama of all the ages; and true as the rude legends of our motherland made all beautiful in the "Idyls of the King."

Therefore, he said, "It is for your sakes," when they heard the angel speak in the thunder; while those about them — those Greeks, it may be, who came to them and said, "Sirs, we would see Jesus" — heard only a sound,

and stood true to the law of their hearing. May I relate an incident which touches my thought of this diverse interpretation? It fell out a few years ago that I went up the passes in a company to the grand lift above the Yosemite Valley they have named the Glacier Point, a ride in which you come about noon to a space between the Great Falls where you halt and refresh yourselves at a place kept then by a man and his wife — simple-hearted folk, and good in their rustic measure as gold.

When we were almost ready to start again, the good hostess said to me: "They tell me you are a minister, sir. So I would like to show you something outdoors I think you would love to see." It was a grand cross, crowning a crest which towered far above us, bathed in the noontide light and lifted fair against the vast blue vault, while below it was fringed about with mighty pines. It was not some rude outline of a cross, but perfect and true; and when I said to her in wonder: "How did they manage to set a cross up yonder? I should think no human foot had ever stood there," she answered softly: "No foot has ever stood there, since the world was made; but I wanted to tell you how and why I believe it came there, and came for me.

"It was in the summer of the earthquakes. We were alone then as we are now, and it was an awful time. We thought the world was coming to an end; but here we were, and we had to stay. Well, when things began to settle down, I had to attend to my house. So I began to set it to rights; and I can tell you it is no light matter to tidy up after an earthquake, especially when you are not sure but another will come before you get through.

"So I was at work just here where we stand, when I happened to look up yonder, and saw that cross just as you see it now, and I said, 'God Almighty has set up the cross for us'; and then I went about my work more quiet, for the words came to me: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,

whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made the heavens and the earth.'"

She gave me a glass by which I could see how the cross was formed from two great pines, and there were details then which marred the perfect outline; but none of these could be seen by the naked eye. Only the great upright and transverse beams stood there in the due distance of the perfect cross.

Then the hostess was called away, and the host came with some such smile on his face as I imagine I can see on some of those faces when the others said an angel spake; and he said: "I suppose wife has been telling you about the cross and why she thinks it came there, but I don't hold with her at all. I tell her it just happened as things will happen. But, if I believed the Lord set it there, I should say it was for a monument to the man over here in California. He was a Catholic, and they would not let him be buried in his own lot because he was a Freemason."

They had walked together, as they told me, almost to their golden wedding, passing through the shadow and the shine. Then this wonder touches them suddenly, born of the convulsion; and, for the life of them, they cannot be of one heart and one mind. The good woman's heart leaps up, and sees in the great sacred sign a sheet-anchor for her soul to hold her in the rocking world. The man smiles, and says it had to be, that was all, but with some dim idea of a monument to his brother Mason. So the man and woman, of an equal good sense and honesty, would die as they had lived, hearing the thunder or the angel's voice.

And, as it was with these twain of the simple heart and mind, so it has been in the world's great and pregnant story. For thousands saw the cross hanging there in the heavens on a day when the hosts stood ready for the battle which was to turn the face of the great empire away from the old gods. Thousands saw the cross; but only Constantine, who held the option in his shaking hands, could transmute the wonder into an angel of deliverance on that day.

It is the kernel again within all the shells and sheaths of misconception, when men like Augustin Paulinus and Bernard came forth on their mission to our rude and brutal Saxon manhood they must win through their gospel. They all saw the wonders and heard the sounds, awful or winsome, and said here was a messenger and a message from on high, and then, with those who stood about the Master that day, they themselves became angels of deliverance in His Name.

Yes, and the visions and voices would still invade the good and honest heart of the elder Methodism in my motherland, when their Saint John and his apostles came with their gospel, the liberal Christianity of that age, and poured out their hearts' love and pity on the rude and brutal masses, heathen and worse than heathen, what time those who came to stone the good Evangelists stayed to weep and to kiss their hands for adoration.

Therefore it is that with all reverence for the good, square head and the honest heart of the manhood which is true to the flash and reverberation because it must be so, and makes good for us the truth Tyndall tells, that there is no sterner conscience than the scientific conscience, and with only my whole heart's thanksgiving for the wealth of worth won for us by this manhood which will insist on the pure, dry truth of *things* bare of all imagination as the face of an anvil, and in no wise ignorant, I trust, touching the danger which dogs the manhood on the other side, of twining this grand truth of the soul's sight and hearing into a base and dangerous channel, still I love the manhood and the womanhood to match, which can transmute the noise of the thunder into the voice of the angel, as I see how noble and fair the fruits of this spirit may be when they ripen for all goodness and righteousness and truth in the inward man, the heart and insight which can transmute whatsoever things are true in nature or in our life into a higher and diviner truth for the soul. Nor would I quite agree with our good poet who is now with God, touching what he calls

"This age that blots out life with question marks,
This nineteenth century with its knife and glass,
That makes thought physical, and thrusts far off
The heavens so neighborly with men of old."

It is a new world we live in, and a new time, and so we say seeing is believing; but for the manhood within our Bible believing also was seeing, as it has been for so many in the later time. And so it may be; but, if we will take the grand, wide truth of the angelhood in its broad and sweet interpretation, to our hearts, apart from the discount, we shall find that, instead of their coming to our world no more, they have never left our world, and never will leave it, — these angels of the presence sent to do His will.

For we may be looking for them to sweep down through the azure with our great and most noble Paul, and with my old friend, in Chicago of all places, and a lawyer at that, who went to live in Jerusalem, to meet them on the short line when the voice of the archangel should be heard and the trump of God,— looking for them to come in this wise. And, lo! they have come on the bars of the sunshine, when by the soul's transmutation we find one in a daisy or a primrose, and say,—

"To me the meanest flower that grows
Brings thoughts and feelings far too deep for tears."

We may want them to appear like the winged ones in the supreme pictures, while one will be looking at us out of the eyes of a little child which has come to us trailing clouds of glory; and believe in those who fought for Israel in the old times, while in the times we old men remember they fought for us, and came, not on the wings of the cherubim, but on strong, tramping feet, your brothers and sons.

And he was a messenger of the Most High, we say, who struck the rock with his rod in the wilderness when the waters gushed out. Well, I saw one on a day in the great desert, far to the westward, striking the rock with a rod of

steel; and, when I saw the place again, the waters were gushing out, and the time had come when the wilderness and the solitary place was glad for the angel, while already some space in the great desolation had begun to rejoice and to blossom as the rose.

So to many this may be an age that thrusts far off the heavens so neighborly to man of old, but our good poet himself was not of the number or the name. He was of the manhood which hears the voice of the angel in the thunder and sees the flash of the wings in the fire. He was true to the whole truth of nature and the soul's transmutation, and makes good for you and for me the truth that your Bacon must forever wait on your Shakespeare to transmute his "Novum Organum" for the soul's life, and for Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines, with his wonderful and beautiful "So have I seen, so have I seen," set to his matchless music in many an angel song.

"It is the heart that sees heaven," the great German says, and blessed shall we be who can so see heaven and the angels; while, if you should say, Do you not believe in them, then, as Milton believed in them and sang of them in the world's epic? I must answer, I am not sure, and have to remember what our good physician and poet, Dr. Holmes, said to me once,— "I love to hear the minister who believes more than I do." So do I; and so, I think, do we all. We want the man and the manhood with the vision, the soul that hears the voice of the angel in the thunder.

So she was my minister, that summer's noon, who had seen a messenger from God and received a message in the transverse pines one woful day, come to steady and make strong one feeble and sadly shaken human soul, to strengthen the feeble knees and the worn old hands to set her house in order after the earthquake, and give new meanings to the words she had said perhaps aforetime by rote,— "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help."

And I will believe, for one, that it makes a man all the more a man and a woman all the more a woman who *can* nourish this heart which hears the voice of the angel in the thunder and sees the great sign lifted over a shaken world, as when once the earthquake struck a reach in the Brazils, and a negro, rushing forth into the heart of the convulsion, saw a man of our whiteness under a great beam, and was strong to deliver him in the strength of ten, because his soul was great; and when the man offered him his jewelled watch, in all gratitude, he cried, "Nothing for reward to-day, master, everything for the love of God." So God was in the birds in the early morning many years ago in the wreck and ruin of the woods after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, singing of the peace of God that passes all understanding.

And now, because this is indeed a great and holy truth, blessed are they who can give it a great and noble welcome, who can nourish the heart I would find for these angels in every disguise, stretch out eager hands towards them when they draw near, and say with the patriarch, "I pray you turn in and tarry with me this day."

They come to bring some new or some nobler truth which will be as wells of water to thirsting souls. And where is the man in our great-hearted fellowship who will say, There is no room for you in the tent or at the table? — come as angels of the annunciation touching the perpetual advent of the messiahs of God, and come to hasten the good time of the new heavens and the new earth we long for and pray for.

Therefore, as I look through the long vista of the years, I seem to have learned no nobler lesson than this of hospitality to the angels, the messengers, and to be glad for all the good, square head has to tell me that will help us and bless us in the telling, and for this of the high-domed chambers where the things of the senses are transmuted into strength and reverence for the soul, because it must

indeed be by the whole truth and life of this diverse manhood that God's commonwealth will come, and

"The mortal morning mists of earth fade in the noon of heaven,
When creed and race shall bear false witness each of each no more,
But find their limits in the larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Through ages after in the Love of Truth,
The Truth of Love."

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## SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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# Going Away From and Getting Near To God.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This issue closes the twenty-seventh year of the continuous publication of Dr. Savage's sermons. His friends and readers will be glad to know that, at the close of a hard year's work, he is in better health than he has known for four years. The publication of the sermons will be resumed the first week in October.

# GOING AWAY FROM AND GETTING NEAR TO GOD.

My text you may find in the fourth chapter of the Epistle of James at the eighth verse,—"Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you."

Traditional ideas and feelings are hard to be rid of; and this is true even after we are rationally persuaded that they ought to be outgrown and left behind. It was natural for people in the early stages of the world's history to hold certain beliefs about God, about how to come near to him, about going away from him; and it is still natural, I suppose, for us to hold those same ideas, or certain unreasonable remnants of them.

Still it is true with many that, when we come to vacation time, there is the feeling that religion itself is for a while to be suspended. As we go away from the church and its services, many feel that we go away from God; and there is a strong feeling on the part of a great many people that somehow it is an evil thing to have the church closed even for a Sunday during the summer time.

Let us consider for a little while, and see what it means to go away from God and to come near to him.

I referred to the thought and feeling of the early world. Let us take one or two illustrations, so that we may get at that point of view. In the olden days the gods were located at some definite particular place; and, if the worshipper wished to find him, he must seek out this consecrated spot, this shrine. He could find his god there: he could not find him anywhere else.

Take a classical illustration. When, after the fall of Troy,

Æneas, who wishes to take his gods with him that he may have a continuity of the religious life of his people, though his home is to be in some far-away land, takes some of the soil, the ground on which the altar, the shrine, had rested in Troy, and carries that with him to be placed beneath the new shrine, the new altar, where the old worship was to be continued,— in this way, and in this way alone, did he think he could have his gods with him in the new country.

You are aware that among the ancient Greeks and Romans the heavens, the underworld, and the earth were parcelled out among so many different deities. Neptune ruled the ocean; and it was impossible, except by winning his favor, for even any other of the gods to carry out his special plan or purpose, if it involved safety upon the sea.

The Mohammedans had the centre of their sacred worship at Mecca. They, indeed, believed that God dwelt in heaven, and that in a certain sense he was everywhere to be found, and yet there was the one spot where he made special manifestation of his glory and his power. But there were certain choice souls, wiser than their time even then. The story is told of one who was found lying at rest with his feet pointing towards Mecca. This was considered sacrilege by a priest passing by; and he took him to task for it, and asked him why he dared thus to point his feet towards God's holy house. But he answered, "Then will you tell me in what direction I may point my feet towards a place where the sacred house of God is not?"

Among the ancient Hebrews the same ideas prevailed. You remember the story of how on a certain occasion the enemies of the Jews were being beaten in battle; and they considered the situation, and said: "The God of the Hebrews is the God of the hills. Therefore, we are defeated when we are among the hills. Only let us draw them into the plain where our God is mighty, and we will win the victory."

A similar idea is expressed by that naïve story of the

ark. God was in the ark. The ark is captured by the enemies of the Hebrews; and for the time, since the ark is in the possession not only of the people who are opposed to the Hebrews, but in the possession of the god of these people, they are powerless, and only when they recapture it do they gain their strength once more.

And even in later times the idea was not altogether outgrown. When the temple was built on Mount Moriah, it was considered that there was the place where God had set his name and where he was ready to manifest his glory and make felt his power. And the Hebrews, two or three times at least a year, were accustomed to come from the distant parts of the country to this central, sacred city and temple, that they might stand in the presence of God, that they might make their acceptable offerings, that they might have their sins forgiven and go away again to their ordinary occupations and into their secular life for the time at peace, delivered from their sins.

But the finest spirits among the Hebrews gradually outgrew this idea. You remember the conversation between Jesus and the woman of Samaria. She said to him, pointing towards Gerizim, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; but you say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." And what was the reply of Jesus? "The hour cometh and now is when neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father. God is Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Here is the great Christian decree of emancipation from places, from forms, from rituals, from narrowness in their thought about God and their relation to him. And yet only a few even to-day, two thousand years after that time, have appreciated that emancipation or dared to enter upon their freedom.

Is it not true still that to most people God is in some way located? Thousands on thousands of pilgrims every year

go to Rome, feeling that, if they can visit that Eternal City, if they can look upon or stand within the doors of St. Peter's, if they can see the uplifted hand of the pope, even ever so far away, pronouncing blessing upon the multitude, they have indeed come very near to God. And all over the Christian world there are shrines and consecrated places where people suppose that in some special way they come in contact with the Divine. If an invalid can make a pilgrimage to Lourdes, God in his infinite mercy may vouchsafe to heal and deliver; but they do not expect that that God who is equally in every part of the universe can be found or his blessing obtained at home.

Still you see the persistence of this old idea that localizes God, that attaches him to some particular spot, and that makes it necessary for us in order to find him, to come near to him, to travel through space.

As I said at the outset, there are many who have this feeling concerning the church still, even among us who presume to think ourselves liberal and broad. We think that, when we go away in the summer, we are going on a vacation from our religious life, that we have left something of the Divine behind us, to which we are to come back in the fall.

Now do not misunderstand me, please. I would not be thought to minimize the importance of the Church as an organization or of the church building as a home. I believe in the organization of those who are undertaking to give light and truth and help and comfort to the world, not necessarily because of any divine appointment in that direction, but because by organization we can accomplish more; and we are under the highest of all obligations to take that course which will lead us to the finest and noblest results in the way of helping the world.

Neither would I say one word which could be understood as slighting the church as a building, as a place. It is perfectly natural, and as sweet as natural, that we

should have dear and sacred associations with a building like this. Some of you have been married here, some of you have had little children consecrated to God here, some of you have here listened to the last words spoken over the bodies of those that we call dead. No wonder the church means something to you. Its air is full of echoes that your ears can hear, and the blank is full of faces that your eyes can see; and holy and sweet and tender associations are connected with its every part. And this is perfectly natural, it is human; it is what is true in our relations with other things as well.

I should have no great regard for the man who could stand on Bunker Hill, and feel as though he were in any other part of the world. As you visit a battlefield like that of Gettysburg, dead must one be indeed to all patriotic and high feeling not to be touched, thrilled, moved by it.

Some of us have friends who have passed out into the Unknown; and there are places where we used to walk by their sides. There are chairs in which they used to sit. There is the room where we saw them last. There are books which they handled, out of which they read. Do these things mean no more to us than places and rooms and books that have no such association? These things are perfectly natural: only there is a deeper thing still, which we need to comprehend and regard. It is they, the invisible ones and the unlocated now, who consecrated the rooms and the streets and the books. And the books and the streets and the places are of no worth in themselves: it is only because they have power to suggest something deeper, something higher, something finer than themselves.

Now I would not say one word against church buildings, against Bibles, hymn-books, rituals, services, prayers: only I would call to your attention the deep fact that there is something more subtle than these, something that precedes them, something that is higher, something that is more important.

No Bible ever created a religion. No church ever created a religion. No ritual, no service, no priesthood, ever created a religion. It is religion in the heart of man: it is this living relation, felt, thrilling, lifting us, between ourselves and God, that has built the churches. It is this that has inspired and created all the Bibles. It is this that has given life to all the religions. It is this that vitalizes all rituals and all services. This is the deeper truth which I would suggest.

Now, then, you may go away from church, from Bibles, from services, and not go away from God. You may come to church, read Bibles, go through rituals and services, and yet not come near to God. For what does going away from God or getting near to him essentially mean? On this thought let us for a few minutes fix our earnest attention.

You will never get any nearer to God in space than you are at this instant. When I was a boy, I used to look round over the earth, and then, as night came, up at the stars, and think how fine and grand it must be to be up there. If I could only ascend to one of those shining points, it seemed to me I should be nearer heaven. But I have learned, as have you all, as I have grown older, that this earth is as near, so far as we know, the centre of the universe, as near to heaven, as any one that sings and shines in space. This dull, dusty, wearisome, toil-worn, sin-cursed old earth of ours is a planet; and it shines to the eyes of those, if there be such, who look from some other point in space. So we are in heaven.

The old astronomy indeed could locate heaven just above the blue dome, but we know that the blue dome is only an optic effect; and we know, as I said, that we are in heaven, so far as space relations are concerned, as much as we ever shall be, and as near to God as we ever shall be.

What, then? If you wish to approach a person, what will you do? You can travel through space until you come into

the presence of a man's body; but are you, therefore, necessarily close to him? Suppose you could have walked the streets of London at the time of Shakspere, and rubbed elbows with him. Would you have necessarily been near him? You would probably have been separated from him by a space as wide as the diameter of the solar system. You would not have known Shakspere, necessarily.

How do you get at a person? Suppose you wished to get close to Washington to-day: what would you do? Would you go to Mount Vernon? You might go there with a crowd of curiosity-seekers, and be no more near a comprehension or a sympathetic relationship with Washington. You might stand under the elm in Cambridge where he took command of the Continental Army, and be nowhere near Washington. How will you get near him?

In the first place, you must think and study about him,— so far as possible, get at the facts of his life. Then you must try sympathetically to understand him, to feel with him,— to feel the great thrill of patriotism, consecration to the welfare of humanity, superiority to all that was selfish or petty or narrow or mean. You must come into touch spiritually, sympathetically with Washington, if you are going to get near him. And, then, you can crown this whole approach by consecrating yourself to deeds like his.

I do not mean at all that you must be as great as he, that you must command an army as he did, that you must be a President as he was: this does not at all follow. But in your sphere, where you are, you can give yourself to a character and a course of conduct like his, illustrating in your way those principles which made him the man he was. In this way, by thought, by feeling, by action, you may come close to Washington, close to any great heroic character that the world has known. And this is the only way by which you can come close to a soul, a personality, a character, a being.

Let us, then, apply this principle a moment to the idea

of getting near to God. In the first place try to think him. What do I mean by that? I do not believe that God is an outlined being, so that I can think of the shape of him as I do of a friend. I do not believe that we can comprehend the infinite. I mean nothing of the sort. And yet I mean something very real, something very tangible.

What did Kepler mean when, with bowed head and bated breath, he said, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee." We can trace something of the divine power and life as manifested in the universe. We can lift our thoughts towards these high levels, try to think of infinity.

Think of this little solar system of ours. It is two hundred thousand miles, they tell us, to the moon: it is between ninety and ninety-five millions of miles to the sun. Light, going at an inconceivable velocity, takes eight minutes and a half to reach us from the sun.

Take another step. Our nearest neighbor, after leaving this little group that we call our solar system, is so far away that it takes light three years and a half to reach us. That is our nearest neighbor; the next, perhaps, seven years, ten, and so on, until there are stars so far away that it takes thousands of years for their light to cross the intervening spaces. But, when we have gone to the very farthest one that we can reach by the telescope, what, then? So far as we know, we are only standing on the threshold of star-lighted pathways that lead on and on to infinity. Space absolutely without limit! Travel with inconceivable speed for millions and millions of years, and set up a stake, and you are no nearer the limit than when you started. The infinite God, infinite as to space, infinite as to time; and then almighty, a power that is measureless; and then a perfect order,— not one smallest spot in the universe so far discovered where there is the slightest trace of confusion or disorder. Not only the infinite worlds above us, but the microscopic worlds beneath our feet: the dust grain that is blown by the wind in the street as much in the grip

of the eternal and changeless law as is Sirius swinging through his inconceivable orbit on the confines of the visible universe, visible to us.

And, then, this God,—is this all? Sit by the seashore, and listen to the lap of the wave at your feet, and it is God's gentleness and music and power in the wave. Pick up the tiniest flower, and it is God's color and fragrance and growing life. As Lowell said as he beheld the mystery and beauty about him, "What a poet God is!" And as Tennyson said, walking with a friend at twilight, as the fragrance of the flowers came to him: "Down on your knees, man, down on your knees! Violets, violets!" God in the flowers.

Think until you are saturated with the idea that this universe is all alive, thrilling with power in every part, is all God. Think, then, until you can say with Kepler, awe-struck, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee."

And then pass from the thought to the feeling. The deepest, truest, highest souls have been touched with the consciousness of this infinite life manifested in the stars over our heads and in the grass-blades under our feet. Let me give you that classical word of Wordsworth's, because it is so unspeakably fine. I know of nothing in literature to match it of its kind.

"And I have felt a Presence that disturbs
Me with the joy of elevated thought,
A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.
Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth."

The poets, the seers, the thinkers, have felt the presence of this infinite, omnipresent God. As we go out under the stars at night, the awe, the wonder, the beauty, and the mystery enter into our souls. As we stand in the shadow of a mountain, the majesty and might of the hills overcome us. As we think of the ocean flowing round the globe, the tireless manifestation of God's power and unwearied effort, this takes possession of us.

So, if we will feel, if we are sensitive to the touch of God, we grow conscious of him everywhere. We come near to him, nearer even than by the thinking, by the feeling. But this feeling, as we look at the universe, is not enough: nor do we get as close to God as we may even there. What are those feelings that are most divine? Are they not pity and tenderness and sympathy, and the wish to help, forgiveness and love, those things so typically illustrated in the life of the Nazarene, those things that make us feel that he was so divine?

We come near to God, then, inasmuch as we feel like God. If we cherish a feeling that is unhuman, undivine, we inevitably shut him out, and so feel that he is far away and that we are alone. Remember that beautiful story that has come to us down the years, and that represents God as saying, "Behold! I stand at the door and knock. If any man will arise and open the door, I will come in." If you will only make room for him in your feeling, your sympathy, your love, he will come in just as the light will come in when you open the shutters, as the air will come in when you open the windows and the door.

But, if your heart is already full of feelings that are undivine, then you will feel alone in the universe, having no consciousness of God; and, though he be around you, as near as the light and the air are around a close and shuttered dwelling, you shall not know he is there, and it shall seem as though space was godless. Nay, you shall doubt as to whether he is, because you cannot know him except as you come into sympathetic touch with him.

But there is one step more. I must hasten in my consideration of these points, not developing with any fulness, but only suggesting. This one is more important, if possible, than even the thinking and the feeling; and that is the doing. You remember that word of Jesus. I think it one of the profoundest words ever uttered, nothing supernatural, nothing unnatural. He says, "If any man wills to do the will of the Father, he shall know of the teaching, as to whether it is of God or not."

There are certain truths that can be found out only by trying, by living; and these are the deepest, most spiritual, most divine truths there are.

If you wish, then, to get near to God, what will you do? Try to act like God in your sphere. Act out the divine thought and feeling. What does that mean? Let me suggest one or two very simple and common things; for the most of us will never have an opportunity, I suppose, to do any distinguished, heroic, remarkable thing, and it is not of the slightest importance as to whether we do or not. The great, distinguished, out-of-the-way things are not one-half as important as the simple, every-day, commonplace things. The grass-blades, for example, are of a good deal more importance to this world than the orchids, the exceptional, the striking growths. Iron is a good deal more important to the world than the diamonds and gold; and so the every-day, commonplace characteristics and activities of men and women are unspeakably more important than the striking, the out-of-the-way, the exceptional, however noble they may be.

And note another thing in continuation of this thought. The heroic, the wonderful things, I believe, are never so found by those who seek for them or calculate upon them. It is only every-day, commonplace faithfulness which becomes heroism when it meets a crisis and is thrown up into view of the world. It is just simple faithfulness which is heroism when the occasion comes.

What will you do, then, that is divine? Forgive your enemies, if you have any, as Jesus did. Learn to think that, if you have an enemy and you do not deserve to have him, he is to be pitied for his misconception and his evil heart. Forgive, then, and try to save him from himself.

What next? Learn to love the unlovely. Love the possibilities of high and fine things in people. Learn to help save these people to their higher and finer selves.

Be tender, be true, be pitiful towards those that are erring, that have gone astray. Be kindly every day. Try to do some little thing every day to make the world better. Try to be sympathetic and tender towards those people whom you believe to be in the wrong as to their ideas. Try to help them to find the right, not condemn them for not having it.

Live out, in other words, this divine, helpful life.

I wish to embalm, so far as I may in my public speech, one little bit of divine feeling and divine action which has come to the knowledge of the city within the last two or three weeks. This man had no consciousness that he was doing a wonderful thing, that he was acting out any divinity in him. It must have been a case of that simple, quiet faithfulness that I referred to which flashes out into heroism when the time comes. I refer to Contractor Shaler, who met with that serious accident a few days ago in the tunnel, and who, as the newspapers say, is perhaps dying this morning. When he found himself crushed and crippled, what did he do? Not a word about himself or about his business. He simply turned to his friends, and said, "Don't let my wife know it until I am in the hospital; then break the news to her just as gently as you can, and bring her to me." If you know of any finer, more divine bit of unselfish heroism than that, I should like to hear of it.

Take the case of the little street gamin. I have mentioned it, I think, once during the last year. Having been

run over, they were carrying him to the hospital, when he said, "Don't tell mamma: it will only make her feel bad; and what's the use?" The same divine quality of self-forgetfulness and love for others, of tenderness and sympathy and care.

If you wish to get near to God, try to feel all the divine impulses of the world as you can; and, above all things, act as unselfishly, devotedly, divinely as you can; and, then, what matters it where you are?

Are you sitting on the seashore? Are you in the shadow of the hills or under the trees in the country, listening to the babble of a brook half hidden by the trees? What matters it where you are? Sunset or sunrise, or are the stars building above you the night? Are you in a church or out of a church? What matters it? God, the God who is equally everywhere, is close around you, folding you in his arms, clasping you close to his heart; and you, if you think and feel and love and serve, may be so conscious of that presence, that life, that help, that love, that nothing living or dying can ever come between you and the Father.

Dear Father, we are glad that we cannot get away from Thee on any sea or shore, that we can only forget Thee and become unconscious of Thee. But, even though we do that, we are glad that Thou art close by us; and whenever we will, if we turn towards Thee, Thou wilt come to meet us as did the father of the prodigal, and we may fall on Thy breast and be folded in the everlasting arms. Amen.

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